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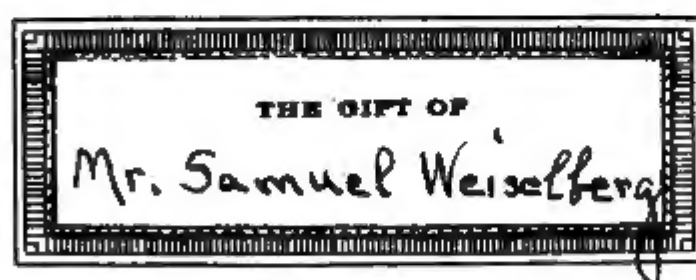
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History of the United Netherlands
From the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve
Years' Truce, 1609

Volume V
1598-1605

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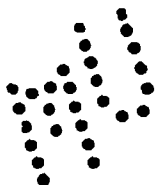
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THE UNITED NETHERLANDS

CHAPTER XXXIV

Mission of the states to Henry to prevent the consummation of peace with Spain—Proposal of Henry to elevate Prince Maurice to the sovereignty of the states—Embarkation of the states' envoys for England—Their interview with Queen Elizabeth—Return of the envoys from England—Demand of Elizabeth for repayment of her advances to the Republic—Second embassy to England—Final arrangement between the queen and the states.

THE great advocate was now to start on his journey in order to make a supreme effort both with Henry and with Elizabeth to prevent the consummation of this fatal peace. Admiral Justinus of Nassau, natural son of William the Silent, was associated with Barneveldt in the mission, a brave fighting man, a stanch patriot, and a sagacious counselor; but the advocate on this occasion, as in other vital emergencies of the commonwealth, was all in all.

The instructions of the envoys were simple. They were to summon the king to fulfil his solemnly sworn covenants with the league. The States-General had never doubted, they said, that so soon as the enemy had begun to feel the effects of that league he would endeavor to make a composition with one or other of the parties

in order to separate them and to break up that united strength which otherwise he could never resist. The king was accordingly called upon to continue the war against the common enemy, and the States-General offered, over and above the four hundred and fifty thousand florins promised by them for the support of the four thousand infantry for the year 1598, to bring their whole military power, horse and foot, into the field to sustain his Majesty in the war, whether separately or in conjunction, whether in the siege of cities or in open campaigns.¹ Certainly they could hardly offer fairer terms than these.

Henry had complained, and not unreasonably, that Elizabeth had made no offers of assistance for carrying on the war either to Fonquerolles or to Hurault de Maise; but he certainly could make no reproach of that nature against the Republic, nor assign their lukewarmness as an excuse for his desertion.

The envoys were ready to take their departure for France on the last day of January.

It might be a curious subject to consider how far historical events are modified and the world's destiny affected by the different material agencies which man at various epochs has had at his disposal. The human creature, in his passions and ambitions, his sensual or sordid desires, his emotional and moral nature, undergoes less change than might be hoped from age to age. The tyrant, the patriot, the demagogue, the voluptuary, the peasant, the trader, the intriguing politician, the hair-splitting diplomatist, the self-sacrificing martyr, the self-seeking courtier, present essentially one type in the twelfth, the sixteenth, the nineteenth, or any other

Instructions, etc., in Deventer, ii. 177-181.

century. The human tragicomedy seems ever to repeat itself with the same bustle, with the same excitement for immediate interests, for the development of the instant plot or passing episode, as if the universe began and ended with each generation—as in reality it would appear to do for the great multitude of the actors. There seems but a change of masks, of costume, of phraseology, combined with a noisy but eternal monotony. Yet while men are produced and are whirled away again in endless succession, Man remains, and to all appearance is perpetual and immortal even on this earth. Whatever science acquires man inherits. Whatever steadfastness is gained for great moral truths, which change not through the ages, however they may be thought, in dark or falsely brilliant epochs, to resolve themselves into elemental vapor, gives man a securer foothold in his onward and upward progress. The great, continuous history of that progress is not made up of the reigns of kings or the lives of politicians, with whose names history has often found it convenient to mark its epochs. These are but milestones on the turnpike. Human progress is over a vast field, and it is only at considerable intervals that a retrospective view enables us to discern whether the movement has been slow or rapid, onward or retrograde.

The record of our race is essentially unwritten. What we call history is but made up of a few scattered fragments, while it is scarcely given to human intelligence to comprehend the great whole. Yet it is strange to reflect upon the leisurely manner in which great affairs were conducted in the period with which we are now occupied, as compared with the fever and whirl of our own times, in which the stupendous powers of steam and

electricity are ever ready to serve the most sublime or the most vulgar purposes of mankind. Whether there were ever a critical moment in which a rapid change might have been effected in royal or national councils, had telegraphic wires and express-trains been at the command of Henry or Burghley or Barneveldt or the Cardinal Albert, need not and cannot be decided. It is almost diverting, however, to see how closely the intrigues of cabinets, the movements of armies, the plans of patriots, were once dependent on those natural elements over which man has now gained almost despotic control.

Here was the Republic intensely eager to prevent, with all speed, the consummation of a treaty between its ally and its enemy—a step which it was feared might be fatal to its national existence, and concerning which there seemed a momentary hesitation. Yet Barneveldt and Justinus of Nassau, although ready on the last day of January, were not able to sail from the Brill to Dieppe until the 18th March, on account of a persistent south-west wind.

After forty-six days of waiting, the envoys, accompanied by Buzanval, Henry's resident at The Hague, were at last, on the 18th March, enabled to set sail with a favorable breeze. As it was necessary for travelers in that day to provide themselves with every possible material for their journey,—carriages, horses, hosts of servants, and beds, fortunate enough if they found roads and occasionally food,—Barneveldt and Nassau were furnished with three ships of war, while another legation, on its way to England, had embarked in two other vessels of the same class. A fleet of forty or fifty merchantmen sailed under their convoy. Departing from the Brill in

this imposing manner, they sailed by Calais, varying the monotony of the voyage by a trifling sea-fight with some cruisers from that Spanish port, neither side receiving any damage.¹

Landing at Dieppe on the morning of the 20th, the envoys were received with much ceremony at the city gates by the governor of the place, who conducted them in a stately manner to a house called the king's mansion, which he politely placed at their disposal. "As we learned, however," says Barneveldt, with grave simplicity, "that there was no furniture whatever in that royal abode, we thanked his Excellency, and declared that we would rather go to a tavern."

After three days of repose and preparation in Dieppe they started at dawn on their journey to Rouen, where they arrived at sundown.

On the next morning but one they set off again on their travels, and slept that night at Louviers. Another long day's journey brought them to Évreux. On the 27th they came to Dreux, on the 28th to Chartres, and on the 29th to Châteaudun. On the 30th, having started an hour before sunrise, they were enabled after a toilsome journey to reach Blois at an hour after dark. Ex-

¹ The journey and the whole progress of the negotiations have been minutely described by Olden-Barneveldt, in his report to the States-General, made June 5, 1598: "Verhaal van ons Justinus ende Johan van Olden-Barneveldt van het besoeigne gevallen in onse Legatie aan de Con. Mat. van Vranckryck gedaen in den jaere 1598 (Minuut van Olden-Barneveldt)."

Of this very important MS., long unpublished, I possess a copy, taken from the original in the Royal Archives of The Hague. Subsequently, however, it has been printed, for the first time, I believe, by Deventer, in his valuable collection, No. CXVI. vol. ii. 176-245.

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appointment to honest Dutchmen, might have thus been saved. It is also instructive to observe the difference between the accounts of De Maise's negotiations in England given by that diplomatist himself and those rendered by the queen to the states' envoy.

Of course the objurgations of the Hollanders that the king, in a very fallacious hope of temporary gain to himself, was about to break his solemn promises to his allies and leave them to their fate, drew but few tears down the iron cheeks of such practised diplomatists as Villeroy and his friends.

The envoys visited De Rosny, who assured them that he was very much their friend, but gave them to understand that there was not the slightest possibility of inducing the king to break off the negotiations.

Before taking final leave of his Majesty they concluded, by advice of the Princess of Orange and of Buzanval, to make the presents which they had brought with them from the States-General. Accordingly they sent, through the hands of the princess, four pieces of damask linen and two pieces of fine linen to the king's sister, Madame Catherine, two pieces of linen to Villeroy, and two to the beautiful Gabrielle. The two remaining pieces were bestowed upon Buzanval for his pains in accompanying them on the journey and on their arrival at court.¹

The incident shows the high esteem in which the Netherland fabrics were held at that period.

There was a solemn conference at last between the leading councilors of the king, the chancellor, the Dukes of Epergnon and Bouillon, Count Schomberg, and De Sancy, Plessis, Buzanval, Maise, the Dutch envoys, and the English ambassador and commissioner Herbert. Cecil

¹ Verhaal, etc., 201.

presided, and Barneveldt once more went over the whole ground, resuming with his usual vigor all the arguments by which the king's interest and honor were proved to require him to desist from the peace negotiations. And the orator had as much success as is usual with those who argue against a foregone conclusion. Every one had made up his mind. Every one knew that peace was made. It is unnecessary, therefore, to repeat the familiar train of reasoning. It is superfluous to say that the conference was barren. On the same evening Villeroy called on the states' envoys, and informed them plainly, on the part of the king, that his Majesty had fully made up his mind.

On the 23d April, three mortal weeks having thus been wasted in diplomatic trifling, Barneveldt was admitted to his Majesty's dressing-room. The advocate, at the king's request, came without his colleague, and was attended only by his son. No other persons were present in the chamber save Buzanval and Beringen. The king on this occasion confirmed what had so recently been stated by Villeroy. He had thoroughly pondered, he said, all the arguments used by the states to dissuade him from the negotiation, and had found them of much weight. The necessities of his kingdom, however, compelled him to accept a period of repose. He would not, however, in the slightest degree urge the states to join in the treaty. He desired their security, and would aid in maintaining it. What had most vexed him was that the Protestants with great injustice accused him of intending to make war upon them. But innumerable and amazing reports were flying abroad, both among his own subjects, the English, and the enemy's spies, as to these secret conferences. He then said that he would tell the Duke of

Bouillon to speak with Sir Robert Cecil concerning a subject which now for the first time he would mention privately to Olden-Barneveldt.

The king then made a remarkable and unexpected suggestion. Alluding to the constitution of the Netherlands, he remarked that a popular government in such emergencies as those then existing was subject to more danger than monarchies were, and he asked the advocate if he thought there was no disposition to elect a prince.¹

Barneveldt replied that the general inclination was rather for a good republic. The government, however, he said, was not of the people, but aristocratic, and the state was administered according to laws and charters by the principal inhabitants, whether nobles or magistrates of cities. Since the death of the late Prince of Orange, and the offer made to the King of France, and subsequently to the Queen of England, of the sovereignty, there had been no more talk on that subject, and to discuss again so delicate a matter might cause divisions and other difficulties in the state.²

Henry then spoke of Prince Maurice, and asked whether, if he should be supported by the Queen of England and the King of France, it would not be possible to confer the sovereignty upon him.

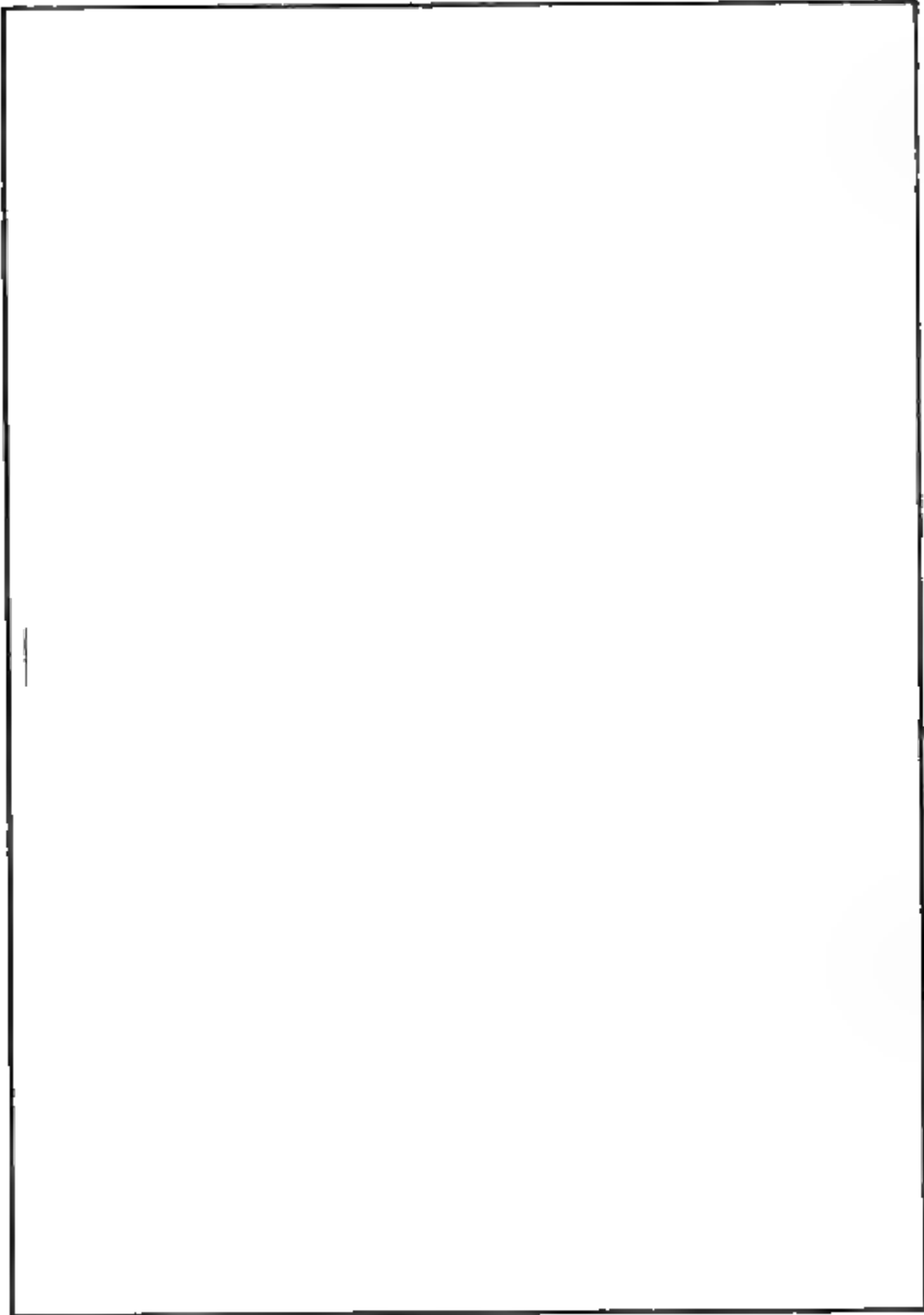
Here certainly was an astounding question to be discharged like a pistol-shot full in the face of a republican minister.

The answer of the advocate was sufficiently adroit, if not excessively sincere.

"If your Majesty," said he, "together with her Majesty

¹ Verhaal, etc., 218, and Toespraak van Olden-Barneveldt tot Elisabeth, Deventer, ii. 246.

² Toespraak, etc., Deventer, ii. 246.



MAURICE OF NASSAU

the Queen, think the plan expedient, and are both willing on this footing to continue the war, to rescue all the Netherlands from the hands of the Spaniards and their adherents, and thus render the states eternally obliged to the sovereigns and kingdoms of France and England, my lords the States-General would probably be willing to accept this advice.”¹

But the king replied by repeating that repose was indispensable to him.²

Without inquiring for the present whether the project of elevating Maurice to the sovereignty of the Netherlands, at the expense of the republican constitution, was in harmony or not with the private opinions of Barneveldt at that period, it must be admitted that the condition he thus suggested was a very safe one to offer. He had thoroughly satisfied himself, during the period in which he had been baffled by the southwest gales at the Brill and by the still more persistent head winds which he had found prevailing at the French court, that it was hopeless to strive for that much-desired haven, a general war. The admiral and himself might as well have endeavored to persuade Mohammed III. and Sigismund of Poland to join the states in a campaign against Cardinal Albert as to hope for the same good offices from Elizabeth and Henry.

Having received exactly the answer which he expected, he secretly communicated, next day, to Cecil the proposition thus made by the king. Subsequently he narrated the whole conversation to the Queen of England.

On the 27th April both Barneveldt and Nassau were admitted to the royal dressing-room in Nantes citadel for a final audience. Here, after the usual commonplaces

¹ Toespraak, etc., Deventer, ii. 246.

² Ibid.

concerning his affection for the Netherlands, and the bitter necessity which compelled him to desert the alliance, Henry again referred to his suggestion in regard to Prince Maurice, urging a change from a republican to a monarchical form of government as the best means of preserving the state.

The envoys thanked the king for all the honors conferred upon them, but declared themselves grieved to the heart by his refusal to grant their request. The course pursued by his Majesty, they said, would be found very hard of digestion by the states, both in regard to the whole force of the enemy which would now come upon their throats, and because of the bad example thus set for other powers.

They then took leave, with the usual exchange of compliments. At their departure his Majesty personally conducted them through various apartments until they came to the chamber of his mistress, the Duchess of Beaufort, then lying in childbed. Here he drew wide open the bed-curtains, and bade them kiss the lady. They complied, and begging the duchess to use her influence in their behalf, respectfully bade her farewell. She promised not to forget their request, and thanked them for the presents of damask and fine linen.

Such was the result of the mission of the great advocate and his colleague to Henry IV., from which so much had been hoped; and for anything useful accomplished, after such an expenditure of time, money, and eloquence, the whole transaction might have begun and ended in this touching interview with the beautiful Gabrielle.

On the 19th of May the envoys embarked at Dieppe for England, and on the 25th were safely lodged with the

resident minister of the Republic, Noël de Caron, at the village of Clapham.¹

Having so ill succeeded in their attempts to prevent the treaty between France and Spain, they were now engaged in what seemed also a forlorn hope, the preservation of their offensive and defensive alliance with England. They were well aware that many of the leading counselors of Elizabeth, especially Burghley and Buckhurst, were determined upon peace. They knew that the queen was also heartily weary of the war and of the pugnacious little commonwealth which had caused her so much expense. But they knew, too, that Henry, having now secured the repose of his own kingdom, was anything but desirous that his deserted allies should enjoy the same advantage. The king did not cease to assure the states that he would secretly give them assistance in their warfare against his new ally, while Secretary of State Villeroy, as they knew, would place every possible impediment in the way of the queen's negotiations with Spain.²

Elizabeth, on her part, was vexed with everybody. What the states most feared was that she might, in her anger or her avarice, make use of the cautionary towns in her negotiations with Philip. "At any rate," said Francis Aertsens, then states' minister in France, "she will bring us to the brink of the precipice, that we may then throw ourselves into her arms in despair."³

The queen was, in truth, resolved to conclude a peace, if a peace could be made. If not, she was determined to make as good a bargain with the states as possible in

¹ Verhaal, etc., 233.

² Aertsens to Olden-Barneveldt, May 29, 1598, in Deventer, ii. 248-250. Ibid.

regard to the long-outstanding account of her advances. Certainly it was not unreasonable that she should wish to see her exchequer reimbursed by people who, as she believed, were rolling in wealth, the fruit of a contraband commerce which she denied to her own subjects, and who were in honor bound to pay their debts to her now, if they wished her aid to be continued. Her subjects were impoverished and panting for peace, and although, as she remarked, "their sense of duty restrained them from the slightest disobedience to her absolute commands," still she could not forgive herself for thus exposing them to perpetual danger.¹

She preferred, on the whole, however, that the commonwealth should consent to its own dissolution; for she thought it unreasonable that, after this war of thirty years, during fifteen of which she had herself actively assisted them, these republican Calvinists should refuse to return to the dominion of their old tyrant and the pope. To Barneveldt, Maurice of Nassau, and the States-General this did not seem a very logical termination to so much hard fighting.

Accordingly, when on the 26th of May the two envoys fell on their knees, as the custom was, before the great queen, and had been raised by her to their feet again, they found her Majesty in marvelously ill humor. Olden-Barneveldt recounted to her the results of their mission to France, and said that from beginning to end it had been obvious that there could be no other issue.

¹ "Et nonobstant que Sa Ma^t le peust dire avecq un singulier contentement que leur devoir les retient de la moindre desobeissance contre ses absolutes commandements," etc. — Proposition by Vere and Gilpin to the States-General, June 25, 1598, in Deventer, ii. 259 seq.

The king was indifferent, he had said, whether the states preferred peace or war, but in making his treaty he knew that he had secured a profit for himself, inflicted damage on his enemy, and done no harm to his friends.¹

Her Majesty then interrupted the speaker by violent invectives against the French king for his treachery. She had written with her own hand, she said, to tell him that she never had believed him capable of doing what secretaries and other servants had reported concerning him, but which had now proved true.

Then she became very abusive to the Dutch envoys, telling them that they were quite unjustifiable in not following Sir Robert Cecil's advice and in not engaging with him at once in peace negotiations, at least so far as to discover what the enemy's intentions might be. She added, pettishly, that if Prince Maurice and other functionaries were left in the enjoyment of their offices, and if the Spaniards were sent out of the country, there seemed no reason why such terms should not be accepted.

Barneveldt replied that such accommodation was of course impossible unless they accepted their ancient sovereign as prince. Then came the eternal two points—obedience to God, which meant submission to the pope, and obedience to the king, that was to say, subjection to his despotic authority. Thus the Christian religion would be ruined throughout the provinces, and the whole land be made a bridge and a ladder for Spanish ambition.

The queen here broke forth into mighty oaths, interrupting the envoy's discourse, protesting over and over again by the living God that she would not and could not give the states any further assistance; that she would

¹ Verhaal, etc., before cited, 234.

leave them to their fate; that her aid rendered in their war had lasted much longer than the siege of Troy did; and swearing that she had been a fool to help them and the King of France as she had done, for it was nothing but evil passions that kept the states so obstinate.¹

The envoy endeavored to soothe her, urging that as she had gained the reputation over the whole world of administering her affairs with admirable, yea, with almost divine wisdom, she should now make use of that sagacity in the present very difficult matter. She ought to believe that it was not evil passion, nor ambition, nor obstinacy that prevented the states from joining in these negotiations, but the determination to maintain their national existence, the Christian religion, and their ancient liberties and laws. They did not pretend, he said, to be wiser than great monarchs or their councilors, but the difference between their form of government and a monarchy must be their excuse.

Monarchs, when they made treaties, remained masters, and could protect their realms and their subjects from danger. The States-General could not accept a prince without placing themselves under his absolute authority, and the Netherlanders would never subject themselves to their deadly enemy, whom they had long ago solemnly renounced.²

¹ "Haere Ma^t interrompeerde ons mit exclamatie ende protestatie repeterende dickwils, par le Dieu vivant, dat sy niet en wilde nochte en konde den Staten vorder assisteren, dat sy henselven wilden verlaten, dat sy langer haer assistentie hadde gedean als het oorloge van Troien hadde geduurt, seggende dat sysot was geweest doende sulcke assistentie aen ons ende den Coninck van Vranckryck dat het niet den passien en waeren die de Staten dus obstinaet hielden."—Verhaal, etc., 236.

² Ibid., 237.

Surely these remarks of the advocate should have seemed entirely unanswerable. Surely there was no politician in Europe so ignorant as not to know that any treaty of peace between Philip and the states meant their unconditional subjugation and the complete abolition of the Protestant religion. Least of all did the Queen of England require information on this great matter of state. It was cruel trifling, therefore, it was inhuman insolence on her part, to suggest anything like a return of the states to the dominion of Spain.

But her desire for peace and her determination to get back her money overpowered at that time all other considerations.

The states wished to govern themselves, she said; why, then, could they not make arrangements against all dangers, and why could they not lay down conditions under which the king would not really be their master, especially if France and England should guarantee them against any infraction of their rights? By the living God! by the living God! by the living God! she swore over and over again as her anger rose, she would nevermore have anything to do with such people; and she deeply regretted having thrown away her money and the lives of her subjects in so stupid a manner.¹

Again the grave and experienced envoy of the Republic strove with calm and earnest words to stay the torrent of her wrath, representing that her money and her pains had by no means been wasted, that the enemy had been brought to shame and his finances to confusion, and urging her, without paying any heed to the course pursued by the King of France, to allow the Re-

¹ Verhaal, etc., 237.

public to make levies of troops, at its own expense, within her kingdom.

But her Majesty was obdurate. "How am I to defend myself?" she cried; "how are the affairs of Ireland to be provided for? how am I ever to get back my money? who is to pay the garrisons of Brill and Flushing?" And with this she left the apartment, saying that her councilors would confer with the envoys.¹

From the beginning to the end of the interview the queen was in a very evil temper, and took no pains to conceal her dissatisfaction with all the world.

Now, there is no doubt whatever that the subsidies furnished by England to the common cause were very considerable, amounting in fourteen years, according to the queen's calculation, to nearly fourteen hundred thousand pounds sterling. But in her interviews with the republican statesmen she was too prone to forget that it *was* a common cause, to forget that the man who had over and over again attempted her assassination, who had repeatedly attempted the invasion of her realms with the whole strength of the most powerful military organization in the world, whose dearest wish on earth was still to accomplish her dethronement and murder, to extirpate from England the religion professed by the majority of living Englishmen, and to place upon her vacant throne a Spanish, German, or Italian prince, was as much her enemy as he was the foe of his ancient subjects in the Netherlands. At that very epoch Philip was occupied in reminding the pope that the two had always agreed as to the justice of the claims of the Infanta Isabella to the English crown, and calling on his Holiness to sustain those pretensions, now that she had been

¹ Verhaal, etc., 237.

obliged, in consequence of the treaty with the Prince of Béarn, to renounce her right to reign over France.¹

Certainly it was fair enough for the queen and her councilors to stand out for an equitable arrangement of the debt; but there was much to dispute in the figures. When was ever an account of fifteen years' standing adjusted, whether between nations or individuals, without much wrangling? Meantime her Majesty held excellent security in two thriving and most important Netherland cities. But, had the states consented to reëstablish the Spanish authority over the whole of their little Protestant republic, was there an English child so ignorant of arithmetic or of history as not to see how vast would be the peril, and how incalculable the expense, thus caused to England?

Yet besides the Cecils and the lord high admiral other less influential councilors of the crown—even the upright and accomplished Buckhurst, who had so often proved his friendship for the states—were in favor of negotiation. There were many conferences, with meager results. The Englishmen urged that the time had come for the states to repay the queen's advances, to relieve her from future subsidies, to assume the payment of the

¹ "Y aqui sera bien que acordeis a Su Sant^a asimismo lo que mas de una vez os ha dicho de quanto deseaba encaminar la sucesion de la Infanta mi hija a Ynglaterra que dando reyno por si y allanando para ello los impedimentos de Francia y aun procurando su ayuda en consideracion de remitir les desta parte los grandes derechos de la Infanta y tambien los mios a la recompensa de los excesivos gastos hechos en su beneficio y vereis si por aqui podreis inclinar al papa a que trata de desunir a franceses de ingleses, acordando a los franceses que los ingleses son sus antiquos enemigos," etc.—Philip to Duke of Sesa, his envoy at Rome, March 16, 1597, Arch. de Sim. MS.

garrisons in the cautionary towns, and to furnish a force in defense of England when attacked. Such was the condition of the kingdom, they said, being, as it was, entirely without fortified cities, that a single battle would imperil the whole realm, so that it was necessary to keep the enemy out of it altogether.¹

These arguments were not unreasonable, but the inference was surely illogical. The special envoys from the Republic had not been instructed to treat about the debt. This had been the subject of perpetual negotiation. It was discussed almost every day by the queen's commissioners at The Hague and by the states' resident minister at London. Olden-Barneveldt and the admiral had been sent forth by the states, in what in those days was considered great haste, to prevent a conclusion of a treaty between their two allies and the common enemy. They had been too late in France, and now, on arriving in England, they found that government steadily drifting toward what seemed the hopeless shipwreck of a general peace.

What must have been the grief of Olden-Barneveldt when he heard from the lips of the enlightened Buckhurst that the treaty of 1585 had been arranged to expire, according to the original limitation, with a peace, and that, as the states could now make peace and did not choose to do so, her Majesty must be considered as relieved from her contract of alliance, and as justified in demanding repayment of her advances!²

To this perfidious suggestion what could the states' envoy reply but that, as a peace such as the treaty of 1585 presupposed,—to wit, with security for the Protestant religion and for the laws and liberties of the prov-

¹ Verhaal, etc., 239

² Ibid.

inces,—was impossible, should the states now treat with the king or the cardinal?

The envoys had but one more interview with the queen, in which she was more benignant in manner, but quite as peremptory in her demands. Let the states either thoroughly satisfy her as to past claims and present necessities, or let them be prepared for her immediate negotiation with the enemy. Should she decide to treat, she would not be unmindful of their interests, she said, nor deliver them over into the enemy's hands. She repeated, however, the absurd opinion that there were means enough of making Philip nominal sovereign of all the Netherlands without allowing him to exercise any authority over them. As if the most Catholic and most absolute monarch that ever breathed could be tied down by the cobwebs of constitutional or treaty stipulations; as if the previous forty years could be effaced from the record of history!

She asked, too, in case the rumors of the intended transfer of the Netherlands to the cardinal or the Infanta should prove true, which she doubted, whether this arrangement would make any difference in the sentiments of the states.

Barneveldt replied that the transfer was still uncertain, but that they had no more confidence in the cardinal or the Infanta than in the King of Spain himself.

On taking leave of the queen the envoys waited upon Lord Burghley, whom they found sitting in an arm-chair in his bedchamber, suffering from the gout and with a very fierce countenance.¹ He made no secret of his opinions in favor of negotiation, said that the contracts made by monarchs should always be interpreted

¹ "Toonende een fier gelaat."—Verhaal, etc., 243.

reasonably, and pronounced a warm eulogy on the course pursued by the King of France. It was his Majesty's duty, he said, to seize the best opportunity for restoring repose to his subjects and his realms, and it was the duty of other sovereigns to do the same.

The envoys replied that they were not disposed at that moment to sit in judgment upon the king's actions. They would content themselves with remarking that in their opinion even kings and princes were bound by their contracts, oaths, and pledges before God and man; and with this wholesome sentiment they took leave of the lord high treasurer.¹

They left London immediately, on the last day of May, without passports or despatches of recall, and embarked at Gravesend in the midst of a gale of wind.

Lord Essex, the sincere friend of the Republic, was both surprised and disturbed at their sudden departure, and sent a special courier after them to express his regrets at the unsatisfactory termination to their mission. "My mistress knows very well," said he, "that she is an absolute princess, and that, when her ministers have done their extreme duty, she wills what she wills."²

The negotiations between England and Spain were deferred, however, for a brief space, and a special message was despatched to The Hague as to the arrange-

¹ "Wy seyden dat ons niet toe en stonde van de actie van de Coninck te oordelen maer dat wy meinden dat oock Coningen ende Prinsen aen haer contracten, beloften ende eeden voor Godt ende de werelt verbonden waren; daermede wy van den vooschr. Heere Groote Tresorier syn gescheyden."—Verhaal, etc., 244.

² Essex to Nassau and Olden-Barneveldt, May 22, 1598 (O. S.).

"Et que ma maitresse scait bien qu'elle est princesse absolue, et que quant ses ministres ont fait leur estreme devoyer elle veult ce qu'elle veult."—Deventer, ii. 247.

ment of the debt. "Peace at once with Philip," said the queen, "or else full satisfaction of my demands."

Now, it was close dealing between such very thrifty and acute bargainers as the queen and the Netherland Republic.

Two years before, the states had offered to pay twenty thousand pounds a year on her Majesty's birthday so long as the war should last, and after a peace eighty thousand pounds annually for four years.¹ The queen, on her part, fixed the sum total of the debt at nearly a million and a half sterling, and required instant payment of at least one hundred thousand pounds on account, besides provision for a considerable annual refunding, assumption by the states of the whole cost of the garrisons in the cautionary towns, and assurance of assistance in case of an attack upon England.² Thus there was a whole ocean between the disputants.

Vere and Gilpin were protocolling and marshaling accounts at The Hague, and conducting themselves with much arrogance and bitterness, while, meantime, Barneveldt had hardly had time to set his foot on his native shores before he was sent back again to England at the head of another solemn legation. One more effort was to be made to arrange this financial problem and to defeat the English peace party.

The offer of the year 1596 just alluded to was renewed and instantly rejected. Naturally enough, the Dutch envoys were disposed, in the exhausting warfare which was so steadily draining their finances, to pay down as little as possible on the nail, while providing for what they considered a liberal annual sinking-fund.

¹ Agreement in Bor, iv. 245.

² Meteren, 406. Deventer, ii. 258.

The English, on the contrary, were for a good round sum in actual cash, and held the threatened negotiation with Spain over the heads of the unfortunate envoys like a whip.

So the queen's councilors and the republican envoys traveled again and again over the well-worn path. On the 29th June Buckhurst took Olden-Barneveldt into his cabinet, and opened his heart to him, not as a servant of her Majesty, he said, but as a private Englishman.¹ He was entirely for peace. Now that peace was offered to her Majesty, a continuance of the war was unrighteous, and the Lord God's blessing could not be upon it. Without God's blessing no resistance could be made by the queen nor by the states to the enemy, who was ten times more powerful than her Majesty in kingdoms, provinces, number of subjects, and money. He had the pope, the emperor, the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine, and the republic of Genoa for his allies. He feared that the war might come upon England, and that they might be fated on one single day to win or lose all. The queen possessed no mines, and was obliged to carry on the war by taxing her people. The king had ever-flowing fountains in his mines; the queen nothing but a stagnant pool, which, when all the water was pumped out, must in the end be dry. He concluded, therefore, that as her Majesty had no allies but the Netherlands, peace was best for England and advisable for the provinces. Arrangements could easily be made to limit the absolute authority of Spain.²

This highly figurative view of the subject, more be-

¹ Conference between Olden-Barneveldt and Buckhurst, in De-venter, ii. 264-266.

² Ibid.

coming to the author of Ferrex and Porrex than to so experienced a statesman as Sackville had become since his dramatic days, did not much impress Barneveldt. He answered that, although the King of Spain was unquestionably very powerful, the Lord God was still stronger; that England and the Netherlands together could maintain the empire of the seas, which was of the utmost importance, especially for England; but that if the Republic were to make her submission to Spain, and become incorporate with that power, the control of the seas was lost forever to England.

The advocate added the unanswerable argument that to admit Philip as sovereign, and then to attempt a limitation of his despotism, was a foolish dream.

Buckhurst repeated that the Republic was the only ally of England, that there was no confidence to be placed by her in any other power, and that, for himself, he was, as always, very much the friend of the states.¹

Olden-Barneveldt might well have prayed, however, to be delivered from such friends. To thrust one's head into the lion's mouth, while one's friends urge moderation on the noble animal, can never be considered a cheerful or prudent proceeding.

At last, after all offers had been rejected which the envoys had ventured to make, Elizabeth sent for Olden-Barneveldt and Caron, and demanded their ultimatum within twenty-four hours. Should it prove unsatisfactory, she would at once make peace with Spain.²

On the 1st August the envoys accordingly proposed to Cecil and the other ministers to pay thirty thousand pounds a year, instead of twenty thousand, so long as

¹ Conference, etc., ubi sup.

² Minutes of Olden-Barneveldt, Deventer, ii. 267, 268.

the war should last, but they claimed the right of redeeming the cautionary towns at one hundred thousand pounds each. This seemed admissible, and Cecil and his colleagues pronounced the affair arranged. But they had reckoned without the queen, after all.

Elizabeth sent for Caron as soon as she heard of the agreement, flew into a great rage, refused the terms, swore that she would instantly make peace with Spain, and thundered loudly against her ministers.

"They were great beasts," she said, "if they had stated that she would not treat with the enemy. She had merely intended to defer the negotiations."¹

So the whole business was to be done over again. At last the sum claimed by the queen, fourteen hundred thousand pounds, was reduced by agreement to eight hundred thousand, and one half of this the envoys undertook on the part of the states to refund in annual payments of thirty thousand pounds, while the remaining four hundred thousand should be provided for by some subsequent arrangement. All attempts, however, to obtain a promise from the queen to restore the cautionary towns to the Republic in case of a peace between Spain and England remained futile.²

That was to be a bone of contention for many years.

It was further agreed by the treaty, which was definitely signed on the 16th August, that, in case England were invaded by the common enemy, the states should send to the queen's assistance at least thirty ships of war, besides five thousand infantry and five squadrons of horse.³

¹ "Sy waren groote beesten, indien sy ons geseit hadden dat sy niet met den viand tracteren soude; sy wilde de handelinge slechts differeren."—Verhaal van Duivenoorde, Olden-Barneveldt, enz., cited by Deventer, ii. 268.

² Ibid.

³ Treaty, apud Bor, iv. 476–478.

CHAPTER XXXV

Negotiations between France and Spain—Conclusion of the treaty of peace—Purchase of the allegiance of the French nobles—Transfer of the Netherlands to Albert and Isabella—Marriage of the Infante and the Infanta—Illness of Philip II.—Horrible nature of his malady—His last hours and death—Review of his reign—Extent of the Spanish dominions—Causes of the greatness of Spain and of its downfall—Philip's wars and their expenses—The crown revenues of Spain—Character of the people—Their inordinate self-esteem—Consequent deficiency of labor—Ecclesiastical government—Revenues of the Church—Characteristics of the Spanish clergy—Foreign commerce of Spain—Governmental system of Philip II.—Founded on the popular ignorance and superstition—Extinction of liberty in Spain—The Holy Inquisition—The work and character of Philip.

WHILE the utterly barren conferences had been going on at Angiers and Nantes between Henry IV. and the republican envoys, the negotiations had been proceeding at Vervins.

President Richardot, on behalf of Spain, and Secretary of State Villeroy, as commissioner of Henry, were the chief negotiators.¹

Two old acquaintances, two ancient Leaguers, two bitter haters of Protestants and rebels, two thorough adepts in diplomatic chicane, they went into this contest like gladiators who thoroughly understood and respected each other's skill.

¹ *Relazione del Presidente Richardot, April, 1598, Arch. de Sim. MS.*

Richardot was recognized by all as the sharpest and most unscrupulous politician in the obedient Netherlands. Villeroy had conducted every intrigue of France during a whole generation of mankind. They scarcely did more than measure swords and test each other's objects before arriving at a conviction as to the inevitable result of the encounter.

It was obvious at once to Villeroy that Philip was determined to make peace with France in order that the triple alliance might be broken up. It was also known to the French diplomatist that the Spanish king was ready for almost every concession to Henry in order that this object might be accomplished.

All that Richardot hoped to save out of the various conquests made by Spain over France was Calais.

But Villeroy told him that it was useless to say a word on that subject. His king insisted on the restoration of the place. Otherwise he would make no peace. It was enough, he said, that his Majesty said nothing about Navarre.

Richardot urged that at the time when the English had conquered Calais it had belonged to Artois, not to France. It was no more than equitable, then, that it should be retained by its original proprietor.

The general of the Franciscans, who acted as a kind of umpire in the transactions, then took each negotiator separately aside and whispered in his ear.¹

Villeroy shook his head, and said he had given his ultimatum. Richardot acknowledged that he had something in reserve, upon which the monk said that it was time to make it known.

Accordingly, the two being all ears, Richardot ob-

¹ Relazione, etc., Arch. de Sim. MS.

served that what he was about to state he said with fear and trembling. He knew not what the King of Spain would think of his proposition, but he would, nevertheless, utter the suggestion that Calais should be handed over to the pope.¹

His Holiness would keep the city in pledge until the war with the rebels was over, and then there would be leisure enough to make definite arrangements on the subject.

Now, Villeroy was too experienced a practitioner to be imposed upon by this ingenious artifice. Moreover, he happened to have an intercepted letter in his possession in which Philip told the cardinal that Calais was to be given up if the French made its restitution a *sine qua non*. So Villeroy did make it a *sine qua non*, and the conferences soon after terminated in an agreement on the part of Spain to surrender all its conquests in France.²

Certainly no more profitable peace than this could have been made by the French king under such circumstances, and Philip at the last moment had consented to pay a heavy price for bringing discord between the three friends. The treaty was signed at Vervins on the 2d May, and contained thirty-five articles. Its basis was that of the treaty of Catean-Cambrésis of 1559. Restitution of all places conquered by either party within the dominions of the other since the day of that treaty was stipulated. Henry recovered Calais, Ardres, Dourlens, Blavet, and many other places, and gave up the country of Charolois. Prisoners were to be surrendered on both sides without ransom, and such of those captives of war as had been enslaved at the galleys should be set free.

¹ Relazione, etc., Arch. de Sim. MS.

² Ibid.

The pope, the emperor, all his cousins, and those electors, states, and cities under their obedience or control—the Duke of Savoy, the King of Poland and Sweden, the Kings of Denmark and Scotland, the Dukes of Lorraine and Tuscany, the Doge of Venice, the republic of Genoa, and many lesser states and potentates—were included in the treaty. The famous Edict of Nantes in favor of the Protestant subjects of the French king was drawn up and signed in the city of which it bears the name at about the same time with these negotiations. Its publication was, however, deferred until after the departure of the legate from France in the following year.¹

The treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis had been pronounced the most disgraceful and disastrous one that had ever been ratified by a French monarch, and surely Henry had now wiped away that disgrace and repaired that disaster. It was natural enough that he should congratulate himself on the rewards which he had gathered by deserting his allies.

He had now sufficient occupation for a time in devising ways and means, with the aid of the indefatigable Béthune, to pay the prodigious sums with which he had purchased the allegiance of the great nobles and lesser gentlemen of France. Thirty-two millions of livres were not sufficient to satisfy the claims of these patriots, most of whom had been drawing enormous pensions from the King of Spain up to the very moment, or beyond it, when they consented to acknowledge the sovereignty of their own country. Scarcely a great name in the golden book of France but was recorded among these bills of sale.

¹ Treaty, apud Bor, iv. 445–450. De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxx. 208 seq.

Mayenne, Lorraine, Guise, Nemours, Mercœur, Montpensier, Joyeuse, Epergnon, Brissac, D'Arlincourt, Balagny, Rochefort, Villeroy, Villars, Montespan, Levis-ton, Beauvillars, and countless others figured in the great financier's terrible account-book, from Mayenne, set down at the cool amount of three and a half millions, to Beauvoir or Beauvillars, at the more modest price of a hundred and sixty thousand livres. "I should appal my readers," said De Béthune, "if I should show to them that this sum makes but a very small part of the amounts demanded from the royal treasury, either by Frenchmen or by strangers, as pay and pension, and yet the total was thirty-two millions."¹

And now the Most Catholic King, having brought himself at last to exchange the grasp of friendship with the great ex-heretic, and to recognize the Prince of Béarn as the legitimate successor of St. Louis, to prevent which consummation he had squandered so many thousands of lives, so many millions of treasure, and brought ruin to so many prosperous countries, prepared himself for another step which he had long hesitated to take.

He resolved to transfer the Netherlands to his daughter Isabella and to the Cardinal Archduke Albert, who, as the king had now decided, was to espouse the Infanta.

The deed of cession was signed at Madrid on the 6th May, 1598. It was accompanied by a letter of the same date from the Prince Philip, heir apparent to the crown.

On the 30th May the Infanta executed a procuration by which she gave absolute authority to her future husband to rule over the provinces of the Netherlands, Bur-

¹ Sully, *Mémoires*, liv. x. 560.

gundy, and Charolois, and to receive the oaths of the estates and of public functionaries.¹

It was all very systematically done. No transfer of real estate, no *donatio inter vivos* of mansions and mesuages, parks and farms, herds and flocks, could have been effected in a more businesslike manner than the gift thus made by the most prudent king to his beloved daughter.

The quitclaim of the brother was perfectly regular.

So also was the power of attorney by which the Infanta authorized the middle-aged ecclesiastic whom she was about to espouse to take possession in her name of the very desirable property which she had thus acquired.

It certainly never occurred either to the giver or the receivers that the few millions of Netherlanders, male and female, inhabiting these provinces in the North Sea, were entitled to any voice or opinion as to the transfer of themselves and their native land to a young lady living in a remote country. For such was the blasphemous system of Europe at that day. Property had rights. Kings, from whom all property emanated, were enfeoffed directly from the Almighty; they bestowed certain privi-

¹ See all the deeds and documents in Bor, iv. 461-466. Compare Herrera, iii. 766-770.

Very elaborate provisions were made in regard to the children and grandchildren to spring from this marriage, but it was generally understood at the time that no issue was to be expected. The incapacity of the cardinal seems to have been revealed by an indiscretion of the general of Franciscans, diplomatist and father confessor, and was supported by much collateral evidence. Hence all these careful stipulations were a solemn jest, like much of the diplomatic work of this reign. See letter of F. d'Aertsens to States-General, May 27, 1599, in *Lettres et Négociations de Buzanval et D'Aertsens*, par G. G. Vrede (Leide, 1846), p. 190. But compare Soranzo, *Relazione*, before cited, p. 169.

leges on their vassals. But man had no rights at all. He was property, like the ox or the ass, like the glebe which he watered with the sweat of his brow.

The obedient Netherlanders acquiesced obediently in these new arrangements. They wondered only that the king should be willing thus to take from his crown its choicest jewels—for it is often the vanity of colonies and dependencies to consider themselves gems.

The republican Netherlanders only laughed at these arrangements, and treated the invitation to transfer themselves to the new sovereigns of the provinces with silent contempt.¹

The cardinal archduke left Brussels in September, having accomplished the work committed to him by the power of attorney, and having left Cardinal Andrew of Austria, Bishop of Constantia, son of the Archduke Ferdinand, to administer affairs during his absence. Francis de Mendoza, Admiral of Aragon, was intrusted with the supreme military command for the same interval.

The double marriage of the Infante of Spain with the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, and of the unfrocked Cardinal Albert of Austria with the Infanta Clara Eugenia Isabella, was celebrated by proxy, with immense pomp, at Ferrara, the pope himself officiating, with the triple crown upon his head.²

Meantime Philip II., who had been of delicate constitution all his life, and who had of late years been a confirmed valetudinarian, had been rapidly failing ever since the transfer of the Netherlands in May. Longing to be once more in his favorite retirement of the Escorial, he undertook the journey toward the beginning of June,

¹ Bor, iv. 467.

² Ibid., iv. 470-472.

and was carried thither from Madrid in a litter borne by servants, accomplishing the journey of seven leagues in six days.

When he reached the palace cloister he was unable to stand. The gout, his lifelong companion, had of late so tortured him in the hands and feet that the mere touch of a linen sheet was painful to him. By the middle of July a low fever had attacked him, which rapidly reduced his strength. Moreover, a new and terrible symptom of the utter disintegration of his physical constitution had presented itself. Impostumes, from which he had suffered on the breast and at the joints, had been opened after the usual ripening applications, and the result was not the hoped relief, but swarms of vermin, innumerable in quantities, and impossible to extirpate, which were thus generated and reproduced in the monarch's blood and flesh.

The details of the fearful disorder may have attraction for the pathologist, but have no especial interest for the general reader. Let it suffice that no torture ever invented by Torquemada or Peter Titelman to serve the vengeance of Philip and his ancestors or the pope against the heretics of Italy or Flanders could exceed in acuteness the agonies which the Most Catholic King was now called upon to endure. And not one of the long line of martyrs who by decree of Charles or Philip had been strangled, beheaded, burned, or buried alive, ever faced a death of lingering torments with more perfect fortitude, or was sustained by more ecstatic visions of heavenly mercy, than was now the case with the great monarch of Spain.

That the grave-worms should do their office before soul and body were parted was a torment such as the

imagination of Dante might have invented for the lowest depths of his *Inferno*.¹

On the 22d July the king asked Dr. Mercado if his sickness was likely to have a fatal termination. The physician, not having the courage at once to give the only possible reply, found means to evade the question. On the 1st August his Majesty's confessor, Father Diego de Yepes, after consultation with Mercado, announced to Philip that the only issue to his malady was death. Already he had been lying for ten days on his back, a mass of sores and corruption, scarcely able to move, and requiring four men to turn him in his bed.

He expressed the greatest satisfaction at the sincerity which had now been used, and in the gentlest and most benignant manner signified his thanks to them for thus removing all doubts from his mind, and for giving him information which it was of so much importance for his eternal welfare to possess.

His first thought was to request the papal nuncio, Gaetano, to despatch a special courier to Rome to request the pope's benediction. This was done, and it was destined that the blessing of his Holiness should arrive in time.

He next prepared himself to make a general confession, which lasted three days, Father Diego having drawn up at his request a full and searching interrogatory. The confession may have been made the more simple, however, by the statement which he made to the priest, and subsequently repeated to the Infante, his son, that

¹ A great English poet has indeed expressed the horrible thought :

"It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm about them steal."

Byron.

in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any one. If he had ever committed an act of injustice, it was unwittingly, or because he had been deceived in the circumstances. This internal conviction of general righteousness was of great advantage to him in the midst of his terrible sufferings, and accounted in great degree for the gentleness, thoughtfulness for others, and perfect benignity which, according to the unanimous testimony of many witnesses, characterized his conduct during this whole sickness.

After he had completed his long general confession the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to him. Subsequently the same rites were more briefly performed every few days.

His sufferings were horrible, but no saint could have manifested in them more gentle resignation or angelic patience. He moralized on the condition to which the greatest princes might thus be brought at last by the hand of God, and bade the prince observe well his father's present condition, in order that, when he, too, should be laid thus low, he might likewise be sustained by a conscience void of offense. He constantly thanked his assistants and nurses for their care, insisted upon their reposing themselves after their daily fatigues, and ordered others to relieve them in their task.

He derived infinite consolation from the many relics of saints, of which, as has been seen, he had made plentiful provision during his long reign. Especially a bone of St. Alban, presented to him by Clement VIII., in view of his present straits, was of great service. With this relic, and with the arm of St. Vincent of Ferrara and the knee-bone of St. Sebastian, he daily rubbed his sores, keeping the sacred talismans ever in his sight on the

altar, which was not far from his bed. He was much pleased when the priests and other bystanders assured him that the remains of these holy men would be of special efficacy to him because he had cherished and worshiped them in times when misbelievers and heretics had treated them with disrespect.

On a sideboard in his chamber a human skull was placed, and upon this skull—in ghastly mockery of royalty, in truth, yet doubtless in the conviction that such an exhibition showed the superiority of anointed kings even over death—he ordered his servants to place a golden crown.¹ And thus, during the whole of his long illness, the Antic held his state, while the poor mortal representative of absolute power lay living still, but slowly moldering away.

With perfect composure, and with that minute attention to details which had characterized the king all his lifetime and was now more evident than ever, he caused the provisions for his funeral obsequies to be read aloud one day by Juan Ruys de Velasco, in order that his children, his ministers, and the great officers of state who were daily in attendance upon him might thoroughly learn their lesson before the time came for performing the ceremony.

“Having governed my kingdom for forty years,” said he, “I now give it back, in the seventy-first year of my age, to God Almighty, to whom it belongs, recommending my soul into his blessed hands, that his divine Majesty may do what he pleases therewith.”

He then directed that after his body should have been kept as long as the laws prescribed it should be buried thus:

¹ Bor, iv. 473.

The officiating bishop was to head the procession, bearing the crucifix, and followed by the clergy.

The adelantado was to come next, trailing the royal standard along the ground. Then the Duke of Novara was to appear, bearing the crown on an open salver, covered with a black cloth, while the Marquis of Avillaer carried the sword of state.

The coffin was to be borne by eight principal grandees, clad in mourning habiliments and holding lighted torches.

The heir apparent was to follow, attended by Don Garcia de Loyasa, who had just been consecrated, in the place of Cardinal Albert, as Archbishop of Toledo.

The body was to be brought to the church and placed in the stately tomb already prepared for its reception. "Mass being performed," said the king, "the prelate shall place me in the grave which shall be my last house until I go to my eternal dwelling. Then the prince, third king of my name, shall go into the cloister of St. Jerome at Madrid, where he shall keep nine days' mourning. My daughter and her aunt—my sister, the ex-empress—shall for the same purpose go to the convent of the Gray Sisters."¹

The king then charged his successor to hold the Infanta in especial affection and consideration; "for," said he, "she has been my mirror, yea, the light of my eyes." He also ordered that the Marquis of Mondejar be taken from prison and set free, on condition never to show himself at court. The wife of Antonio Perez was also to be released from prison, in order that she might be immured in a cloister, her property being bestowed upon her daughters.

¹ Bor, iv. 473, 474.

PHILIP II. IN HIS OLD AGE
Painting by Antonio Moro, Museum
del Prado, Madrid.

As this unfortunate lady's only crime consisted in her husband's intrigue with the king's mistress, Princess Eboli, in which she could scarcely be considered an accomplice, this permission to exchange one form of incarceration for another did not seem an act of very great benignity.

Philip further provided that thirty thousand masses should be said for his soul, five hundred slaves liberated from the galleys, and five hundred maidens provided with marriage portions.

After these elaborate instructions had been read, the king ordered a certain casket to be brought to him and opened in his presence. From this he took forth a diamond of great price and gave it to the Infanta, saying that it had belonged to her mother, Isabella of France. He asked the prince if he consented to the gift. The prince answered in the affirmative.

He next took from the coffer a written document, which he handed to his son, saying, "Herein you will learn how to govern your kingdoms."

Then he produced a scourge, which he said was the instrument with which his father, the emperor, had been in the habit of chastising himself during his retreat at the monastery of Yuste. He told the bystanders to observe the imperial blood by which the lash was still slightly stained.

As the days wore on he felt himself steadily sinking, and asked to receive extreme unction. As he had never seen that rite performed, he chose to rehearse it beforehand, and told Ruys de Velasco, who was in constant attendance upon him, to go for minute instructions on the subject to the Archbishop of Toledo. The sacrament having been duly administered, the king subsequently,

on the 1st September, desired to receive it once more. The archbishop, fearing that the dying monarch's strength would be insufficient for the repetition of the function, informed him that the regulations of the Church required in such cases only a compliance with certain trifling forms, as the ceremony had been already once thoroughly carried out. But the king expressed himself as quite determined that the sacrament should be repeated in all its parts; that he should once more be anointed—to use the phrase of Brother Francis Neyen—with the oil which holy athletes require in their wrestle with death.

This was accordingly done in the presence of his son and daughter and of his chief secretaries, Christopher de Moura and John de Idiaquez, besides the Counts Chinchon, Fuensalido, and several other conspicuous personages. He was especially desirous that his son should be present, in order that, when he, too, should come to die, he might not find himself, like his father, in ignorance of the manner in which this last sacrament was to be performed.

When it was finished he described himself as infinitely consoled, and as having derived even more happiness from the rite than he had dared to anticipate.

Thenceforth he protested that he would talk no more of the world's affairs. He had finished with all things below, and for the days or hours still remaining to him he would keep his heart exclusively fixed upon heaven. Day by day, as he lay on his couch of unutterable and almost unexampled misery, his confessors and others read to him from religious works, while with perfect gentleness he would insist that one reader should relieve another, that none might be fatigued.

On the 11th September he dictated these words to Christopher de Moura, who was to take them to Diego de Yepes, the confessor:

"Father confessor, you are in the place of God, and I protest thus before his presence that I will do all that you declare necessary for my salvation. Thus upon you will be the responsibility for my omissions, because I am ready to do all."

Finding that the last hour was approaching, he informed Don Fernando de Toledo where he could find some candles of Our Lady of Montserrat, one of which he desired to keep in his hand at the supreme moment. He also directed Ruys de Velasco to take from a special shrine, which he had indicated to him six years before, a crucifix which the emperor his father had held upon his death-bed. All this was accomplished according to his wish.

He had already made arrangements for his funeral procession, and had subsequently provided all the details of his agony. It was now necessary to give orders as to the particulars of his burial.

He knew that decomposition had made such progress even while he was still living as to render embalming impossible. He accordingly instructed Don Christopher to see his body wrapped in a shroud just as it lay, and to cause it to be placed in a well-soldered metallic coffin already provided. The coffin of state, in which the leaden one was to be inclosed, was then brought into the chamber by his command, that he might see if it was entirely to his taste. Having examined it, he ordered that it should be lined with white satin and ornamented with gold nails and lace-work. He also described a particular brocade of black and gold, to be found in the jewel-room, which he desired for the pall.

Next morning he complained to Don Christopher that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper had not been administered to him for several days. It was urged that his strength was deemed insufficient, and that, as he had received that rite already four times during his illness, and extreme unction twice, it was thought that the additional fatigue might be spared him. But, as the king insisted, the sacrament was once more performed and prayers were read. He said with great fervor many times, "*Pater, non mea voluntas, sed tua fiat.*" He listened, too, with much devotion to the psalm, "*As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,*" and he spoke faintly at long intervals of the Magdalen, of the prodigal son, and of the paralytic.

When these devotional exercises had been concluded, Father Diego expressed the hope to him that he might then pass away, for it would be a misfortune by temporary convalescence to fall from the exaltation of piety which he had then reached. The remark was heard by Philip with an expression of entire satisfaction.

That day both the Infanta and the prince came for the last time to his bedside to receive his blessing. He tenderly expressed his regret to his daughter that he had not been permitted to witness her marriage, but charged her never to omit any exertion to augment and sustain the holy Roman Catholic religion in the Netherlands. It was in the interest of that holy church alone that he had endowed her with those provinces, and he now urged it upon her with his dying breath to impress upon her future husband these his commands to both.

His two children took leave of him with tears and sobs. As the prince left the chamber he asked Don

Christopher who it was that held the key to the treasury.

The secretary replied, "It is I, sir." The prince demanded that he should give it into his hands. But Don Christopher excused himself, saying that it had been intrusted to him by the king, and that without his consent he could not part with it. Then the prince returned to the king's chamber, followed by the secretary, who narrated to the dying monarch what had taken place.

"You have done wrong," said Philip, whereupon Don Christopher, bowing to the earth, presented the key to the prince.

The king then feebly begged those about his bedside to repeat the dying words of our Saviour on the cross, in order that he might hear them and repeat them in his heart as his soul was taking flight.

His father's crucifix was placed in his hands, and he said distinctly: "I die like a good Catholic, in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church." Soon after these last words had been spoken, a paroxysm, followed by faintness, came over him, and he lay entirely still.

They had covered his face with a cloth, thinking that he had already expired, when he suddenly started with great energy, opened his eyes, seized the crucifix again from the hand of Don Fernando de Toledo, kissed it, and fell back again into agony.

The archbishop and the other priests expressed the opinion that he must have had, not a paroxysm, but a celestial vision, for human powers would not have enabled him to arouse himself so quickly and so vigorously as he had done at that crisis.

He did not speak again, but lay unconsciously dying

for some hours, and breathed his last at five in the morning of Sunday the 13th September.¹

His obsequies were celebrated according to the directions which he had so minutely given.

These volumes will have been written in vain if it be now necessary to recall to my readers the leading events in the history of the man who had thus left the world where, almost invisible himself, he had so long played a leading part. It may not be entirely useless, however, to throw a parting glance at a character which it has been one of the main objects of this work, throughout its whole course, to portray. My theme has been the reign of Philip II., because, as the less is included in the greater, the whole of that reign, with the exception of a few episodes, is included in the vast movement out of which the Republic of the United Netherlands was born and the assailed independence of France and England consolidated. The result of Philip's efforts to establish a universal monarchy was to hasten the decline of the empire which he had inherited, by aggravating the evils which had long made that downfall inevitable.

It is from no abstract hatred to monarchy that I have dwelt with emphasis upon the crimes of this king, and upon the vices of the despotic system as illustrated during his lifetime. It is not probable that the military, monarchical system, founded upon conquests achieved by barbarians and pirates of a distant epoch over an effete civilization and over antique institutions of intol-

¹ The last illness of Philip is described with every minute detail, derived from narratives of eye-witnesses, by Bor, iv. 472-474, and by Herrera, iii. 774-778. Compare also the *Relazione* of F. Soranzo, already cited, 150-153.

erable profligacy, will soon come to an end in the older world. And it is the business of Europeans so to deal with the institutions of their inheritance or their choice as to insure their steady melioration and to provide for the highest interests of the people. It matters comparatively little by what name a government is called, so long as the intellectual and moral development of mankind, and the maintenance of justice among individuals, are its leading principles. A government, like an individual, may remain far below its ideal; but, without an ideal, governments and individuals are alike contemptible. It is tyranny only, whether individual or popular, that utters its feeble sneers at the ideologists, as if mankind were brutes to whom instincts were all in all and ideas nothing. Where intellect and justice are enslaved by that unholy trinity, Force, Dogma, and Ignorance, the tendency of governments, and of those subjected to them, must of necessity be retrograde and downward.

There can be little doubt to those who observe the movements of mankind during the course of the fourteen centuries since the fall of the Roman Empire—a mere fragment of human history—that its progress, however concealed or impeded, and whether for weal or woe, is toward democracy; for it is the tendency of science to liberate and to equalize the physical and even the intellectual forces of humanity. A horse and a suit of armor would now hardly enable the fortunate possessor of such advantages to conquer a kingdom, nor can wealth and learning be monopolized in these latter days by a favored few. Yet veneration for a crown and a privileged church, as if without them and without their close connection with each other law and religion

were impossible, makes hereditary authority sacred to great masses of mankind in the Old World. The obligation is the more stringent, therefore, on men thus set apart, as it were, by primordial selection for ruling and instructing their fellow-creatures, to keep their edicts and their practice in harmony with divine justice. For these rules cannot be violated with impunity during a long succession of years, and it is usually left for a comparatively innocent generation to atone for the sins of their forefathers. If history does not teach this it teaches nothing, and as the rules of morality, whether for individuals or for nations, are simple and devoid of mystery, there is the less excuse for governments which habitually and cynically violate the eternal law.

Among self-evident truths not one is more indisputable than that which, in the immortal words of our Declaration of Independence, asserts the right of every human being to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but the only happiness that can be recognized by a true statesman as the birthright of mankind is that which comes from intellectual and moral development, and from the subjugation of the brutal instincts.

A system according to which clowns remain clowns through all the ages, unless when extraordinary genius or fortunate accident enables an exceptional individual to overleap the barrier of caste, necessarily retards the result to which the philosopher looks forward with perfect faith.

For us, whose business it is to deal with, and, so far as human fallibility will permit, to improve our inevitable form of government, which may degenerate into the most intolerable of polities unless we are ever mindful that it is yet in its rudimental condition; that, al-

though an immense step has been taken in the right direction by the abolition of caste, the divorce of church and state, and the limitation of intrusion by either on the domain of the individual, it is yet only a step from which, without eternal vigilance, a falling back is very easy; and that here, more than in other lands, ignorance of the scientific and moral truths on which national happiness and prosperity depend deserves bitter denunciation,—for us it is wholesome to confirm our faith in democracy, and to justify our hope that the People will prove itself equal to the awful responsibility of self-government by an occasional study of the miseries which the opposite system is capable of producing. It is for this reason that the reign of the sovereign whose closing moments have just been recorded is especially worthy of a minute examination, and I still invite a parting glance at the spectacle thus presented, before the curtain falls.

The Spanish monarchy in the reign of Philip II. was not only the most considerable empire then existing, but probably the most powerful and extensive empire that had ever been known. Certainly never before had so great an agglomeration of distinct and separate sovereignties been the result of accident. For it was owing to a series of accidents—in the common acceptance of that term—that Philip governed so mighty a realm. According to the principle that vast tracts of the earth's surface, with the human beings feeding upon them, were transferable in fee simple from one man or woman to another by marriage, inheritance, or gift, a heterogeneous collection of kingdoms, principalities, provinces, and wildernesses had been consolidated, without geographical continuity, into an artificial union, the populations

differing from each other as much as human beings can differ, in race, language, institutions, and historical traditions, and resembling each other in little save in being the property alike of the same fortunate individual.

Thus the dozen kingdoms of Spain, the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, the kingdoms of the Two Sicilies, the duchy of Milan, and certain fortresses and districts of Tuscany, in Europe; the kingdom of Barbary, the coast of Guinea, and an indefinite and unmeasured expanse of other territory, in Africa; the controlling outposts and cities all along the coast of the two Indian peninsulas, with as much of the country as it seemed good to occupy, the straits and the great archipelagoes, so far as they had been visited by Europeans, in Asia; Peru, Brazil, Mexico, the Antilles—the whole recently discovered fourth quarter of the world, in short, from the “Land of Fire” in the south to the frozen regions of the North, as much territory as the Spanish and Portuguese sea-captains could circumnavigate and the pope in the plenitude of his power and his generosity could bestow on his fortunate son, in America: all this enormous proportion of the habitable globe was the private property of Philip, who was the son of Charles, who was the son of Joanna, who was the daughter of Isabella, whose husband was Ferdinand. By what seems to us the most whimsical of political arrangements, the Papuan islander, the Calabrian peasant, the Amsterdam merchant, the semi-civilized Aztec, the Moor of Barbary, the Castilian grandee, the roving Comanche, the Guinea negro, the Indian Brahman, found themselves, could they but have known it, fellow-citizens of one commonwealth. Statutes of family descent, aided by

fraud, force, and chicane, had annexed the various European sovereignties to the crown of Spain; the genius of a Genoese sailor had given to it the New World; and more recently the conquest of Portugal, torn from hands not strong enough to defend the national independence, had vested in the same sovereignty those Oriental possessions which were due to the enterprise of Vasco da Gama, his comrades and successors. The voyager, setting forth from the Straits of Gibraltar, circumnavigating the African headlands and Cape Comorin, and sailing through the Molucca Channel and past the isles which bore the name of Philip in the Eastern Sea, gave the hand at last to his adventurous comrade, who, starting from the same point, and following westward in the track of Magellan and under the Southern Cross, coasted the shore of Patagonia and threaded his path through unmapped and unnumbered clusters of islands in the western Pacific; and during this spanning of the earth's whole circumference not an inch of land or water was traversed that was not the domain of Philip.

For the sea, too, was his as well as the dry land.

From Borneo to California the great ocean was but a Spanish lake, as much the king's private property as his fish-ponds at the Escorial with their carp and perch. No subjects but his dared to navigate those sacred waters. Not a common highway of the world's commerce, but a private path for the gratification of one human being's vanity, had thus been laid out by the bold navigators of the sixteenth century.

It was for the Dutch rebels to try conclusions upon this point, as they had done upon so many others, with the master of the land and sea. The opening scenes, therefore, in the great career of maritime adventure and dis-

covery by which these republicans were to make themselves famous will soon engage the reader's attention.

Thus the causes of what is called the greatness of Spain are not far to seek. Spain was not a nation, but a temporary and factitious conjunction of several nations, which it was impossible to fuse into a permanent whole, but over whose united resources a single monarch for a time disposed. And the very concentration of these vast and unlimited powers, fortuitous as it was, in this single hand, inspiring the individual, not unnaturally, with a consciousness of superhuman grandeur, impelled him to those frantic and puerile efforts to achieve the impossible which resulted in the downfall of Spain. The man who inherited so much material greatness believed himself capable of destroying the invisible but omnipotent spirit of religious and political liberty in the Netherlands, of trampling out the national existence of France and of England, and of annexing those realms to his empire. It has been my task to relate, with much minuteness, how miserably his efforts failed.

But his resources were great. All Italy was in his hands, with the single exception of the Venetian republic; for the Grand Duke of Florence and the so-called republic of Genoa were little more than his vassals, the pope was generally his other self, and the Duke of Savoy was his son-in-law. Thus his armies, numbering usually a hundred thousand men, were supplied from the best possible sources. The Italians were esteemed the best soldiers for siege, assault, light skirmishing. The German heavy troopers and arquebusiers were the most effective for open field-work, and these were to be purchased at reasonable prices and to indefinite amount from any of the three or four hundred petty sovereigns to

whom what was called Germany belonged. The Sicilian and Neapolitan pikemen, the Milanese light horse, belonged exclusively to Philip, and were used, year after year, for more than a generation of mankind, to fight battles in which they had no more interest than had their fellow-subjects in the Moluccas or in Mexico, but which constituted for them personally as lucrative a trade, on the whole, as was afforded them at that day by any branch of industry.

Silk, corn, wine, and oil were furnished in profusion from these favored regions, not that the inhabitants might enjoy life, and, by accumulating wealth, increase the stock of human comforts and contribute to intellectual and scientific advancement, but in order that the proprietor of the soil might feed those eternal armies ever swarming from the south to scatter desolation over the plains of France, Burgundy, Flanders, and Holland, and to make the crown of Spain and the office of the Holy Inquisition supreme over the world. From Naples and Sicily were derived in great plenty the best materials and conveniences for ship-building and marine equipment. The galleys and the galley-slaves furnished by these subject realms formed the principal part of the royal navy. From distant regions a commerce which in Philip's days had become oceanic supplied the crown with as much revenue as could be expected in a period of gross ignorance as to the causes of the true grandeur and the true wealth of nations. Especially from the mines of Mexico came an annual average of ten or twelve millions of precious metals, of which the king took twenty-five per cent. for himself.

It would be difficult and almost superfluous to indicate the various resources placed in the hands of this

one personage, who thus controlled so large a portion of the earth. All that breathed or grew belonged to him, and most steadily was the stream of blood and treasure poured through the sieve of his perpetual war. His system was essentially a gigantic and perpetual levy of contributions in kind, and it is only in this vague and unsatisfactory manner that the revenues of his empire can be stated. A despot really keeps no accounts, nor needs to do so, for he is responsible to no man for the way in which he husbands or squanders his own. Moreover, the science of statistics had not a beginning of existence in those days, and the most common facts can hardly be obtained, even by approximation. The usual standard of value, the commodity which we call money,—gold or silver,—is well known to be at best a fallacious guide for estimating the comparative wealth of individuals or of nations at widely different epochs. The dollar of Philip's day was essentially the same bit of silver that it is in our time in Spain, Naples, Rome, or America, but even should an elaborate calculation be made as to the quantity of beef or bread or broadcloth to be obtained for that bit of silver in this or that place in the middle of the sixteenth century, the result, as compared with prices now prevalent, would show many remarkable discrepancies. Thus a bushel of wheat at Antwerp during Philip's reign might cost a quarter of a dollar in average years, and there have been seasons in our own time when two bushels of wheat could have been bought for a quarter of a dollar in Illinois. Yet if, notwithstanding this, we should allow a tenfold value in exchange to the dollar of Philip's day, we should be surprised at the meagerness of his revenues, of his expenditures, and of the debts which at the close of his

career brought him to bankruptcy, were the sums estimated in coin.

Thus his income was estimated by careful contemporary statesmen at what seemed to them the prodigious annual amount of sixteen millions of dollars. He carried on a vast war without interruption during the whole of his forty-three years' reign against the most wealthy and military nations of Christendom not recognizing his authority, and in so doing he is said to have expended a sum total of seven hundred millions of dollars—a statement which made men's hair stand on their heads. Yet the American Republic, during its Civil War to repress the insurrection of the slaveholders, has spent nominally as large a sum as this every year, and the British Empire in time of profound peace spends half as much annually. And even if we should allow sixteen millions to have represented the value of a hundred and sixty millions—a purely arbitrary supposition—as compared with our times, what are a hundred and sixty millions of dollars, or thirty-three millions of pounds sterling, as the whole net revenue of the greatest empire that had ever existed in the world, when compared with the accumulated treasures over which civilized and industrious countries can now dispose? Thus the power of levying men and materials in kind constituted the chief part of the royal power, and, in truth, very little revenue in money was obtained from Milan or Naples, or from any of the outlying European possessions of the crown.

Eight millions a year were estimated as the revenue from the eight kingdoms incorporated under the general name of Castile, while not more than six hundred thousand came from the three kingdoms which constituted

Aragon.¹ The chief sources of money receipts were a tax of ten per cent. upon sales, paid by the seller, called *alcabala*, and the *almoxarifalgo*, or tariff upon both imports and exports. Besides these imposts he obtained about eight hundred thousand dollars a year by selling to his subjects the privilege of eating eggs upon fast-days, according to the permission granted him by the pope in the bull called the *crozada*.² He received another annual million from the *sussidio* and the *excusado*. The first was a permission originally given by the popes to levy six hundred thousand dollars a year upon ecclesiastical property for equipment of a hundred war-galleys against the Saracens, but which had more recently established itself as a regular tax to pay for naval hostilities against Dutch and English heretics—a still more malignant species of unbelievers in the orthodox eyes of the period. The *excusado* was the right accorded to the king always to select from the church possessions a single benefice and to appropriate its fruit—a levy commuted generally for four hundred thousand dollars a year. Besides these regular sources of income, large but irregular amounts of money were picked up by his Majesty in small sums, through monks sent about the country simply as beggars, under no special license, to collect alms from rich and poor for sustaining the war against the infidels of England and Holland. A certain Jesuit, Father Sicily by name, had been industrious enough at one period in preaching this crusade to accumulate more than a million and a half, so that a factious courtier advised his sovereign to style himself thenceforth king, not of the two, but of the three Sicilies, in honor of the industrious priest.

¹ Soranzo.

² Ibid.

It is worthy of remark that at different periods during Philip's reign, and especially toward its close, the whole of his regular revenue was pledged to pay the interest on his debts, save only the sussidio and the cruzada. Thus the master of the greatest empire of the earth had at times no income at his disposal except the alms he could solicit from his poorest subjects to maintain his warfare against foreign miscreants, the levy on the Church for war-galleys, and the proceeds of his permission to eat meat on Fridays.¹ This sounds like an epigram, but it is a plain, incontestable fact.

Thus, the revenues of his foreign dominions being nearly consumed by their necessary expenses, the measure of his positive wealth was to be found in the riches of Spain. But Spain at that day was not an opulent country. It was impossible that it should be rich, for nearly every law according to which the prosperity of a country becomes progressive was habitually violated. It is difficult to state even by approximation the amount of its population, but the kingdoms united under the crown of Castile were estimated by contemporaries to contain eight millions, while the kingdom of Portugal, together with those annexed to Aragon and the other provinces of the realm, must have numbered half as many. Here was a populous nation in a favored land, but the foundation of all wealth was sapped by a perverted moral sentiment.

Labor was esteemed dishonorable. The Spaniard, from highest to lowest, was proud, ignorant, and lazy. For a people endowed by nature with many noble qualities—courage, temperance, frugality, endurance,

¹ Soranzo. Compare Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. i. part ii. chap. ii.

quickness of perception, a high sense of honor, a reverence for law—the course of the national history had proved as ingeniously bad a system of general education as could well be invented.

The eternal contests, century after century, upon the soil of Spain between the crescent and the cross, and the remembrance of the ancient days in which Oriental valor and genius had almost extirpated Germanic institutions and Christian faith from the Peninsula, had inspired one great portion of the masses with a hatred, amounting almost to insanity, toward every form of religion except the Church of Rome, toward every race of mankind except the Goths and Vandals. Innate reverence for established authority had expanded into an intensity of religious emotion and into a fanaticism of loyalty which caused the anointed monarch leading true believers against infidels to be accepted as a god. The highest industrial and scientific civilization that had been exhibited upon Spanish territory was that of Moors and Jews. When in the course of time those races had been subjugated, massacred, or driven into exile, not only was Spain deprived of its highest intellectual culture and its most productive labor, but intelligence, science, and industry were accounted degrading, because the mark of inferior and detested peoples.

The sentiment of self-esteem, always a national characteristic, assumed an almost ludicrous shape. Not a ragged Biscayan muleteer, not a swineherd of Estremadura, that did not imagine himself a nobleman because he was not of African descent. Not a half-starved, ignorant brigand, gaining his living on the highways and byways by pilfering or assassination, that did not kneel on the church pavement and listen to orisons in

an ancient tongue, of which he understood not a syllable, with a sentiment of Christian self-complacency to which Godfrey of Bouillon might have been a stranger. Especially those born toward the northern frontier, and therefore farthest removed from Moorish contamination, were proudest of the purity of their race. To be an Asturian or a Gallician, however bronzed by sun and wind, was to be furnished with positive proof against suspicion of Moorish blood; but the sentiment was universal throughout the Peninsula.¹

It followed as a matter of course that labor of any kind was an impeachment against this gentility of descent. To work was the province of Moors, Jews, and other heretics; of the marani, or accursed, miscreants and descendants of miscreants; of the sanbeniti, or infamous,

¹ "La gente bassa e minuta fa numero ed e poverissimo essendo tutta priva d' industria e di questa si serve quando bisogna per soldati. E poveri ancora nel loro grado chiamar si possono quelli che sono fra li principi e gli artefici perchè vogliono vivere con fasto, sono superbi assai hanno poche entrate e non le governano stimano vergogna il far esercizio che possa aver apparenza di mercanzia onde essendo senza industria e senza roba e volendo spendere e grandeggiare la fanno male assai perchè sdegnano li minori e dalli maggiori non vogliono essere superati però si vede quasi tutta la Spagna assai mendica e piena di poverá gente fuori che dove abita la Corte, le Metropoli dei regni dove si riducono le Signori e si esercitano le arti ed in Siviglia per il commercio dell' Indie. . . . Li Biscaylini si stimano nobili d' incontaminata discendenza sopra tutti il popoli di Spagna perchè essendo di sito direttamente opposte all' Africa di dove entrarono i Mori e lontani da quelle parti delle Spagna dove vivono li Marani che sono li più in Portogallo professano che non siano entrati nel loro paese mai queste infezioni e ne vanno altieri e gloriosi assai. Li regni di Granata, Valenza, ed Andalusia, all' incontro sono tutti pieni di Moreschi, le altre parti della Spagna sono contaminate ed infette pur di questi Moreschi e de Marani ancora," etc.—Soranzo.

wretches whose ancestors had been convicted by the Holy Inquisition of listening, however secretly, to the Holy Scriptures as expounded by other lips than those of Roman priests. And it is a remarkable illustration of this degradation of labor and of its results that in the reign of Philip twenty-five thousand individuals of these dishonored and comparatively industrious classes, then computed at four millions in number in the Castilian kingdoms alone, had united in a society which made a formal offer to the king to pay him two thousand dollars a head if the name and privileges of hidalgo could be conferred upon them.¹ Thus an inconsiderable number of this vilest and most abject of the population—oppressed by taxation, which was levied exclusively upon the low, and from which not only the great nobles but mechanics and other hidalgos were exempt—had been able to earn and to lay by enough to offer the monarch fifty millions of dollars to purchase themselves out of semi-slavery into manhood, and yet found their offer rejected by an almost insolvent king. Nothing could exceed the idleness and the frivolity of the upper classes, as depicted by contemporary and not unfriendly observers. The nobles were as idle and as ignorant as their inferiors. They were not given to tourneys nor to the delights of the chase and table, but were fond of brilliant festivities, dancing, gambling, masquerading, love-making, and pompous exhibitions of equipage, furniture, and dress. These diversions, together with the baiting of bulls and the burning of Protestants, made up their simple round of pleasures. When they went to the wars they scorned all positions but that of general, whether by land or sea, and, as war is a trade

¹ Soranzo.

which requires an apprenticeship, it is unnecessary to observe that these grandees were rarely able to command, having never learned to obey. The poorer Spaniards were most honorably employed, perhaps, so far as their own mental development was concerned, when they were sent with pike and harquebus to fight heretics in France and Flanders. They became brave and indomitable soldiers when exported to the seat of war, and thus afforded proof, by strenuously doing the hardest physical work that human beings can be called upon to perform, campaigning year after year amid the ineffable deprivations, dangers, and sufferings which are the soldier's lot, that it was from no want of industry or capacity that the lower masses of Spaniards in that age were the idle, listless, dice-playing, begging, filching vagabonds into which cruel history and horrible institutions had converted them at home.

It is only necessary to recall these well-known facts to understand why one great element of production, human labor, was but meagerly supplied. It had been the deliberate policy of the government for ages to extirpate the industrious classes, and now that a great portion of Moors and Jews were exiles and outcasts, it was impossible to supply their place by native workmen. Even the mechanics who condescended to work with their hands in the towns looked down alike upon those who toiled in the field and upon those who attempted to grow rich by traffic. A locksmith or a wheelwright who could prove four descents of Western blood called himself a son of somebody, a *hidalgo*,¹ and despised the

¹ "Gli Idalghi sono per il piu gli artefici che godono il privilegio di questo titolo, o per grazia ottenuta dal re . . . ovvero per discendenza e per natura, e questi sono persone nate di buon sangue

farmer and the merchant. And those very artisans were careful not to injure themselves by excessive industry, although not reluctant by exorbitant prices to acquire in one or two days what might seem a fair remuneration for a week, and to impress upon their customers that it was rather by way of favor that they were willing to serve them at all.

Labor being thus deficient, it is obvious that there could hardly have been a great accumulation, according to modern ideas, of capital. That other chief element of national wealth, which is the result of generations of labor and of abstinence, was accordingly not abundant. And even those accretions of capital which in the course of centuries had been inevitable were as clumsily and inadequately diffused as the most exquisite human perverseness could desire. If the object of civil and political institutions had been to produce the greatest ill to the greatest number, that object had been as nearly attained at last in Spain as human imperfection permits, the efforts of government and of custom coming powerfully to the aid of the historical evils already indicated.

It is superfluous to say that the land belonged not to those who lived upon it, but, subject to the preëminent

e di padri benemeriti dalla corona che s' hanno acquistato questo titolo con alcuna fazione in servizio del Re. Di questo nome d' Idalgo per natura non possono godere se non quelli, che nascono per lo meno in quattro gradi di padre e di madre che non sieno stati nè Moreschi nè Marani a differenza delli Cristiani nuovi che non hanno questo candor di nascimento descendendo da persone infette da questa macchia. . . . Gli artefici sono comodi e vivono tutti molto lautamente trattano con gran sprezzatura, lavorano poco e per poterlo fare si fanno pagare le fatture quello che non si può credere, volendo, con la fatica che essi possono fare in un giorno vivere e godere tutta una settimana."—Soranzo.

right of the crown, to a small selection of the human species. Moderate holdings, small farms, peasant proprietorships, were unknown. Any kind of terrestrial possession, in short, was as far beyond the reach of those men who held themselves so haughtily and esteemed themselves so inordinately as were the mountains in the moon.

The great nobles—and of real grandees of Spain there were but forty-nine,¹ although the number of titled families was much larger—owned all the country, except that vast portion of it which had reposed for ages in the dead-hand of the Church. The law of primogeniture, strictly enforced, tended with every generation to narrow the basis of society. Nearly every great estate was an entail, passing from eldest son to eldest son until these were exhausted, in which case a daughter transferred the family possessions to a new house. Thus the capital of the country—meager at best in comparison with what it might have been, had industry been honored instead of being despised, had the most intelligent and most diligent classes been cherished rather than hunted to death or into obscure dens like vermin—was concentrated in very few hands. Not only was the accumulation less than it should have been, but the slenderness of its diffusion had nearly amounted to absolute stagnation. The few possessors of capital wasted their revenues in unproductive consumption. The millions of the needy never dreamed of the possibility of deriving benefit from the capital of the rich, nor would have condescended to employ it, nor known how to employ it, had its use in any form been vouchsafed to them. The surface of Spain, save only around the few royal resi-

¹ Soranzo,

dences, exhibited no splendor of architecture, whether in town or country, no wonders of agricultural or horticultural skill, no monuments of engineering and constructive genius in roads, bridges, docks, warehouses, and other ornamental and useful fabrics, or in any of the thousand ways in which man facilitates intercourse among his kind and subdues nature to his will.¹

Yet it can never be too often repeated that it is only the Spaniard of the sixteenth century, such as extraneous circumstances had made him, that is here depicted; that he, even like his posterity and his ancestors, had been endowed by nature with some of her noblest gifts. Acuteness of intellect, wealth of imagination, heroic qualities of heart and hand and brain, rarely surpassed in any race, and manifested on a thousand battle-fields and in the triumphs of a magnificent and most original literature, had not been able to save a whole nation from the disasters and the degradation which the mere words Philip II. and the Holy Inquisition suggest to every educated mind.

Nor is it necessary for my purpose to measure exactly the space which separated Spain from the other leading monarchies of the day. That the standard of civilization was a vastly higher one in England, Holland, or even

¹ "Le città . . . non riescono nè per magnificenza di edifici nè per bellezza di strade, nè per grandezza di piazze nè per esquisitezza di altri ornamenti molto conspicui nè troppo riguardevoli," etc., . . . "non si ha in Spagna cognizione d'architettura, perciò non si veggono belle fabbriche, nè per le terre nè per le ville, non giardini, non vigne, non altra cosa di delizia nè di magnificenza fuori che nelle fabbriche reali: non s'intendono di fortificazioni e quelli che non la vanno a imparare fuori di là non intendono la disciplina militare, perciò non hanno nel paese ne ingegneri nè buoni capitani."—Soranzo.

France, torn as they all were with perpetual civil war, no thinker will probably deny; but as it is rather my purpose at this moment to exhibit the evils which may spring from a perfectly bad monarchical system, as administered by a perfectly bad king, I prefer not to wander at present from the country which was ruled for almost half a century by Philip II.

Besides the concentration of a great part of the capital of the country in a very small number of titled families, still another immense portion of the national wealth belonged, as already intimated, to the Church.

There were eleven archbishops, at the head of whom stood the Archbishop of Toledo, with the enormous annual revenue of three hundred thousand dollars. Next to him came the Archbishop of Seville, with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars yearly, while the income of the others varied from fifty thousand to twenty thousand dollars respectively.¹

There were sixty-two bishops, with annual incomes ranging from fifty thousand to six thousand dollars. The churches, also, of these various episcopates were as richly endowed as the great hierarchs themselves.² But, without fatiguing the reader with minute details, it is sufficient to say that one third of the whole annual income of Spain and Portugal belonged to the ecclesiastical body.³ In return for this enormous proportion of the earth's fruits, thus placed by the caprice of destiny at their disposal, these holy men did very little work in the world. They fed their flocks neither with bread nor with spiritual food. They taught little, preached little, dispensed little in charity. Very few of the swarming millions of naked and hungry throughout the land were

¹ Soranzo.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

clothed or nourished out of these prodigious revenues of the Church. The constant and avowed care of those prelates was to increase their worldly possessions, to build up the fortunes of their respective families, to grow richer and richer at the expense of the people whom for centuries they had fleeced. Of gross crime, of public ostentatious immorality, such as had made the Roman priesthood of that and preceding ages loathsome in the sight of man and God, the Spanish church dignitaries were innocent. Avarice, greediness, and laziness were their characteristics. It is almost superfluous to say that, while the ecclesiastical princes were rolling in this almost fabulous wealth, the subordinate clergy, the mob of working priests, were needy, half-starved mendicants.¹

From this rapid survey of the condition of the Peninsula it will seem less surprising than it might do at first glance that the revenue of the greatest monarch of the

¹ "Non si esercitano questi Prelati per lo più nelle opere pié come dovrebbero non sono molto elemosinarij e non attendono a fare il loro ufficio pastorale con quelle carità che sarebbe forse lor debito, poco insegnano poco riprendono poco dispensano e poco pascono le loro pecore nè col pane nè colla parola attendono all' utilità propria ed arricchire loro stessi e le lor famiglie, ed accumulare ed a far bene alle lor case di quello che loro avanza delle ricchezze del re, sebbene per dire il vero nel resto sono per lo più di buoni costumi nè si sente occasione di scandalo per la vita che menano e contentandosi del solo gusto di arricchire nel restante vivono con termine di grand' esempio: ed in somma in queste entrate ecclesiastiche che toccano al clero che parlerò poi di quelle che sono del re si fa conto che sia compreso il terzo delle entrate di quoi regni, ma oltre li prelati e li Beneficiati delle lor chiese il resto del clero è mendico e bisognoso."—Soranzo.

These are the words, not of a democrat or Protestant, but of a devoted papist and a most haughty aristocrat, the Venetian ambassador.

world was rated at the small amount, even after due allowance for the difference of general values between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, of sixteen millions of dollars. The King of Spain was powerful and redoubtable at home and abroad, because accident had placed the control of a variety of separate realms in his single hand. At the same time Spain was poor and weak, because she had lived for centuries in violation of the principles on which the wealth and strength of nations depend. Moreover, every one of those subject and violently annexed nations hated Spain with undying fervor,¹ while an infernal policy—the leading characteristics of which were to sow dissensions among the nobles, to confiscate their property on all convenient occasions, and to bestow it upon Spaniards and other foreigners; to keep the discontented masses in poverty, but to deprive them of the power or disposition to unite with their superiors in rank in demonstrations against the crown—had sufficed to suppress any extensive revolt in the various Italian states united under Philip's scepter. Still more intense than the hatred of the Italians was the animosity which was glowing in every Portuguese breast against the Spanish sway, while even the Aragonese were only held in subjection by terror, which, indeed, in one form or another, was the leading instrument of Philip's government.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the regulations of Spain's foreign commerce, for it will be enough to repeat the phrase that in her eyes the great ocean from

¹ "This dominion of the barbarians stinks in every one's nostrils" ("A ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio"), was the energetic expression of Machiavelli, even before Philip was born, and certainly the tyranny did not grow sweeter during his reign.

east to west was a Spanish lake, sacred to the ships of the king's subjects alone. With such a simple code of navigation coming in aid of the other causes which impoverished the land, it may be believed that the maritime traffic of the country would dwindle into the same exiguous proportions which characterized her general industry.

Moreover, it should never be forgotten that, although the various kingdoms of Spain were politically conjoined by their personal union under one despot, they were commercially distinct. A line of custom-houses separated each province from the rest, and made the various inhabitants of the Peninsula practically strangers to each other. Thus there was less traffic between Castile, Biscay, and Aragon than there was between any one of them and remote foreign nations. The Biscayans, for example, could even import and export commodities to and from remote countries by sea, free of duty, while their merchandise to and from Castile was crushed by imposts. As this ingenious perversity of positive arrangements came to increase the negative inconveniences caused by the almost total absence of tolerable roads, canals, bridges, and other means of intercommunication, it may be imagined that internal traffic, the very life-blood of every prosperous nation, was very nearly stagnant in Spain. As an inevitable result, the most thriving branch of national industry was that of the professional smuggler, who, in the pursuit of his vocation, did his best to aid government in sapping the wealth of the nation.¹

The whole accumulated capital of Spain, together with the land, in the general sense which includes not only

¹ See Lafuente, *Hist. Gen. de España*, t. xv. p. 148.

the soil but the immovable property of a country, being thus exclusively owned by the crown, the Church, and a very small number of patrician families, while the supply of labor, owing to the special causes which had converted the masses of the people into paupers ashamed to work, but not unwilling to beg or to rob, was incredibly small, it is obvious that, so long as the same causes continued in operation, the downfall of the country was a logical result from which there was no escape. Nothing but a general revolution of mind and hand against the prevalent system, nothing but some great destructive but regenerating catastrophe, could redeem the people.

And it is the condition of the people which ought always to be the prominent subject of interest to those who study the records of the Past. It is only by such study that we can derive instruction from history, and enable ourselves, however dimly and feebly, to cast the horoscope of younger nations. Human history, so far as it has been written, is at best a mere fragment; for the few centuries or year-thousands of which there is definite record are as nothing compared to the millions of unnumbered years during which man has perhaps walked the earth. It may be as practicable, therefore, to derive instruction from a minute examination in detail of a very limited period of time and space, and thus to deduce general rules for the infinite future during which our species may be destined to inhabit this planet, as by a more extensive survey, which must, however, be at best a limited one. Men die, but Man is immortal, and it would be a sufficiently forlorn prospect for humanity if we were not able to discover causes in operation which would ultimately render the system of Philip II. impos-

sible in any part of the globe. Certainly, were it otherwise, the study of human history would be the most wearisome and unprofitable of all conceivable occupations. The festivities of courts, the magnificence of an aristocracy, the sayings and doings of monarchs and their servants, the dynastic wars, the solemn treaties, the Ossa upon Pelion of diplomatic and legislative rubbish by which, in the course of centuries, a few individuals or combinations of individuals have been able to obstruct the march of humanity and have essayed to suspend the operation of elemental laws—all this contains but little solid food for grown human beings. The condition of the brave and quick-witted Spanish people in the latter half of the sixteenth century gives more matter for reflection and possible instruction.

That science is the hope of the world, that ignorance is the real enslaver of mankind, and therefore the natural ally of every form of despotism, may be assumed as an axiom, and it was certainly the ignorance and superstition of the people upon which the Philippian policy was founded.

A vast mass, entirely uneducated, half fed, half clothed, unemployed, and reposing upon a still lower and denser stratum—the millions, namely, of the “accursed,” of the Africans, and, last and vilest of all, the “blessed” descendants of Spanish Protestants whom the Holy Office had branded with perpetual infamy¹ because it had burned their progenitors—this was the People; and it was these paupers and outcasts, nearly the whole nation, that paid all the imposts of which the public revenue was composed. The great nobles, priests, and even the

¹ “Segnati e notati di perpetua infamia—vivono quindi disperati ed arrabbiatissimi.”

hidalgos, were exempt from taxation.¹ Need more be said to indicate the inevitable ruin of both government and people?

And it was over such a people, and with institutions like these, that Philip II. was permitted to rule during forty-three years. His power was absolute.² With this single phrase one might as well dismiss any attempt at specification. He made war or peace at will with foreign nations. He had power of life and death over all his subjects. He had unlimited control of their worldly goods. As he claimed supreme jurisdiction over their religious opinions also, he was master of their minds, bodies, and estates. As a matter of course, he nominated and removed at will every executive functionary, every judge, every magistrate, every military or civil officer; and, moreover, he not only selected, according to the license tacitly conceded to him by the pontiff, every archbishop, bishop, and other church dignitary, but, through his great influence at Rome, he named most of the cardinals, and thus controlled the election of the popes. The whole machinery of society, political, ecclesiastical, military, was in his single hand. There was a show of provincial privilege here and there in different parts of Spain, but it was but the phantom of that ancient municipal liberty which it had been the especial care of his father and his great-grandfather to destroy.

¹ Soranzo.

² "Ha assoluto imperio sopra le vite e facoltà delli sudditi, è libero padron della pace e della guerra, ha piena potestà sopra le leggi, sopra la giustizia e sopra le grazie, ha la nomina di tutti i benefici ecclesiastici, delle tre ordini di cavalleria . . . crea li Presidenti li Vice-re, li Luogotenenti, Governatori, Capitani, i generali degli eserciti e delle armate, e per la grande autorità che tiene con i Pontefici si può dire che faccia ancora i Cardinali."—Soranzo.

Most patiently did Philip, by his steady inactivity, bring about the decay of the last ruins of free institutions in the Peninsula. The councils and legislative assemblies were convoked and then wearied out in waiting for that royal assent to their propositions and transactions which was deferred intentionally, year after year, and never given. Thus the time of the deputies was consumed in accomplishing infinite nothing, until the moment arrived when the monarch, without any violent stroke of state, could feel safe in issuing decrees and pragmatic edicts, thus reducing the ancient legislative and consultative bodies to nullity, and substituting the will of an individual for a constitutional fabric.¹ To criticize the expenses of government or to attempt interference with the increase of taxation became a sorry farce. The forms remained in certain provinces after the life had long since fled. Only in Aragon had the ancient privileges seemed to defy the absolute authority of the monarch, and it was reserved for Antonio Perez to be the cause of their final extirpation. The grinning skulls of the chief justice of that kingdom and of the boldest and noblest advocates and defenders of the national liberties, exposed for years in the market-place, with the record of their death-sentence attached, informed the Spaniards, in language which the most ignorant could read, that the crime of defending a remnant of human freedom and constitutional law was sure to draw down condign punishment.² It was the last time in that age that even

¹ Lafuente, xv. 151.

² "E sebbene questa loro prerogativa e queste loro licenze furono in gran parte levate e per il resto assai mortificati dal re passato troncando molte teste dei principali e facendole anco poner in publica mostra con le iscrizioni appresso dei loro delitti a perpetuo terrore dei posterì, estirpando li capi, piantando citta-

the ghost of extinct liberty was destined to revisit the soil of Spain. It mattered not that the immediate cause for pursuing Perez was his successful amour with the king's mistress, nor that the crime of which he was formally accused was the deadly offense of Calvinism, rather than his intrigue with the Eboli and his assassination of Escovedo; for it was in the natural and simple sequence of events that the last vestige of law or freedom should be obliterated wherever Philip could vindicate his sway. It must be admitted, too, that the king seized this occasion to strike a decisive blow with a promptness very different from his usual artistic sluggishness. Rarely has a more terrible epigram been spoken by man than the royal words which constituted the whole trial and sentence of the chief justice of Aragon for the crime of defending the law of his country: "You will take John of Lanuza, and you will have his head cut off." This was the end of the magistrate and of the constitution which he had defended.¹

His power was unlimited. A man endowed with genius and virtue, and possessing the advantages of a consummate education, could have perhaps done little more than attempt to mitigate the general misery and to remove some of its causes. For it is one of the most pernicious dogmas of the despotic system, and the one which the candid student of history soonest discovers to be false, that the masses of mankind are to look to any

delle, introducendo guardie e aggrandendo l' autorità all' Ufficio della Inquisizione che fu uno dei maggiori morsi per domarli con che si potesse frenare la loro ferocia," etc.—Soranzo, *Relazione*, 1597-1602. Barozzi and Berchet, *Relazioni*, etc., ser. i. vol. i.

¹ "Prendereis a don Juan de Lanuza y hareisle luego cortar la cabeza." See Lafuente, xv. 131, 132.

individual, however exalted by birth or intellect, for their redemption. Woe to the world if the nations are never to learn that their fate is and ought to be in their own hands ; that their institutions, whether liberal or despotic, are the result of the national biography and of the national character, not the work of a few individuals whose names have been preserved by capricious Accident as heroes and legislators. Yet there is no doubt that, while comparatively powerless for good, the individual despot is capable of almost infinite mischief. There have been few men known to history who have been able to accomplish by their own exertions so vast an amount of evil as the king who had just died. If Philip possessed a single virtue it has eluded the conscientious research of the writer of these pages. If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection even in evil. The only plausible explanation—for palliation there is none—of his infamous career is that the man really believed himself not a king, but a god. He was placed so high above his fellow-creatures as, in good faith perhaps, to believe himself incapable of doing wrong ; so that, whether indulging his passions or enforcing throughout the world his religious and political dogmas, he was ever conscious of embodying divine inspirations and elemental laws. When providing for the assassination of a monarch, or commanding the massacre of a townful of Protestants ; when trampling on every oath by which a human being can bind himself ; when laying desolate with fire and sword, during more than a generation, the provinces which he had inherited as his private property, or in carefully maintaining the flames of civil war in foreign kingdoms which he hoped to ac-

quire; while maintaining over all Christendom a gigantic system of bribery, corruption, and espionage, keeping the noblest names of England and Scotland on his pension-lists of traitors, and impoverishing his exchequer with the wages of iniquity paid in France to men of all degrees, from princes of blood like Guise and Mayenne down to the obscurest of country squires, he ever felt that these base or bloody deeds were not crimes, but the simple will of the godhead of which he was a portion. He never doubted that the extraordinary theological system which he spent his life in enforcing with fire and sword was right, for it was a part of himself. The Holy Inquisition, thoroughly established as it was in his ancestral Spain, was a portion of the regular working machinery by which his absolute kingship and his superhuman will expressed themselves. A tribunal which performed its functions with a celerity, certainty, and invisibility resembling the attributes of Omnipotence; which, like the pestilence, entered palace or hovel at will, and which smote the wretch guilty or suspected of heresy with a precision against which no human ingenuity or sympathy could guard—such an institution could not but be dear to his heart. It was inevitable that the extension and perpetuation of what he deemed its blessings throughout his dominions should be his settled purpose. Spain was governed by an established terrorism. It is a mistake to suppose that Philip was essentially beloved in his native land, or that his religious and political system was heartily accepted because consonant to the national character. On the contrary, as has been shown, a very large proportion of the inhabitants were either secretly false to the Catholic faith, or descended at least from those who had expiated their hostility to

it with their lives. But the Grand Inquisitor was almost as awful a personage as the king or the pope. His familiars were in every village and at every fireside, and from their fangs there was no escape. Millions of Spaniards would have rebelled against the crown or accepted the Reformed religion, had they not been perfectly certain of being burned or hanged at the slightest movement in such a direction.¹ The popular force in the course of the political combinations of centuries seemed at last to have been eliminated. The nobles, exempt from taxation, which crushed the people to the earth, were

¹ "Però così questi come li Marani e li Moreschi tratti da quella disperazione che suole anco negli animi vili ed abbietti eccitare spiriti di furore e d'ardire sariano inclinati ad ogni sollevazione e ribellione sempre che loro se ne presentasse opportuna occasione: ma tanto gli uni come gli altri convengono stare quieti per le ragioni che ho detto e di più perchè avendo il re tutti i grandi e tutto il clero ch'è poderosissimo in tutto affetto dipendente dalla Maestà Sua e col severissimo rigore della giustizia e dell'ufficio della Inquisizione che è come dire a suo luogo ditremenda autorità in tutta la Spagna, lasciando spuntare cosa per piccola che sia e tiene i popoli non solo a freno ma in perpetuo terrore privi di poter per alcuna via macchinare o tentare novità di alcuna sorte. . . . Per non lasciar infettar il paese di questo diabolico morbo d'eresie, con tutto che il pericolo sia stato sempre e sia tuttavia grandissimo per la vicinanza della Francia, per la diversità dei popoli della Spagna, perciocchè li Moreschi e li Marani abbracciarieno prontamente ogni occasione che lor si presentasse di sollevazione, apririano volentieri l'adito e si fariano facilmente compagni a chi volesse tentar commozione in quei regni per qualunque cagione si volesse, e quella della religione sarebbe la più facile. . . . La facilità che tengono li Spaguaoli nel credere ciò che loro viene affermato, che nasce da ignoranza aprirebbe la strada a chi volesse seminarvi nuove opinioni molto facile. . . . La gran quantità di beni ecclesiastici, che vi sono alletteria molti che avessero pensiero d'introdurvi novità e sedizioni a spessassarne la Chiesa per impadronirsene . . . in somma si può dire che il rigore così grande di questo ufficio (In-

the enemies rather than the chieftains and champions of the lower classes in any possible struggle with a crown to which they were united by ties of interest as well as of affection, while the great churchmen, too, were the immediate dependents and of course the firm supporters of the king. Thus the people, without natural leaders, without organization, and themselves divided into two mutually hostile sections, were opposed by every force in the state. Crown, nobility, and clergy, all the wealth and all that there was of learning, were banded together to suppress the democratic principle.¹ But even this would hardly have sufficed to extinguish every spark of liberty, had it not been for the potent machinery of the Inquisition; nor could that perfection of terrorism have be-

quisizione) mantiene il rito della vera religione in Spagna che senza questo si può grandemente temere che per tanti Moreschi e Marani che sono sparsi per il paese si vedriano per questo rispetto di religione dei movimenti e delle commozioni importanti."

¹ "Perciocchè de' principi non più temere chè non hanno alcuna autorità con li popoli non fortezze per ritirarsi, non seguito non obbedienza de' loro vassalli, non buona intelligenza fra loro, non stimati dalla plebe, odiati dai proprii sudditi, che sono tiranneggiati da loro, in mal concetto della gente minuta per la durezza che usano nei pagamenti, oltre che questi fanno una particolar professione di sostentare con la loro fedeltà la grandezza della corona e stimano questa esser propria e particolar gloria della nazione Spagnuola e di loro medesimi sopra tutti; perciocchè quell' alterezza d' animo che fa sì che sdegnarebbero d' esser soggetti ad altro principe che al re di Spagna opera in modo che umiliandoli a questo, reputano che sia lor grandezza sostenendo quella corona viver soggetti al maggior re del mondo e che altri che un principe tale non sia degno di dominarli. Li popoli poi non hanno nè capi nè modo di far machinazione non tengono appoggio di principi forestieri non vi è persona che con giusta pretensione potesse eccitar gli altri, no v' essendo alcuno di sangue regio che potesse ragionevolmente pretendere."—Soranzo.

come an established institution but for the extraordinary mixture of pride and superstition of which the national character had been, in the course of the national history, compounded. The Spanish portion of the people hated the nobles, whose petty exactions and oppressions were always visible; but they had a reverential fear of the unseen monarch, as the representative both of the great unsullied Christian nation to which the meanest individual was proud to belong, and of the God of wrath who had decreed the extermination of all unbelievers. The "accursed" portion of the people were sufficiently disloyal at heart, but were too much crushed by oppression and contempt to imagine themselves men. As to the Netherlanders, they did not fight originally for independence. It was not until after a quarter of a century of fighting that they ever thought of renouncing their allegiance to Philip. They fought to protect themselves against being taxed by the king without the consent of those constitutional assemblies which he had sworn to maintain, and to save themselves and their children from being burned alive if they dared to read the Bible. Independence followed after nearly a half-century of fighting, but it would never have been obtained, or perhaps demanded, had those grievances of the people been redressed.

Of this perfect despotism Philip was thus the sole administrator. Certainly he looked upon his mission with seriousness, and was industrious in performing his royal functions. But this earnestness and seriousness were, in truth, his darkest vices; for the most frivolous voluptuary that ever wore a crown would never have compassed a thousandth part of the evil which was Philip's life-work. It was because he was a believer in

himself and in what he called his religion that he was enabled to perpetrate such a long catalogue of crimes. When an humble malefactor is brought before an ordinary court of justice, it is not often, in any age or country, that he escapes the pillory or the gallows because, from his own point of view, his actions, instead of being criminal, have been commendable, and because the multitude and continuity of his offenses prove him to have been sincere. And because anointed monarchs are amenable to no human tribunal, save to that terrible assize which the People, bursting its chain from time to time in the course of the ages, sets up for the trial of its oppressors, and which is called Revolution, it is the more important for the great interests of humanity that before the judgment-seat of History a crown should be no protection to its wearer. There is no plea to the jurisdiction of history, if history be true to itself.

As for the royal criminal called Philip II., his life is his arraignment, and these volumes will have been written in vain if a specification is now required.

Homicide such as was hardly ever compassed before by one human being was committed by Philip when in the famous edict of 1568 he sentenced every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands to death. That the whole of this population, three millions or more, were not positively destroyed was because no human energy could suffice to execute the diabolical decree. But Alva, toiling hard, accomplished much of this murderous work. By the aid of the Council of Blood and of the sheriffs and executioners of the Holy Inquisition, he was able sometimes to put eight hundred human beings to death in a single week for the crimes of Protestantism or of opulence, and at the end of half a dozen years he could

boast of having strangled, drowned, burned, or beheaded somewhat more than eighteen thousand of his fellow-creatures. These were some of the non-combatant victims, for of the tens of thousands who perished during his administration alone in siege and battle no statistical record has been preserved.

In face of such wholesale crimes, of these forty years of bloodshed, it is superfluous to refer to such isolated misdeeds as his repeated attempts to procure the assassination of the Prince of Orange, crowned at last by the success of Balthazar Gérard, nor to his persistent efforts to poison the Queen of England; for the enunciation of all these murders or attempts at murder would require a repetition of the story which it has been one of the main purposes of these volumes to recite.

For indeed it seems like mere railing to specify his crimes. Their very magnitude and unbroken continuity, together with their impunity, give them almost the appearance of inevitable phenomena. The horrible monotony of his career stupefies the mind until it is ready to accept the principle of evil as the fundamental law of the world.

His robberies, like his murders, were colossal. The vast system of confiscation set up in the Netherlands was sufficient to reduce unnumbered innocent families to beggary, although powerless to break the spirit of civil and religious liberty or to pay the expenses of subjugating a people. Not often in the world's history have so many thousand individuals been plundered by a foreign tyrant for no crime save that they were rich enough to be worth robbing. For it can never be too often repeated that those confiscations and extortions were perpetrated upon Catholics as well as Protestants,

monarchists as well as rebels, the possession of property making proof of orthodoxy or of loyalty well-nigh impossible.

Falsehood was the great basis of the king's character, which perhaps derives its chief importance as a political and psychological study from this very fact. It has been shown throughout the whole course of this history, by the evidence of his most secret correspondence, that he was false most of all to those to whom he gave what he called his heart. Granvelle, Alva, Don John, Alexander Farnese, all those, in short, who were deepest in his confidence, experienced in succession his entire perfidy, while each in turn was sacrificed to his master's sleepless suspicion. The pope himself was often as much the dupe of the Catholic monarch's faithlessness as the vilest heretic had ever been. Could the great schoolmaster of iniquity for the sovereigns and politicians of the South have lived to witness the practice of the monarch who had most laid to heart the precepts of "The Prince," he would have felt that he had not written in vain, and that his great paragon of successful falsehood, Ferdinand of Aragon, had been surpassed by the great-grandson. For the ideal perfection of perfidy, foreshadowed by the philosopher who died in the year of Philip's birth, was thoroughly embodied at last by this potentate. Certainly Nicholas Machiavelli could have hoped for no more docile pupil. That all men are vile, that they are liars, scoundrels, poltroons, and idiots alike, ever ready to deceive and yet easily to be duped, and that he only is fit to be king who excels his kind in the arts of deception ¹—by this great maxim of the Flor-

¹ "Perchè degli uomini si può dir questo generalmente che sieno ingrati, volubili, simulatori, fuggitori de' pericoli, cupidi di gua-

entine Philip was ever guided. And those well-known texts of hypocrisy, strewn by the same hand, had surely not fallen on stony ground when received into Philip's royal soul:

"Often it is necessary, in order to maintain power, to act contrary to faith, contrary to charity, contrary to humanity, contrary to religion. . . . A prince ought therefore to have great care that from his mouth nothing should ever come that is not filled with those five qualities, and that to see and hear him he should appear all piety, all faith, all integrity, all humanity, all religion. And nothing is more necessary than to seem to have this last-mentioned quality. . . . Every one sees what you seem, few perceive what you are."¹

Surely this handbook of cant had been Philip's vademecum through his life's pilgrimage.

It is at least a consolation to reflect that a career controlled by such principles came to an ignominious close. Had the mental capacity of this sovereign been equal to his criminal intent, even greater woe might have be-

dagno: e mentre fai lor bene sono tutti tuoi, ti offeriscono il sangue, la roba, la vita, ed i figli come di sopra dissi, quando il bene è discosto, ma quando ti si appressa si revoltano, e quel Principe che si è tutto fondato in su le parole loro, trovandosi nudo d' altri preparamenti revina. . . . Non puo un signor prudente ne debbe osserrar la fede quando tale osservanzia gli torni contro e che sono spente le cagioni che la feciono promettere.

"E se gli uomini fossero tutti buoni questo precetto non saria buono, ma perchè son tristi e non l' osserverebbono a te, tu ancora non l' hai de osservare a loro. . . . Ma e necessario questa natura (di volpe) saperla ben colorire ed essere gran simulatore e dissimulatore, e sono tanto semplici gli uomini e tanto obbediscono alle necessità presenti, che colui che inganna troverà sempre chi si lascerà ingannare."—Il Principe, cap. xvii. xviii.

¹ Il Principe, cap. xviii.

fallen the world. But his intellect was less than mediocre. His passion for the bureau, his slavery to routine, his puerile ambition personally to superintend details which could have been a thousand times better administered by subordinates, proclaimed every day the narrowness of his mind. His diligence in reading, writing, and commenting upon despatches may excite admiration only where there has been no opportunity of judging of his labors by personal inspection. Those familiar with the dreary displays of his penmanship must admit that such work could have been at least as well done by a copying clerk of average capacity. His ministers were men of respectable ability, but he imagined himself, as he advanced in life, far superior to any councilor that he could possibly select, and was accustomed to consider himself the first statesman in the world.

His reign was a thorough and disgraceful failure. Its opening scene was the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, by which a triumph over France had been achieved for him, by the able generals and statesmen of his father, so humiliating and complete as to make every French soldier or politician gnash his teeth. Its conclusion was the treaty of Vervins with the same power, by which the tables were completely turned, and which was as utterly disgraceful to Spain as that of Cateau-Cambrésis had been to France. He had spent his life in fighting with the spirit of the age, that invincible power of which he had not the faintest conception, while the utter want of adaptation of his means to his ends often bordered, not on the ludicrous, but the insane.

He attempted to reduce the free Netherlands to slavery and to papacy: before his death they had expanded into an independent republic, with a policy founded upon

religious toleration and the rights of man. He had endeavored all his life to exclude the Béarnese from his heritage and to place himself or his daughter on the vacant throne: before his death Henry IV. was the most powerful and popular sovereign that had ever reigned in France. He had sought to invade and to conquer England, and to dethrone and assassinate its queen. But the queen outwitted, outgeneraled, and outlived him; English soldiers and sailors, assisted by their Dutch comrades in arms, accomplished on the shores of Spain what the Invincible Armada had in vain essayed against England and Holland; while England, following thenceforth the opposite system to that of absolutism and the Inquisition, became, after centuries of struggles toward the right, the most powerful, prosperous, and enlightened kingdom in the world.

His exchequer, so full when he ascended the throne as to excite the awe of contemporary financiers, was reduced before his death to a net income of some four millions of dollars. His armies, which had been the wonder of the age in the earlier period of his reign for discipline, courage, and every quality on which military efficiency depends, were in his later years a horde of starving, rebellious brigands, more formidable to their commanders than to the foe. Mutiny was the only organized military institution that was left in his dominions, while the Spanish Inquisition, which it was the fell purpose of his life from youth upward to establish over the world, became a loathsome and impossible nuisance everywhere but in its natal soil.

If there be such a thing as historical evidence, then is Philip II. convicted before the tribunal of impartial posterity of every crime charged in his indictment. He

lived seventy-one years and three months, he reigned forty-three years. He endured the martyrdom of his last illness with the heroism of a saint, and died in the certainty of immortal bliss as the reward of his life of evil.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Commercial prospects of Holland—Travels of John Huygen van Linschoten—Their effect on the trade and prosperity of the Netherlands—Progress of nautical and geographical science—Maritime exploration—Fantastic notions respecting the polar regions—State of nautical science—First arctic expedition—Success of the voyagers—Failure of the second expedition—Third attempt to discover the northeast passage—Discovery of Spitzbergen—Scientific results of the voyage—Adventures in the frozen regions—Death of William Barentz—Return of the voyagers to Amsterdam—Southern expedition against the Spanish power—Disasters attendant upon it—Extent of Dutch discovery.

DURING a great portion of Philip's reign the Netherlands, despite their rebellion, had been permitted to trade with Spain. A spectacle had thus been presented of a vigorous traffic between two mighty belligerents, who derived from their intercourse with each other the means of more thoroughly carrying on their mutual hostilities. The war fed their commerce, and commerce fed their war. The great maritime discoveries at the close of the fifteenth century had inured quite as much to the benefit of the Flemings and Hollanders as to that of the Spaniards and Portuguese, to whom they were originally due. Antwerp and subsequently Amsterdam had thriven on the great revolution of the Indian trade which Vasco da Gama's voyage around the Cape had effected. The nations of the Baltic and of farthest Ind

now exchanged their products on a more extensive scale and with a wider sweep across the earth than when the mistress of the Adriatic alone held the keys of Asiatic commerce. The haughty but intelligent oligarchy of shopkeepers, which had grown so rich and attained so eminent a political position from its magnificent monopoly, already saw the sources of its grandeur drying up before its eyes, now that the world's trade, for the first time in human history, had become oceanic.

In Holland, long since denuded of forests, were great markets of timber, whither ship-builders and architects came from all parts of the world to gather the utensils for their craft. There, too, where scarcely a pebble had been deposited in the course of the geological transformations of our planet, were great artificial quarries of granite and marble and basalt. Wheat was almost as rare a product of the soil as cinnamon, yet the granaries of Christendom and the Oriental magazines of spices and drugs were found chiefly on that barren spot of earth. There was the great international mart where the Osterling, the Turk, the Hindu, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean traders stored their wares and negotiated their exchanges, while the curious and highly prized products of Netherland skill—broadcloths, tapestries, brocades, laces, substantial fustians, magnificent damasks, finest linens—increased the mass of visible wealth piled mountains high upon that extraordinary soil which produced nothing and teemed with everything.

After the incorporation of Portugal with Spain, however, many obstacles were thrown in the way of the trade from the Netherlands to Lisbon and the Spanish ports. Loud and bitter were the railings uttered, as we know,

by the English sovereign and her statesmen against the nefarious traffic which the Dutch Republic persisted in carrying on with the common enemy. But it is very certain that although the Spanish armadas would have found it comparatively difficult to equip themselves without the tar and the timber, the cordage, the stores, and the biscuits furnished by the Hollanders, the rebellious commonwealth, if excluded from the world's commerce, in which it had learned to play so controlling a part, must have ceased to exist. For without foreign navigation the independent Republic was an inconceivable idea. Not only would it have been incapable of continuing the struggle with the greatest monarch in the world, but it might as well have buried itself once and forever beneath the waves from which it had scarcely emerged. Commerce and Holland were simply synonymous terms. Its morsel of territory was but the wharf to which the Republic was occasionally moored; its home was in every ocean and over all the world. Nowhere had there ever existed before so large a proportion of population that was essentially maritime. They were born sailors, men and women alike, and numerous were the children who had never set foot on the shore. At the period now treated of the Republic had three times as many ships and sailors as any one nation in the world. Compared with modern times, and especially with the gigantic commercial strides of the two great Anglo-Saxon families, the statistics both of population and of maritime commerce in that famous and most vigorous epoch would seem sufficiently meager. Yet there is no doubt that in the relative estimate of forces then in activity it would be difficult to exaggerate the naval power of the young commonwealth. When,

therefore, toward the close of Philip II.'s reign, it became necessary to renounce the carrying-trade with Spain and Portugal, by which the communication with India and China was effected, or else to submit to the confiscation of Dutch ships in Spanish ports and the confinement of Dutch sailors in the dungeons of the Inquisition, a more serious dilemma was presented to the statesmen of the Netherlands than they had ever been called upon to solve.

For the splendid fiction of the Spanish lake was still a formidable fact. Not only were the Portuguese and Spaniards almost the only direct traders to the distant East, but, even had no obstacles been interposed by government, the exclusive possession of information as to the course of trade, the preëminent practical knowledge acquired by long experience of that dangerous highway around the world at a time when oceanic navigation was still in its infancy, would have given a monopoly of the traffic to the descendants of the bold discoverers who first opened the great path to the world's commerce.

The Hollanders as a nation had never been engaged in the direct trade around the Cape of Good Hope. Fortunately, however, at this crisis in their commercial destiny there was a single Hollander who had thoroughly learned the lesson which it was so necessary that all his countrymen should now be taught. Few men of that period deserve a more kindly and more honorable remembrance by posterity for their contributions to science and the progress of civilization than John Huygen van Linschoten, son of a plain burgher of West Friesland. Having always felt a strong impulse to study foreign history and distant nations and customs, he resolved at the early age of seventeen "to absent himself from his fatherland and from the conversation of friends

and relatives," in order to gratify this inclination for self-improvement. After a residence of two years in Lisbon he departed for India in the suite of the Archbishop of Goa, and remained in the East for nearly thirteen years. Diligently examining all the strange phenomena which came under his observation, and patiently recording the results of his researches day by day and year by year, he amassed a fund of information which he modestly intended for the entertainment of his friends when he should return to his native country. It was his wish that "without stirring from their firesides or counting-houses" they might participate with him in the gratification and instruction to be derived from looking upon a world then so strange, and for Europeans still so new. He described the manners and customs, the laws, the religions, the social and political institutions of the ancient races who dwelt in either peninsula of India. He studied the natural history, the botany, the geography of all the regions which he visited. Especially the products which formed the material of a great traffic, the system of culture, the means of transportation, and the course of commerce, were examined by him with minuteness, accuracy, and breadth of vision. He was neither a trader nor a sailor, but a man of letters, a scientific and professional traveler. But it was obvious when he returned, rich with the spoils of Oriental study during thirteen years of life, that the results of his researches were worthy of a wider circulation than that which he had originally contemplated. His work was given to the public in the year 1596, and was studied with avidity not only by men of science but by merchants and seafarers. He also added to the record of his Indian experiences a practical manual for navigators. He described

the course of the voyage from Lisbon to the East, the currents, the trade-winds and monsoons, the harbors, the islands, the shoals, the sunken rocks and dangerous quicksands, and he accompanied his work with various maps and charts, both general and special, of land and water, rarely delineated before his day, as well as by various astronomical and mathematical calculations. Already a countryman of his own, Wagenaer of Zeeland, had laid the mariners of the world under special obligation by a manual which came into such universal use that for centuries afterward the sailors of England and of other countries called their indispensable vademecum a Wagenaer. But in that text-book but little information was afforded to Eastern voyagers, because, before the enterprise of Linschoten, little was known of the Orient except to the Portuguese and Spaniards, by whom nothing was communicated.

The work of Linschoten was a source of wealth, both from the scientific treasures which it diffused among an active and intelligent people, and the impulse which it gave to that direct trade between the Netherlands and the East which had been so long deferred, and which now came to relieve the commerce of the Republic, and therefore the Republic itself, from the danger of positive annihilation.

It is not necessary for my purpose to describe in detail the series of voyages by way of the Cape of Good Hope which, beginning with the adventures of the brothers Houtmann at this period, and with the circumnavigation of the world by Olivier van Noord, made the Dutch for a long time the leading Christian nation in those golden regions, and which carried the United Netherlands to the highest point of prosperity and power. The Spanish

monopoly of the Indian and the Pacific Ocean was effectually disposed of, but the road was not a new road, nor did any striking discoveries at this immediate epoch illustrate the enterprise of Holland in the East. In the age just opening the homely names most dear to the young Republic were to be inscribed on capes, islands, and promontories, seas, bays, and continents. There was soon to be a "Staten Island" both in the frozen circles of the northern and of the southern pole, as well as in that favored region where now the mighty current of a world-wide commerce flows through the gates of that great metropolis of the Western World, once called New Amsterdam. Those well-beloved words, Orange and Nassau, Maurice and William, intermingled with the names of many an ancient town and village, or with the simple patronymics of hardy navigators or honored statesmen, were to make the vernacular of the new commonwealth a familiar sound in the remotest corners of the earth, while a fifth continent, discovered by the enterprise of Hollanders, was soon to be fitly baptized with the name of the fatherland. Posterity has been neither just nor grateful, and those early names which Dutch genius and enterprise wrote upon so many prominent points of the earth's surface, then seen for the first time by European eyes, are no longer known.

The impulse given to the foreign trade of the Netherlands by the publication of Linschoten's work was destined to be a lasting one. Meantime this most indefatigable and enterprising voyager—one of those men who had done nothing in his own estimation so long as aught remained to do—was deeply pondering the possibility of a shorter road to the opulent kingdoms of Cathay and of China than the one which the genius of

Da Gama had opened to his sovereigns. Geography as a science was manifesting the highest activity at that period, but was still in a rudimentary state. To the Hollanders especially much of the progress already made by it was owing. The maps of the world by Mercator of Leyden, published on a large scale, together with many astronomical and geographical charts, delineations of exploration, and other scientific works, at the magnificent printing establishment of William Blaeu, in Amsterdam, the friend and pupil of Tycho Brahe, and the first in that line of typographers who made the name famous, constituted an epoch in cosmography. Another ardent student of geography lived in Amsterdam, Peter Plancius by name, a Calvinist preacher, and one of the most zealous and intolerant of his cloth. In an age and a country which had not yet thoroughly learned the lesson taught by hundreds of thousands of murders committed by an orthodox church, he was one of those who considered the substitution of a new dogma and a new hierarchy, a new orthodoxy and a new church, in place of the old ones, a satisfactory result for fifty years of perpetual bloodshed. Neither Torquemada nor Peter Titelman could have more thoroughly abhorred a Jew or a Calvinist than Peter Plancius detested a Lutheran, or any other of the unclean tribe of remonstrants. That the intolerance of himself and his comrades was confined to fiery words, and was not manifested in the actual burning alive of the heterodox, was a mark of the advance made by the mass of mankind in despite of bigotry. It was, at any rate, a solace to those who believed in human progress, even in matters of conscience, that no other ecclesiastical establishment was ever likely to imitate the matchless machinery for the extermination

of heretical vermin which the Church of Rome had found in the Spanish Inquisition. The blasts of denunciation from the pulpit of Plancius have long since mingled with empty air and been forgotten, but his services in the cause of nautical enterprise and geographical science, which formed, as it were, a relaxation to what he deemed the more serious pursuits of theology, will endear his name forever to the lovers of civilization.

Plancius and Dr. Francis Maalzoon, the enlightened pensionary of Enkhuizen, had studied long and earnestly the history and aspects of the oceanic trade, which had been unfolding itself then for a whole century, but was still comparatively new, while Barneveldt, ever ready to assist in the advancement of science and to foster that commerce which was the life of the commonwealth, was most favorably disposed toward projects of maritime exploration. For hitherto, although the Hollanders had been among the hardiest and the foremost in the art of navigation, they had contributed but little to actual discovery. A Genoese had led the way to America, while one Portuguese mariner had been the first to double the southern cape of Africa, and another, at the opposite side of the world, had opened what was then supposed the only passage through the vast continent which, according to ideas then prevalent, extended from the southern pole to Greenland, and from Java to Patagonia. But it was easier to follow in the wake of Columbus, Gama, or Magellan than to strike out new pathways by the aid of scientific deduction and audacious enterprise. At a not distant day many errors disseminated by the boldest of Portuguese navigators were to be corrected by the splendid discoveries of sailors sent forth by the Dutch Republic, and a rich harvest in consequence was to be reaped

both by science and commerce. It is true, too, that the Netherlands claimed to have led the way to the great voyages of Columbus by their discovery of the Azores. Joshua van den Berg, a merchant of Bruges, it was vigorously maintained, had landed in that archipelago in the year 1445. He had found there, however, no vestiges of the human race, save that upon the principal island, in the midst of the solitude, was seen—so ran the tale—a colossal statue of a man on horseback, wrapped in a cloak, holding the reins of his steed in his left hand, and solemnly extending his right arm to the west. This gigantic and solitary apparition on a rock in the ocean was supposed to indicate the existence of a new world, and the direction in which it was to be sought; but it is probable that the shipwrecked Fleming was quite innocent of any such magnificent visions. The original designation of the “Flemish Islands,” derived from their first colonization by Netherlands, was changed to “Azores” by Portuguese mariners, amazed at the myriads of hawks which they found there. But if the Netherlands had never been able to make higher claims as discoverers than the accidental and dubious landing upon an unknown shore of a tempest-tossed mariner, their position in the records of geographical exploration would not be so eminent as it certainly is.

Meantime the eyes of Linschoten, Plancius, Maalzoen, Barneveldt, and of many other ardent philosophers and patriots were turned anxiously toward the regions of the north pole. Two centuries later, and still more recently in our own day and generation, what heart has not thrilled with sympathy and with pride at the story of the magnificent exploits, the heroism, the contempt of danger and of suffering which have character-

ized the great navigators whose names are so familiar to the world, especially the arctic explorers of England and of our own country? The true chivalry of an advanced epoch, recognizing that there can be no sublimer vocation for men of action than to extend the boundary of human knowledge in the face of perils and obstacles more formidable and more mysterious than those encountered by the knights of old in the cause of the Lord's sepulcher or the holy grail, they have thus embodied, in a form which will ever awaken enthusiasm in imaginative natures, the noble impulses of our latter civilization. To win the favor of that noblest of mistresses, Science; to take authoritative possession, in her name, of the whole domain of humanity; to open new pathways to commerce; to elevate and enlarge the human intellect, and to multiply indefinitely the sum of human enjoyments; to bring the inhabitants of the earth into closer and more friendly communication, so that, after some yet unimagined inventions and discoveries, and after the lapse of many years, which in the sight of the Omnipotent are but as one day, the human race may form one pacific family, instead of being broken up, as are the most enlightened of peoples now, into warring tribes of internecine savages, prating of the advancement of civilization while coveting each other's possessions, intriguing against each other's interests, and thoroughly in earnest when cutting each other's throats: this is truly to be the pioneers of a possible civilization, compared to which our present culture may seem but a poor barbarism. If the triumphs and joys of the battlefield have been esteemed among the noblest themes for poet, painter, or chronicler, alike in the mists of antiquity and in the full glare of later days, surely a still more

encouraging spectacle for those who believe in the world's progress is the exhibition of almost infinite valor, skill, and endurance in the cause of science and humanity.

It was believed by the Dutch cosmographers that some ten thousand miles of voyaging might be saved could the passage to what was then called the kingdoms of Cathay be effected by way of the North. It must be remembered that there were no maps of the unknown regions lying beyond the northern headlands of Sweden. Delineations of continents, islands, straits, rivers, and seas, over which every modern school-boy pores, were not attempted even by the hand of fancy. It was perhaps easier at the end of the sixteenth century than it is now to admit the possibility of a practical path to China and India across the pole, for delusions as to climate and geographical configuration then prevalent have long since been dispelled. While, therefore, at least as much heroism was required then as now to launch into those unknown seas, in hope to solve the dread mystery of the North, there was even a firmer hope than can ever be cherished again of deriving an immediate and tangible benefit from the enterprise. Plancius and Maalzoen, the States-General and Prince Maurice, were convinced that the true road to Cathay would be found by sailing northeast. Linschoten, the man who knew India and the beaten paths to India better than any other living Christian, was so firmly convinced of the truth of this theory that he volunteered to take the lead in the first expedition. Many were the fantastic dreams in which even the wisest thinkers of the age indulged as to the polar regions. Four straits or channels, pierced by a magic hand, led, it was thought, from the interior of Muscovy toward the arctic seas. According to some speculators,

however, those seas inclosed a polar continent where perpetual summer and unbroken daylight reigned, and whose inhabitants, having obtained a high degree of culture, lived in the practice of every virtue and in the enjoyment of every blessing. Others peopled these mysterious regions with horrible savages, having hoofs of horses and heads of dogs, and with no clothing save their own long ears coiled closely around their limbs and bodies; while it was deemed almost certain that a race of headless men, with eyes in their breasts, were the most enlightened among those distant tribes. Instead of constant sunshine, it was believed by such theorists that the wretched inhabitants of that accursed zone were immersed in almost incessant fogs or tempests, that the whole population died every winter and were only recalled to temporary existence by the advent of a tardy and evanescent spring. No doubt was felt that the voyager in those latitudes would have to encounter volcanoes of fire and mountains of ice, together with land- and sea-monsters more ferocious than the eye of man had ever beheld; but it was universally admitted that an opening, either by strait or sea, into the desired Indian haven would reveal itself at last.

The instruments of navigation, too, were but rude and defective compared to the beautiful machinery with which modern art and science now assist their votaries along the dangerous path of discovery. The small yet unwieldy, awkward, and, to the modern mind, most grotesque vessels in which such audacious deeds were performed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries awaken perpetual astonishment. A ship of a hundred tons burden, built up like a tower both at stem and stern, and presenting in its broad, bulbous prow, its

width of beam in proportion to its length, its depression amidships, and in other sins against symmetry, as much opposition to progress over the waves as could well be imagined, was the vehicle in which those indomitable Dutchmen circumnavigated the globe and confronted the arctic terrors of either pole. An astrolabe, such as Martin Behaim had invented for the Portuguese, a clumsy astronomical ring of three feet in circumference, was still the chief machine used for ascertaining the latitude, and on shipboard a most defective one. There were no logarithms, no means of determining at sea the variations of the magnetic needle, no system of dead-reckoning by throwing the log and chronicling the courses traversed. The firearms with which the sailors were to do battle with the unknown enemies that might beset their path were rude and clumsy to handle. The art of compressing and condensing provisions was unknown; they had no tea nor coffee to refresh the nervous system in its terrible trials; but there was one deficiency which perhaps supplied the place of many positive luxuries. Those Hollanders drank no ardent spirits. They had beer and wine in reasonable quantities, but no mention is ever made in the journals of their famous voyages of any more potent liquor; and to this circumstance doubtless the absence of mutinous or disorderly demonstrations under the most trying circumstances may in a great degree be attributed.

Thus these navigators were but slenderly provided with the appliances with which hazardous voyages have been smoothed by modern art; but they had iron hearts, faith in themselves, in their commanders, in their republic, and in the Omnipotent, perfect discipline and unbroken cheerfulness amid toil, suffering, and danger.

No chapter of history utters a more beautiful homily on devotion to duty as the true guiding principle of human conduct than the artless narratives which have been preserved of many of these maritime enterprises. It is for these noble lessons that they deserve to be kept in perpetual memory.

And in no individual of that day were those excellent qualities more thoroughly embodied than in William Barentz, pilot and burgher of Amsterdam. It was partly under his charge that the first little expedition set forth on the 5th of June, 1594, toward those unknown arctic seas which no keel from Christendom had ever plowed, and to those fabulous regions where the foot of civilized man had never trod. Maalzoon, Plancius, and Balthazar Moucheron, merchant of Middelburg, were the chief directors of the enterprise; but there was a difference of opinion between them. The pensionary was firm in the faith that the true path to China would be found by steering through the passage which was known to exist between the land of Nova Zembla and the northern coasts of Muscovy, inhabited by the savage tribes called Samoyeds. It was believed that, after passing those straits, the shores of the great continent would be found to trend in a southeasterly direction, and that along that coast it would accordingly be easy to make the desired voyage to the eastern ports of China. Plancius, on the contrary, indicated as the most promising passage the outside course, between the northern coast of Nova Zembla and the pole. Three ships and a fishing-yacht were provided by the cities of Enkhuizen, Amsterdam, and by the province of Zealand respectively. Linschoten was principal commissioner on board the Enkhuizen vessel, having with him an experienced mariner, Brandt



Ijsbrantz by name, as skipper. Barentz, with the Amsterdam ship and the yacht, soon parted company with the others, and steered, according to the counsels of Plancius and his own convictions, for the open seas of the North. And in that memorable summer, for the first time in the world's history, the whole desolate region of Nova Zembla was visited, investigated, and thoroughly mapped out. Barentz sailed as far as latitude 77° , and to the extreme northeastern point of the island. In a tremendous storm off a cape, which he ironically christened Consolation-hook (Troost-hoek), his ship, drifting under bare poles amid ice and mist and tempest, was nearly dashed to pieces; but he reached at last the cluster of barren islets beyond the utmost verge of Nova Zembla, to which he hastened to affix the cherished appellation of Orange. This, however, was the limit of his voyage. His ship was ill provisioned, and the weather had been severe beyond expectation. He turned back on the 1st of August, resolving to repeat his experiment early in the following year.

Meantime Linschoten, with the ships *Swan* and *Mercury*, had entered the passage which they called the Straits of Nassau, but which are now known to all the world as the Waigats. They were informed by the Samoyeds of the coast that after penetrating the narrow channel they would find themselves in a broad and open sea. Subsequent discoveries showed the correctness of the statement, but it was not permitted to the adventurers on this occasion to proceed so far. The strait was already filled with ice-drift, and their vessels were brought to a standstill after about a hundred and fifty English miles of progress beyond the Waigats; for the whole Sea of Tartary, converted into a mass of ice-

mountains and islands, and lashed into violent agitation by a northeasterly storm, seemed driving down upon the doomed voyagers. It was obvious that the sunny clime of Cathay was not thus to be reached, at least upon that occasion. With difficulty they succeeded in extricating themselves from the dangers surrounding them, and emerged at last from the Waigats.

On the 15th of August, in latitude $69^{\circ} 15'$, they met the ship of Barentz and returned in company to Holland, reaching Amsterdam on the 16th of September. Barentz had found the seas and coasts visited by him destitute of human inhabitants, but swarming with polar bears, with seals, with a terrible kind of monsters, then seen for the first time, as large as oxen, with almost human faces and with two long tusks protruding from each grim and grotesque visage. These mighty beasts, subsequently known as walruses or sea-horses, were found sometimes in swarms of two hundred at a time, basking in the arctic sun, and seemed equally at home on land, in the sea, and on icebergs. When aware of the approach of their human visitors, they would slide off an ice-block into the water, holding their cubs in their arms, and ducking up and down in the sea as if in sport. Then tossing the young ones away, they would rush upon the boats and endeavor to sink the strangers, whom they instinctively recognized as their natural enemies. Many were the severe combats recorded by the diarist of that voyage of Barentz with the walruses and the bears.

The chief result of this first expedition was the geographical investigation made, and, with unquestionable right, these earliest arctic pilgrims bestowed the names of their choice upon the regions first visited by themselves. According to the unfailing and universal im-

pulse on such occasions, the names dear to the fatherland were naturally selected. The straits were called Nassau, the island at their mouth became States or Staten Island; the northern coasts of Tartary received the familiar appellations of New Holland, New Friesland, New Walcheren; while the two rivers, beyond which Linschoten did not advance, were designated Swan and Mercury respectively, after his two ships. Barentz, on his part, had duly baptized every creek, bay, islet, and headland of Nova Zembla, and assuredly Christian mariner had never taken the latitude of 77° before. Yet the antiquary who compares the maps soon afterward published by William Blaeu with the charts now in familiar use will observe with indignation the injustice with which the early geographical records have been defaced, and the names rightfully bestowed upon those terrible deserts by their earliest discoverers rudely torn away. The Islands of Orange can still be recognized, and this is almost the only vestige left of the whole nomenclature. But where are Cape Nassau, William's Island, Admiralty Island, Cape Plancius, Black-hook, Cross-hook, Bear's-hook, Ice-hook, Consolation-hook, Cape of Desire, the Straits of Nassau, Maurice Island, Staten Island, Enkhui-zen Island, and many other similar appellations?

The sanguine Linschoten, on his return, gave so glowing an account of the expedition that Prince Maurice and Olden-Barneveldt, and prominent members of the States-General, were infected with his enthusiasm. He considered the northeast passage to China discovered and the problem solved. It would only be necessary to fit out another expedition on a larger scale the next year, provide it with a cargo of merchandise suitable for the China market, and initiate the direct polar-Oriental trade

without further delay. It seems amazing that so incomplete an attempt to overcome such formidable obstacles should have been considered a decided success. Yet there is no doubt of the genuineness of the conviction by which Linschoten was actuated. The calmer Barentz, and his friend and comrade Gerrit de Veer, were of opinion that the philosopher had made "rather a free representation" of the enterprise of 1594 and of the prospects for the future.

Nevertheless, the general government, acting on Linschoten's suggestion, furnished a fleet of seven ships—two from Enkhuizen, two from Zealand, two from Amsterdam, and a yacht which was to be despatched homeward with the news so soon as the expedition should have passed through the Straits of Nassau, forced its way through the frozen Gulf of Tartary, doubled Cape Tabin, and turned southward on its direct course to China. The sublime credulity which accepted Linschoten's hasty solution of the polar enigma as conclusive was fairly matched by the sedateness with which the authorities made the preparations for the new voyage. So deliberately were the broadcloths, linens, tapestries, and other assorted articles for this first great speculation to Cathay via the north pole stowed on board the fleet that nearly half the summer had passed before anchor was weighed in the Meuse. The pompous expedition was thus predestined to an almost ridiculous failure. Yet it was in the hands of great men, both on shore and sea. Maurice, Barneveldt, and Maalzoen had personally interested themselves in the details of its outfitting, Linschoten sailed as chief commissioner, the calm and intrepid Barentz was upper pilot of the whole fleet, and a man who was afterward destined to achieve an immor-

tal name in the naval history of his country, Jacob Heemskerk, was supercargo of the Amsterdam ship. In obedience to the plans of Linschoten and of Maalzoen, the passage by way of the Waigats was of course attempted. A landing was effected on the coast of Tartary. Whatever geographical information could be obtained from such a source was imparted by the wandering Samoyeds. On the 2d of September a party went ashore on Staten Island, and occupied themselves in gathering some glistening pebbles, which the journalist of the expedition describes with much gravity as a "kind of diamonds, very plentiful upon the island." While two of the men were thus especially engaged in a deep hollow, one of them found himself suddenly twitched from behind. "What are you pulling at me for, mate?" he said impatiently to his comrade, as he supposed. But his companion was a large, long, lean white bear, and in another instant the head of the unfortunate diamond-gatherer was off, and the bear was sucking his blood. The other man escaped to his friends, and together a party of twenty charged upon the beast. Another of the combatants was killed and half devoured by the hungry monster before a fortunate bullet struck him in the head. But even then the bear maintained his grip upon his two victims, and it was not until his brains were fairly beaten out with the butt-end of a snaphance by the boldest of the party that they were enabled to secure the bodies of their comrades and give them a hurried kind of Christian burial. They flayed the bear and took away his hide with them, and this, together with an ample supply of the diamonds of Staten Island, was the only merchandise obtained upon the voyage for which such magnificent preparations had been

made. For by the middle of September it had become obviously hopeless to attempt the passage of the frozen sea that season, and the expedition returned, having accomplished nothing. It reached Amsterdam upon the 18th of November, 1595.

The authorities, intensely disappointed at this almost ridiculous result, refused to furnish direct assistance to any further attempts at arctic explorations. The States-General, however, offered a reward of twenty-five thousand florins to any navigators who might succeed in discovering the northern passage, with a proportionate sum to those whose efforts in that direction might be deemed commendable, even if not crowned with success.

Stimulated by the spirit of adventure and the love of science far more than by the hope of gaining a pecuniary prize, the undaunted Barentz, who was firm in the faith that a pathway existed by the north of Nova Zembla and across the pole to farthest Ind, determined to renew the attempt the following summer. The city of Amsterdam accordingly, early in the year 1596, fitted out two ships. Select crews of entirely unmarried men volunteered for the enterprise. John Cornelius van der Ryp, an experienced sea-captain, was placed in charge of one of the vessels, William Barentz was upper pilot of the other, and Heemskerk, "the man who ever steered his way through ice or iron,"¹ was skipper and supercargo.

The ships sailed from the Vlie on the 18th May. The opinions of Peter Plancius prevailed in this expedition at last, the main object of both Ryp and Barentz being to avoid the fatal, narrow, ice-clogged Waigats. Although identical in this determination, their views as to

¹ Inscription on his tombstone.

the configuration of the land and sea, and as to the proper course to be steered, were conflicting. They, however, sailed in company mainly in a northeast-by-north direction, although Barentz would have steered much more to the east.

On the 5th June the watch on deck saw, as they supposed, immense flocks of white swans swimming toward the ships, and covering the sea as far as the eye could reach. All hands came up to look at the amazing spectacle, but the more experienced soon perceived that the myriads of swans were simply infinite fields of ice, through which, however, they were able to steer their course without much impediment, getting into clear sea beyond about midnight, at which hour the sun was one degree above the horizon.

Proceeding northward two days more, they were again surrounded by ice, and finding the "water green as grass, they believed themselves to be near Greenland." On the 9th June they discovered an island in latitude, according to their observation, $74^{\circ} 30'$, which seemed about five miles long. In this neighborhood they remained four days, having on one occasion a "great fight which lasted four glasses" with a polar bear, and making a desperate attempt to capture him in order to bring him as a show to Holland. The effort not being successful, they were obliged to take his life to save their own; but in what manner they intended, had they secured him alive, to provide for such a passenger in the long voyage across the north pole to China, and thence back to Amsterdam, did not appear. The attempt illustrated the calmness, however, of those hardy navigators. They left the island on the 13th June, having baptized it Bear Island, in memory of their vanquished foe, a name

which was subsequently exchanged for the insipid appellation of Cherry Island, in honor of a comfortable London merchant who seven years afterward sent a ship to those arctic regions.

Six days later they saw land again, took the sun, and found their latitude $80^{\circ} 11'$. Certainly no men had ever been within less than ten degrees of the pole before. On the longest day of the year they landed on this newly discovered country, which they at first fancied to be a part of Greenland. They found its surface covered with eternal snow, broken into mighty glaciers, jagged with precipitous ice-peaks; and to this land of almost perpetual winter, where the mercury freezes during ten months in the year, and where the sun remains four months beneath the horizon, they subsequently gave the appropriate and vernacular name of Spitzbergen. Combats with the sole denizens of these hideous abodes, the polar bears, on the floating ice, on the water, or on land, were constantly occurring, and were the only events to disturb the monotony of that perpetual icy sunshine, where no night came to relieve the almost maddening glare. They rowed up a wide inlet on the western coast, and came upon great numbers of wild geese sitting on their eggs. They proved to be the same geese that were in the habit of visiting Holland in vast flocks every summer, and it had never before been discovered where they laid and hatched their eggs. "Therefore," says the diarist of the expedition, "some voyagers have not scrupled to state that the eggs grow on trees in Scotland, and that such of the fruits of those trees as fall into the water become goslings, while those which drop on the ground burst in pieces and come to nothing. We now see that quite the contrary is the case," continues

De Veer, with perfect seriousness, "nor is it to be wondered at, for nobody has ever been until now where those birds lay their eggs. No man, so far as known, ever reached the latitude of 80° before. This land was hitherto unknown."

The scientific results of this ever-memorable voyage might be deemed sufficiently meager were the fact that the eggs of wild geese did not grow on trees its only recorded discovery. But the investigations made into the dread mysteries of the North, and the actual problems solved, were many, while the simplicity of the narrator marks the infantine character of the epoch in regard to natural history. When so illustrious a mind as Grotius was inclined to believe in a race of arctic men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, the ingenuous mariner of Amsterdam may be forgiven for his earnestness in combating the popular theory concerning goslings.

On the 23d June they went ashore again, and occupied themselves, as well as the constant attacks of the bears would permit, in observing the variation of the needle, which they ascertained to be 16° . On the same day, the ice closing around in almost infinite masses, they made haste to extricate themselves from the land, and bore southward again, making Bear Island once more on the 1st July. Here Cornelius Ryp parted company with Heemskerk and Barentz, having announced his intention to sail northward again beyond latitude 80° in search of the coveted passage. Barentz, retaining his opinion that the true inlet to the circum-polar sea, if it existed, would be found northeast of Nova Zembla, steered in that direction. On the 13th July they found themselves by observation in latitude

73°, and considered themselves in the neighborhood of Sir Hugh Willoughby's Land. Four days later they were in Lomms Bay, a harbor of Nova Zembla, so called by them from the multitude of lomms frequenting it, a bird to which they gave the whimsical name of arctic parrots. On the 20th July the ice obstructed their voyage, covering the sea in all directions with floating mountains and valleys, so that they came to an anchor off an islet where on a former voyage the Hollanders had erected the precious emblem of Christian faith and baptized the dreary solitude Cross Island. But these pilgrims, as they now approached the spot, found no worshipers there, while, as if in horrible mockery of their piety, two enormous white bears had reared themselves in an erect posture, in order the better to survey their visitors, directly at the foot of the cross. The party which had just landed were unarmed, and were for making off as fast as possible to their boats. But Skipper Heemskerk, feeling that this would be death to all of them, said simply: "The first man that runs shall have this boat-hook of mine in his hide. Let us remain together and face them off." It was done. The party moved slowly toward their boats, Heemskerk bringing up the rear, and fairly staring the polar monsters out of countenance, who remained grimly regarding them and ramping about the cross.

The sailors got into their boat with much deliberation, and escaped to the ship, "glad enough," said De Veer, "that they were alive to tell the story, and that they had got out of the cat-dance so fortunately."

Next day they took the sun, and found their latitude 76° 15', and the variation of the needle 26°.

For seventeen days more they were tossing about in mist and raging snow-storms, and amid tremendous

icebergs, some of them rising in steeples and pinnacles to a hundred feet above the sea, some grounded and stationary, others drifting fearfully around in all directions, threatening to crush them at any moment, or to close in about them and imprison them forever. They made fast by their bower-anchor on the evening of 7th August to a vast iceberg which was aground; but just as they had eaten their supper there was a horrible groaning, bursting, and shrieking all around them, an indefinite succession of awful sounds which made their hair stand on end, and then the iceberg split beneath the water into more than four hundred pieces, with a crash "such as no words could describe." They escaped any serious damage, and made their way to a vast steeped and towered block like a floating cathedral, where they again came to anchor.

On the 15th August they reached the Isles of Orange, on the extreme northeastern verge of Nova Zembla. Here a party going ashore climbed to the top of a rising ground, and, to their infinite delight, beheld an open sea, entirely free from ice, stretching to the southeast and east-southeast as far as eye could reach. At last the game was won, the passage to Cathay was discovered. Full of joy, they pulled back in their boat to the ship, "not knowing how to get there quick enough to tell William Barentz." Alas! they were not aware of the action of that mighty ocean river, the Gulf Stream, which was sweeping around those regions with its warm, dissolving current.

Three days later they returned, baffled in their sanguine efforts to sail through the open sea. The ice had returned upon them, setting southwardly in obedience to the same impulse which for a moment had driven it

away, and they found themselves imprisoned again near the Hook of Desire.

On the 25th August they had given up all the high hopes by which they had been so lately inspired, and, as the stream was again driving the ice from the land, they trusted to sail southward and westward back toward the Waigats. Having passed by Nova Zembla and found no opening into the seas beyond, they were disposed in the rapidly waning summer to effect their retreat by the south side of the island, and so through the Straits of Nassau home. In vain. The catastrophe was upon them. As they struggled slowly past the Ice Haven, the floating mountains and glaciers, impelled by the mighty current, once more gathered around and forced them back to that horrible harbor. During the remaining days of August the ship struggled, almost like a living creature, with the perils that beset her; now rearing in the air, her bows propped upon mighty blocks, till she absolutely sat erect upon her stern, now lying prostrate on her side, and anon righting again as the ice-masses would for a moment float away and leave her breathing-space and room to move in. A blinding snow-storm was raging the while, the ice was cracking and groaning in all directions, and the ship was shrieking, so that the medley of awful sights and sounds was beyond the power of language. " 'T was enough to make the hair stand on end," said Gerrit de Veer, "to witness the hideous spectacle."

But the agony was soon over. By the 1st September the ship was hard and fast,—the ice was as immovable as the dry land,—and she would not move again that year, even if she ever floated. Those pilgrims from the little Republic were to spend the winter in their arctic harbor.

Resigning themselves without a murmur to their inevitable fate, they set about their arrangements with perfect good humor and discipline. Most fortunately, a great quantity of driftwood, masses of timber, and great trees torn away with their roots from distant shores, lay strewn along the coast, swept thither by the wandering currents. At once they resolved to build a house in which they might shelter themselves from the wild beasts and from their still more cruel enemy, the cold. So, thanking God for the providential and unexpected supply of building-material and fuel, they lost no time in making sheds, in hauling timber, and in dragging supplies from the ship before the dayless winter should descend upon them.

Six weeks of steady, cheerful labor succeeded. Tremendous snow-storms, accompanied by hurricanes of wind, often filled the atmosphere to suffocation, so that no human being could move a ship's length without perishing; while, did any of their number venture forth, as the tempest subsided, it was often to find himself almost in the arms of a polar bear before the dangerous snow-white form could be distinguished moving sluggishly through the white chaos.

For those hungry companions never left them so long as the sun remained above the horizon, swarming like insects and birds in tropical lands. When the sailors put their meat-tubs for a moment out upon the ice a bear's intrusive muzzle would forthwith be inserted to inspect the contents. Maddened by hunger, and their keen scent excited by the salted provisions and by the living flesh and blood of these intruders upon their ancient solitary domains, they would often attempt to effect their entrance into the ship.

On one such occasion, when Heemskerk and two companions were the whole garrison, the rest being at a distance sledding wood, the future hero of Gibraltar was near furnishing a meal to his Nova Zembla enemies. It was only by tossing sticks and stones and marlinespikes across the ice, which the bears would instantly turn and pursue, like dogs at play with children, that the assault could be diverted until a fortunate shot was made.

Several were thus killed in the course of the winter, and one in particular was disemboweled and set frozen upon his legs near their house, where he remained month after month, with a mass of snow and ice accumulated upon him, until he had grown into a fantastic and gigantic apparition, still wearing the semblance of their mortal foe.

By the beginning of October the weather became so intensely cold that it was almost impossible to work. The carpenter died before the house was half completed. To dig a grave was impossible, but they laid him in a cleft of the ice, and he was soon covered with the snow. Meantime the sixteen that were left went on as they best might with their task, and on October 2 they had a house-raising. The framework was set up, and, in order to comply with the national usage in such cases, they planted, instead of the May-pole with its fluttering streamers, a gigantic icicle before their new residence. Ten days later they moved into the house and slept there for the first time, while a bear, profiting by their absence, passed the night in the deserted ship.

On the 4th November the sun rose no more, but the moon at first shone day and night, until they were once in great perplexity to know whether it were midday or midnight. It proved to be exactly noon. The bears

disappeared with the sun, but white foxes swarmed in their stead, and all day and night were heard scrambling over their roof. These were caught daily in traps and furnished them food, besides furs for raiment. The cold became appalling, and they looked in each other's faces sometimes in speechless amazement. It was obvious that the extreme limit of human endurance had been reached. Their clothes were frozen stiff. Their shoes were like iron, so that they were obliged to array themselves from head to foot in the skins of the wild foxes. The clocks stopped. The beer became solid. The Spanish wine froze and had to be melted in saucepans. The smoke in the house blinded them. Fire did not warm them, and their garments were often in a blaze while their bodies were half frozen. All through the month of December an almost perpetual snow-deluge fell from the clouds. For days together they were unable to emerge, and it was then only by most vigorous labor that they could succeed in digging a passage out of their buried house. On the night of the 7th December sudden death had nearly put an end to the sufferings of the whole party. Having brought a quantity of sea-coal from the ship, they had made a great fire, and after the smoke was exhausted they had stopped up the chimney and every crevice of the house. Each man then turned into his bunk for the night, "all rejoicing much in the warmth and prattling a long time with each other." At last an unaccustomed giddiness and faintness came over them, of which they could not guess the cause, but fortunately one of the party had the instinct, before he lost consciousness, to open the chimney, while another forced open the door and fell in a swoon upon the snow. Their dread enemy thus came to their relief and saved their lives.

As the year drew to a close, the frost and the perpetual snow-tempest became, if that were possible, still more frightful. Their Christmas was not a merry one, and for the first few days of the new year it was impossible for them to move from the house. On the 5th January, the snow-storms having somewhat abated, they once more dug themselves, as it were, out of their living grave, and spent the whole day in hauling wood from the shore. As their hour-glasses informed them that night was approaching, they bethought themselves that it was Twelfth-night, or Three Kings' Eve. So they all respectfully proposed to Skipper Heemskerk that in the midst of their sorrow they might for once have a little diversion. A Twelfth-night feast was forthwith ordained. A scanty portion of the wine yet remaining to them was produced. Two pounds weight of flour, which they had brought to make paste with for cartridges, was baked into pancakes with a little oil, and a single hard biscuit was served out to each man, to be sopped in his meager allowance of wine. "We were as happy," said Gerrit de Veer, with simple pathos, "as if we were having a splendid banquet at home. We imagined ourselves in the fatherland with all our friends, so much did we enjoy our repast."

That nothing might be omitted, lots were drawn for king, and the choice fell on the gunner, who was forthwith proclaimed monarch of Nova Zembla. Certainly no men could have exhibited more undaunted cheerfulness amid bears and foxes, icebergs and cold, such as Christians had never conceived of before, than did these early arctic pilgrims. Nor did Barentz neglect any opportunity of studying the heavens. A meridian was drawn near the house, on which the compass was placed,

and observations of various stars were constantly made, despite the cold, with extraordinary minuteness. The latitude, from concurrent measurement of the Giant, the Bull, Orion, Aldebaran, and other constellations, in the absence of the sun, was ascertained to be a little above 76° , and the variations of the needle were accurately noted.

On the 24th January it was clear weather and comparatively mild, so that Heemskerk, with De Veer and another, walked to the strand. To their infinite delight and surprise, they again saw the disk of the sun on the edge of the horizon, and they all hastened back with the glad tidings. But Barentz shook his head. Many days must elapse, he said, before the declination of the sun should be once more 14° , at which point in the latitude of 76° they had lost sight of the luminary on the 4th November, and at which only it could again be visible. This, according to his calculations, would be on the 10th February. Two days of murky and stormy atmosphere succeeded, and those who had wagered in support of the opinion of Barentz were inclined to triumph over those who believed in the observation of Heemskerk. On the 27th January there was, however, no mistake. The sky was bright, and the whole disk of the sun was most distinctly seen by all, although none were able to explain the phenomenon, and Barentz least of all. They had kept accurate diaries ever since their imprisonment, and although the clocks sometimes had stopped, the hour-glasses had regularly noted the lapse of time. Moreover, Barentz knew from the Ephemerides for 1589 to 1600, published by Dr. Joseph Scala in Venice, a copy of which work he had brought with him, that on the 24th January, 1597, the moon would be seen at 1 A. M. at

Venice in conjunction with Jupiter. He accordingly took as good an observation as could be done with the naked eye, and found that conjunction at 6 A. M. of the same day, the two bodies appearing in the same vertical line in the sign of Taurus. The date was thus satisfactorily established, and a calculation of the longitude of the house was deduced with an accuracy which in those circumstances was certainly commendable. Nevertheless, as the facts and the theory of refraction were not thoroughly understood, nor Tycho Brahe's tables of refraction generally known, Pilot Barentz could not be expected to be wiser than his generation.

The startling discovery that in the latitude of 76° the sun reappeared on the 24th January, instead of the 10th February, was destined to awaken commotion throughout the whole scientific world, and has perhaps hardly yet been completely explained.

But the daylight brought no mitigation of their sufferings. The merciless cold continued without abatement, and the sun seemed to mock their misery. The foxes disappeared, and the ice-bears in their stead swarmed around the house, and clambered at night over the roof. Again they constantly fought with them for their lives. Daily the grave question was renewed whether the men should feed on the bears or the bears on the men. On one occasion their dead enemy proved more dangerous to them than in life, for three of their number who had fed on bear's liver were nearly poisoned to death. Had they perished, none of the whole party would have ever left Nova Zembla. "It seemed," said the diarist, "that the beasts had smelled out that we meant to go away, and had just begun to have a taste for us."

And thus the days wore on. The hour-glass and the

almanac told them that winter had given place to spring, but nature still lay in cold obstruction. One of their number, who had long been ill, died. They hollowed a grave for him in the frozen snow, performing a rude burial service, and singing a psalm; but the cold had nearly made them all corpses before the ceremony was done.

At last, on the 17th April, some of them, climbing over the icebergs to the shore, found much open sea. They also saw a small bird diving in the water, and looked upon it as a halcyon and harbinger of better fortunes. The open weather continuing, they began to hanker for the fatherland. So they brought the matter, "not mutinously, but modestly and reasonably, before William Barentz, that he might suggest it to Heemskerk, for they were all willing to submit to his better judgment." It was determined to wait through the month of May. Should they then be obliged to abandon the ship, they were to make the voyage in the two open boats, which had been carefully stowed away beneath the snow. It was soon obvious that the ship was hard and fast, and that she would never float again, except perhaps as a portion of the icebergs in which she had so long been embedded, when they should be swept off from the shore.

As they now set to work repairing and making ready the frail skiffs which were now their only hope, and supplying them with provisions and even with merchandise from the ship, the ravages made by the terrible winter upon the strength of the men became painfully apparent. But Heemskerk encouraged them to persevere; "for," said he, "if the boats are not got soon under way we must be content to make our graves here as burghers of Nova Zembla."

On the 14th June they launched the boats, and "trusting themselves to God," embarked once more upon the arctic seas. Barentz, who was too ill to walk, together with Claas Anderson, also sick unto death, were dragged to the strand in sleds and tenderly placed on board.

Barentz had, however, despite his illness, drawn up a triple record of their voyage, one copy being fastened to the chimney of their deserted house, and one being placed in each of the boats. Their voyage was full of danger as they slowly retraced their way along the track by which they reached the memorable Ice Haven, once more doubling the Cape of Desire and heading for the Point of Consolation—landmarks on their desolate progress whose nomenclature suggests the immortal apologue so familiar to Anglo-Saxon ears.

Off the Ice-hook both boats came alongside each other, and Skipper Heemskerk called out to William Barentz to ask how it was with him.

"All right, mate," replied Barentz, cheerfully; "I hope to be on my legs again before we reach the Wardhuis." Then he begged De Veer to lift him up, that he might look upon the Ice-hook once more. The icebergs crowded around them, drifting this way and that, impelled by mighty currents and tossing on an agitated sea. There was "a hideous groaning and bursting and driving of the ice, and it seemed every moment as if the boats were to be dashed into a hundred pieces." It was plain that their voyage would now be finished forever were it not possible for some one of their number to get upon the solid ice beyond and make fast a line. "But who is to bell the cat?" said Gerrit de Veer, who soon, however, volunteered himself, being the lightest of all.

Leaping from one floating block to another, at the imminent risk of being swept off into space, he at last reached a stationary island, and fastened his rope. Thus they warped themselves once more into the open sea.

On the 20th June William Barentz lay in the boat, studying carefully the charts which they had made of the land and ocean discovered in their voyage. Tossing about in an open skiff upon a polar sea, too weak to sit upright, reduced by the unexampled sufferings of that horrible winter almost to a shadow, he still preserved his cheerfulness, and maintained that he would yet, with God's help, perform his destined task. In his next attempt he would steer northeast from the North Cape, he said, and so discover the passage.

While he was "thus prattling," the boatswain of the other boat came on board, and said that Claas Anderson would hold out but little longer.

"Then," said William Barentz, "methinks I, too, shall last but a little while. Gerrit, give me to drink." When he had drunk, he turned his eyes on De Veer and suddenly breathed his last.

Great was the dismay of his companions, for they had been deceived by the dauntless energy of the man, thus holding tenaciously to his great purpose, unbaffled by danger and disappointment, even to the last instant of life. He was their chief pilot and guide, "in whom next to God they trusted."

And thus the hero, who for vivid intelligence, courage, and perseverance amid every obstacle is fit to be classed among the noblest of maritime adventurers, had ended his career. Nor was it unmeet that the man who had led those three great although unsuccessful enterprises toward the north pole should be laid at last to rest, like

the soldier dying in a lost battle, upon the field of his glorious labors.

Nearly six weeks longer they struggled amid tempestuous seas. Hugging the shore, ever in danger of being dashed to atoms by the ice, pursued by their never-failing enemies the bears, and often sailing through enormous herds of walruses, which at times gave chase to the boats, they at last reached the Schanshoek on the 28th July.

Here they met with some Russian fishermen, who recognized Heemskerk and De Veer, having seen them on their previous voyage. Most refreshing it was to see other human faces again, after thirteen months' separation from mankind, while the honest Muscovites expressed compassion for the forlorn and emaciated condition of their former acquaintance. Furnished by them with food and wine, the Hollanders sailed in company with the Russians as far as the Waigats.

On the 18th August they made Candenoës, at the mouth of the White Sea, and doubling that cape, stood boldly across the gulf for Kildin. Landing on the coast, they were informed by the Lapps that there were vessels from Holland at Kola.

On the 25th August one of the party, guided by a Lapp, set forth on foot for that place. Four days later the guide was seen returning without their comrade; but their natural suspicion was at once disarmed as the good-humored savage straightway produced a letter which he handed to Heemskerk.

Breaking the seal, the skipper found that his correspondent expressed great surprise at the arrival of the voyagers, as he had supposed them all to be long since dead. Therefore he was the more delighted with their coming,

and promised to be with them soon, bringing with him plenty of food and drink.

The letter was signed: "By me, JAN CORNELISZ RYP."

The occurrence was certainly dramatic, but, as one might think, sufficiently void of mystery. Yet, astonishing to relate, they all fell to pondering who this John Ryp might be who seemed so friendly and sympathetic. It was shrewdly suggested by some that it might perhaps be the sea-captain who had parted company with them off Bear Island fourteen months before in order to sail north by way of Spitzbergen. As his Christian name and surname were signed in full to the letter, the conception did not seem entirely unnatural, yet it was rejected on the ground that they had far more reasons to believe that he had perished than he for accepting their deaths as certain. One might imagine it to have been an every-day occurrence for Hollanders to receive letters by a Lapland penny-postman in those desolate regions. At last Heemskerk bethought himself that among his papers were several letters from their old comrade, and, on comparison, the handwriting was found the same as that of the epistle just received. This deliberate avoidance of any hasty jumping at conclusions certainly inspires confidence in the general accuracy of the adventurers, and we have the better right to believe that on the 24th January the sun's disk was really seen by them in the ice harbor—a fact long disputed by the learned world—when the careful weighing of evidence on the less important matter of Ryp's letter is taken into account.

Meantime, while they were slowly admitting the identity of their friend and correspondent, honest John Cornelius Ryp himself arrived—no fantastic fly-away

Hollander, but in full flesh and blood, laden with provisions, and greeting them heartily.

He had not pursued his Spitzbergen researches of the previous year, but he was now on a trading voyage in a stout vessel, and he conveyed them all by way of the Ward-huis, where he took in a cargo, back to the fatherland.

They dropped anchor in the Meuse on the 29th October, and on the 1st November arrived at Amsterdam. Here, attired in their robes and caps of white foxskin which they had worn while citizens of Nova Zembla, they were straightway brought before the magistrates to give an account of their adventures.

They had been absent seventeen months, they had spent a whole autumn, winter, and spring—nearly ten months—under the latitude of 76° , in a frozen desert where no human beings had ever dwelt before, and they had penetrated beyond 80° north—a farther stride toward the pole than had ever been hazarded. They had made accurate geographical, astronomical, and meteorological observations of the regions visited. They had carefully measured latitudes and longitudes and noted the variations of the magnet. They had thoroughly mapped out, described, and designated every cape, island, hook, and inlet of those undiscovered countries, and, more than all, they had given a living example of courage, endurance, patience under hardship, perfect discipline, fidelity to duty, and trust in God, sufficient to inspire noble natures with emulation so long as history can read moral lessons to mankind.

No further attempt was made to discover the northeastern passage. The enthusiasm of Barentz had died with him, and it may be said that the stern negation by

which this supreme attempt to solve the mystery of the pole was met was its best practical result. Certainly all visions of a circumpolar sea blessed with a gentle atmosphere and eternal tranquillity, and offering a smooth and easy passage for the world's commerce between Europe and Asia, had been forever dispelled.

The memorable enterprise of Barentz and Heemskerck has been thought worthy of a minute description because it was a voyage of discovery, and because, however barren of immediate practical results it may seem to superficial eyes, it forms a great landmark in the history of human progress and the advancement of science.

Contemporaneously with these voyages toward the north pole, the enlightened magistrates of the Netherland municipalities, aided by eminent private citizens, fitted out expeditions in the opposite direction. It was determined to measure strength with the lord of the land and seas, the great potentate against whom these republicans had been so long in rebellion, in every known region of the globe. Both from the newly discovered Western World and from the ancient abodes of Oriental civilization, Spanish monopoly had long been furnishing the treasure to support Spanish tyranny, and it was the dearest object of Netherland ambition to confront their enemy in both those regions, and to clip both those overshadowing wings of his commerce at once.

The intelligence, enthusiasm, and tenacity in wrestling against immense obstacles manifested by the young Republic at this great expanding era of the world's history can hardly be exaggerated. It was fitting that the little commonwealth, which was foremost among the nations in its hatred of tyranny, its love of maritime adventure, and its aptitude for foreign trade, should take the lead

in the great commercial movements which characterized the close of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries.

While Barentz and Heemskerk were attempting to force the frozen gates which were then supposed to guard the northern highway of commerce, fleets were fitting out in Holland to storm the southern pole, or at least to take advantage of the pathways already opened by the genius and enterprise of the earlier navigators of the century. Linschoten had taught his countrymen the value of the technical details of the Indian trade as then understood. The voyages of the brothers Houtmann (1595-1600), the first Dutch expeditions to reach the East by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, were undertaken according to his precepts, and directed by the practical knowledge obtained by the Houtmanns during a residence in Portugal, but were not signalized by important discoveries. They are chiefly memorable as having laid the foundation of the vast trade out of which the Republic was to derive so much material power, while at the same time they mark the slight beginnings of that mighty monopoly, the Dutch East India Company, which was to teach such tremendous lessons in commercial restriction to a still more colossal English corporation, that mercantile tyrant only in our own days overthrown.

At the same time and at the other side of the world seven ships, fitted out from Holland by private enterprise, were forcing their way to the South Sea through the terrible strait between Patagonia and Fire Land, then supposed the only path around the globe. For the tortuous mountain channel, filled with whirlpools and reefs, and the home of perpetual tempest, which had been discovered in the early part of the century by

Magellan, was deemed the sole opening pierced by nature through the mighty southern circumpolar continent. A few years later a daring Hollander was to demonstrate the futility of this theory, and to give his own name to a broader pathway, while the stormy headland of South America, around which the great current of universal commerce was thenceforth to sweep, was baptized by the name of the tranquil town in West Friesland where most of his ship's company were born.

Meantime the seven ships, under command of Jacob Mahu, Simon de Cordes, and Sebald de Weerdt, were contending with the dangers of the older route. The expedition sailed from Holland in June, 1598, but already the custom was forming itself of directing those navigators of almost unknown seas by explicit instructions from those who remained on shore, and who had never navigated the ocean at all. The consequence on this occasion was that the voyagers toward the Straits of Magellan spent a whole summer on the coast of Africa, amid pestiferous heats and distracting calms, and reached the straits only in April of the following year. Admiral Mahu and a large proportion of the crew had meantime perished of fevers contracted by following the course marked out for them by their employers, and thus diminished in numbers, half stripped of provisions, and enfeebled by the exhausting atmosphere of the tropics, the survivors were ill prepared to confront the antarctic ordeal which they were approaching. Five months longer the fleet, under command of Admiral de Cordes, who had succeeded to the command, struggled in those straits, where, as if in the home of Æolus, all the winds of heaven seemed holding revel; but indifference to danger, discipline, and devotion to duty marked the conduct of

the adventurers, even as those qualities had just been distinguishing their countrymen at the other pole. They gathered no gold, they conquered no kingdoms, they made few discoveries, they destroyed no fleets, yet they were the first pioneers on a path on which thereafter were to be many such achievements by the Republic.

At least one heroic incident which marked their departure from the straits deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance. Admiral de Cordes raised on the shore, at the western mouth of the channel, a rude memorial with an inscription that the Netherlands were the first to effect this dangerous passage with a fleet of heavy ships. On the following day, in commemoration of the event, he founded an order of knighthood. The chief officers of the squadron were the knights commanders, and the most deserving of the crew were the knights brethren. The members of the fraternity made solemn oath to De Cordes, as general, and to each other, that "by no danger, no necessity, nor by the fear of death, would they ever be moved to undertake anything prejudicial to their honor, to the welfare of the fatherland, or to the success of the enterprise in which they were engaged; pledging themselves to stake their lives in order, consistently with honor, to inflict every possible damage on the hereditary enemy, and to plant the banner of Holland in all those territories whence the King of Spain gathered the treasures with which he had carried on this perpetual war against the Netherlands."

Thus was instituted on the desolate shores of Fire Land the Order of Knights of the Unchained Lion, with such rude solemnities as were possible in those solitudes. The harbor where the fleet was anchored was called the

Chevaliers' Bay, but it would be in vain to look on modern maps for that heroic appellation. Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego know the honest Knights of the Unchained Lion no more; yet to an unsophisticated mind no stately brotherhood of sovereigns and patricians seems more thoroughly inspired with the spirit of Christian chivalry than were those weather-beaten adventurers. The reefs and whirlwinds of unknown seas, polar cold, Patagonian giants, Spanish cruisers, a thousand real or fabulous dangers, environed them. Their provisions were already running near exhaustion, and they were feeding on raw seal-flesh, on snails and mussels, and on whatever the barren rocks and niggard seas would supply, to save them from absolutely perishing; but they held their resolve to maintain their honor unsullied, to be true to each other and to the Republic, and to circumnavigate the globe to seek the proud enemy of their fatherland on every sea, and to do battle with him in every corner of the earth. The world had already seen, and was still to see, how nobly Netherlanders could keep their own. Meantime disaster on disaster descended on this unfortunate expedition. One ship after another melted away and was seen no more. Of all the seven, only one, that of Sebald de Weerdt, ever returned to the shores of Holland. Another reached Japan, and although the crew fell into hostile hands, the great trade with that Oriental empire was begun. In a third, the *Blyde Boodschaft*, or *Good News*, Dirk Gerrits sailed nearer the south pole than man had ever been before, and discovered, as he believed, a portion of the southern continent, which he called, with reason good, Gerrits' Land. The name in course of time faded from maps and charts, the existence of the country was disputed, until more

than two centuries later the accuracy of the Dutch commander was recognized. The rediscovered land, however, no longer bears his name, but has been baptized South Shetland.

Thus before the sixteenth century had closed the navigators of Holland had reached almost the extreme verge of human discovery at either pole.¹

¹ The chief authorities consulted for the account of these early voyages are :

Bor, iii. b. xxxi. 866-873, and iv. b. xxxiv. 337-344.

Begin ende Voortgang van de Vereen. Nederl. geootroyeerde Oost Ind. Compagnie (1646), 1 deel, passim, with the original diaries and histories, especially 1-53.

Grotii Hist., lib. iv. 326 seq., and v. 383 seq.

G. Moll, Verhandeling over eenige Vroegere Zeetogten der Nederlanders (Amsterdam, 1825), 14-119, et passim.

Bennet en Van Wijk, Verhandeling over de Nederlandsche Ontdekkingen (Utrecht, 1827), passim.

Van Kampen's Gesch. der Nied., i. 572 seq. Compare Gesch. der Nederlanders buiten Europa (Haarlem, 1831), by the same author.

Le Petit, La Grande Chronique, ii. 651 seq. and 698 seq.

Van Meteren also gives good summaries, especially in b. xxiii.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Military operations in the Netherlands—Designs of the Spanish commander—Siege of Orsoy—Advance upon Rheinberg—Murder of the Count of Broek and his garrison—Capture of Rees and Emmerich—Outrages of the Spanish soldiers in the peaceful provinces—Inglorious attempt to avenge the hostilities—State of trade in the provinces—Naval expedition under Van der Does—Arrival of Albert and Isabella at Brussels—Military operations of Prince Maurice—Negotiation between London and Brussels—Henry's determination to enact the Council of Trent—His projected marriage—Queen Elizabeth and Envoy Caron—Peace proposals of Spain to Elizabeth—Conferences at Gertruydenberg—Uncertain state of affairs.

THE military operations in the Netherlands during the whole year 1598 were on a comparatively small scale and languidly conducted. The states were exhausted by the demands made upon the treasury, and baffled by the disingenuous policy of their allies. The cardinal archduke, on the other hand, was occupied with the great events of his marriage, of his father-in-law's death, and of his own succession, in conjunction with his wife, to the sovereignty of the provinces.

In the autumn, however, the admiral of Aragon, who, as has been stated, was chief military commander during the absence of Albert, collected an army of twenty-five thousand foot and two thousand cavalry, crossed the Meuse at Roermond, and made his appear-

ance before a small town called Orsoy, on the Rhine. It was his intention to invade the duchies of Cleves, Juliers, and Berg, taking advantage of the supposed madness of the duke, and of the Spanish inclinations of his chief counselors, who constituted a kind of regency. By obtaining possession of these important provinces, wedged as they were between the territory of the Republic, the obedient Netherlands, and Germany, an excellent military position would be gained for making war upon the rebellious districts from the east, for crushing Protestantism in the duchies, for holding important passages of the Rhine, and for circumventing the designs of the Protestant sons-in-law and daughters of the old Duke of Cleves. Of course it was the determination of Maurice and the States-General to frustrate these operations. German and Dutch Protestantism gave battle on this neutral ground to the omnipotent tyranny of the papacy and Spain.

Unfortunately, Maurice had but a very slender force that autumn at his command. Fifteen hundred horse and six thousand infantry were all his effective troops, and with these he took the field to defend the borders of the Republic, and to outmanœuvre, so far as it might lie in his power, the admiral with his far-reaching and entirely unscrupulous designs.

With six thousand Spanish veterans, two thousand Italians, and many Walloon and German regiments under Bucquoy, Hachicourt, La Bourlotte, Stanley, and Frederick van den Berg, the admiral had reached the frontiers of the mad duke's territory. Orsoy was garrisoned by a small company of "cocks' feathers," or country squires, and their followers.

Presenting himself in person before the walls of the

town, with a priest at his right hand and a hangman holding a bundle of halters at the other, he desired to be informed whether the governor would prefer to surrender or to hang with his whole garrison. The cockfeathers surrendered.¹

The admiral garrisoned and fortified Orsoy as a basis, and advanced upon Rheinberg, first surprising the Count of Broek in his castle, who was at once murdered in cold blood with his little garrison.

He took Burik on the 11th October, Rheinberg on the 15th of the same month, and compounded with Wesel for a hundred and twenty thousand florins. Leaving garrisons in these and a few other captured places, he crossed the Lippe, came to Borhold, and ravaged the whole country-side. His troops, being clamorous for pay, were only too eager to levy blackmail on this neutral territory. The submission of the authorities to this treatment brought upon them a reproach of violation of neutrality by the States-General, the governments of Münster and of the duchies being informed that if they aided and abetted the one belligerent they must expect to be treated as enemies by the other.²

The admiral took Rees on the 30th October, and Emmerich on the 2d November—two principal cities of Cleves. On the 8th November he crossed into the territory of the Republic and captured Doetinchem after a very short siege. Maurice, by precaution, occupied Sevenaer in Cleves. The prince—whose difficult task was to follow up and observe an enemy by whom he was outnumbered nearly four to one, to harass him by skirmishes, to make forays on his communications, to seize

¹ Meteren, 399–404.

² Bor, iv. 482–496. Meteren, 399–404.

important points before he could reach them, to impose upon him by an appearance of far greater force than the republican army could actually boast, to protect the cities of the frontier like Zutphen, Lochem, and Doesburg, and to prevent him from attempting an invasion of the United Provinces in force by crossing any of the rivers, either in the autumn or after the winter's ice had made them passable for the Spanish army—succeeded admirably in all his strategy. The admiral never ventured to attack him, for fear of risking a defeat of his whole army by an antagonist whom he ought to have swallowed at a mouthful, relinquished all designs upon the Republic, passed into Münster, Cleves, and Berg, and during the whole horrible winter converted those peaceful provinces into a hell. No outrage which even a Spanish army could inflict was spared the miserable inhabitants. Cities and villages were sacked and burned; the whole country was placed under the law of blackmail. The places of worship, mainly Protestant, were all converted at a blow of the sword into Catholic churches. Men were hanged, butchered, tossed in sport from the tops of steeples, burned, and buried alive. Women of every rank were subjected by thousands to outrage too foul and too cruel for any but fiends or Spanish soldiers to imagine.¹

Such was the lot of thousands of innocent men and women at the hands of Philip's soldiers in a country at peace with Philip, at the very moment when that monarch was protesting with a seraphic smile on his expiring lips that he had never in his whole life done injury to a single human being.

In vain did the victims call aloud upon their sovereign, the Emperor Rudolph. The Spaniards laughed

¹ Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

the feeble imperial mandates to scorn, and spurned the word neutrality. "Oh, poor Roman Empire," cried John Fontanus, "how art thou fallen! Thy protector has become thy despoiler, and although thy members see this and know it, they sleep through it all. One day they may have a terrible awakening from their slumbers. . . . The admiral of Aragon has entirely changed the character of the war, recognizes no neutrality, saying that there must be but one God, one pope, and one king, and that they who object to this arrangement must be extirpated with fire and sword, let them be where they may."¹

The admiral, at least, thoroughly respected the claims of the dead Philip to universal monarchy.

Maurice gained as much credit by the defensive strategy through which he saved the Republic from the horrors thus afflicting its neighbors as he had ever done by his most brilliant victories. Queen Elizabeth was enchanted with the prowess of the prince, and with the sagacious administration of those republican magistrates whom she never failed to respect, even when most inclined to quarrel with them. "Never before was it written or heard of," said the queen, "that so great an extent of country could be defended with so few troops, that an invasion of so superior a hostile force could be prevented, especially as it appeared that all the streams and rivers were frozen." This, she added, was owing to the wise and far-seeing counsels of the States-General, and to the faithful diligence of their military commander, who now, as she declared, deserved the title of the first captain of all Christendom.²

¹ Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 407.

² Caron to the States-General, Van der Kemp, ii. 190.

A period of languor and exhaustion succeeded. The armies of the states had dwindled to an effective force of scarcely four or five thousand men, while the new levies came in but slowly. The taxation, on the other hand, was very severe. The quotas for the provinces had risen to the amount of five million eight hundred thousand florins for the year 1599, against an income of four million six hundred thousand, and this deficit went on increasing, notwithstanding a new tax of one-half per cent. on the capital of all estates above three thousand florins in value, and another of two and a half per cent. on all sales of real property.¹ The finances of the obedient provinces were in a still worse condition, and during the absence of the cardinal archduke an almost universal mutiny, occasioned by the inability of the exchequer to provide payment for the troops, established itself throughout Flanders and Brabant. There was much recrimination on the subject of the invasion of the Rhenish duchies, and a war of pamphlets and manifestos between the archduke's government and the States-General succeeded to those active military operations by which so much misery had been inflicted on the unfortunate inhabitants of that border-land. There was a slight attempt on the part of the Princes of Brunswick, Hesse, and Brandenburg to counteract and to punish the hostilities of the Spanish troops committed upon German soil. An army—very slowly organized, against the wishes of the emperor, the bishops, and the Catholic party—took the field, and made a feeble demonstration upon Rheinberg and upon Rees, entirely without result, and then disbanded itself ingloriously.²

¹ Wagenaer, ix. 39.

² Ibid., ix. 39–72. Bor, iv. 522 seq., 591, 608. Meteren, b. xxi.

Meantime the admiral had withdrawn from German territory, and was amusing himself with a variety of blows aimed at vital points of the Republic. An excursion into the isle of Bommel was not crowned with much success. The assault on the city was repulsed. The fortress of Crèvecoeur was, however, taken, and the fort of St. Andrew constructed—in spite of the attempts of the states to frustrate the design—at a point commanding the course of both the Waal and the Meuse. Having placed a considerable garrison in each of those strongholds, the admiral discontinued his labors and went into winter quarters.¹

The States-General for political reasons were urgent that Prince Maurice should undertake some important enterprise, but the stadholder, sustained by the opinion of his cousin Louis William, resisted the pressure. The armies of the commonwealth were still too slender in numbers and too widely scattered for active service on a large scale, and the season for active campaigning was wisely suffered to pass without making any attempt of magnitude during the year.

The trade of the provinces, moreover, was very much hampered, and their revenues sadly diminished, by the severe prohibitions which had succeeded to the remarkable indulgence hitherto accorded to foreign commerce. Edicts in the name of the King of Spain and of the Archdukes Albert and Isabella, forbidding all intercourse between the rebellious provinces and the obedient Netherlands or any of the Spanish possessions, were met by countervailing decrees of the States-General. Free trade with its enemies and with all the world, by means of which the commonwealth had prospered in spite of per-

¹ Wagenaer, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

petual war, was now for a season destroyed, and the immediate results were at once visible in its diminished resources. To employ a portion of the maritime energies of the Hollanders and Zealanders, thus temporarily deprived of a sufficient field, a naval expedition of seventy-five war-vessels under Admiral van der Does was fitted out, but met with very trifling success. They attacked and plundered the settlements and forts of the Canary Islands, inflicted much damage on the inhabitants, sailed thence to the Isle of St. Thomas, near the equator, where the towns and villages were sacked and burned, and where a contagious sickness broke out in the fleet, sweeping off in a very brief period a large proportion of the crew. The admiral himself fell a victim to the disease and was buried on the island. The fleet put to sea again under Admiral Storm van Wena, but the sickness pursued the adventurers on their voyage toward Brazil, one thousand of them dying at sea in fifteen days. At Brazil they accomplished nothing, and on their homeward voyage not only the new commander succumbed to the same contagion, but the mortality continued to so extraordinary an extent that, on the arrival of the expedition late in the winter in Holland, there were but two captains left alive, and in many of the vessels not more than six sound men to each.¹ Nothing could be more wretched than this termination of a great and expensive voyage, which had occasioned such high hopes throughout the provinces; nothing more dismal than the political atmosphere which surrounded the Republic during the months which immediately ensued. It was obvious to Barneveldt and the other leading personages

¹ Bor, Meteren, Wagenaer, *ubi sup.* See letters of Buzanval, in Vreede, *passim*.

in whose hands was the administration of affairs that a great military success was absolutely indispensable if the treacherous cry of peace, when peace was really impossible, should not become universal and fatal.

Meantime affairs were not much more cheerful in the obedient provinces. Archduke Albert arrived with his bride in the early days of September, 1599, at Brussels, and was received with great pomp and enthusiastic rejoicings. When are pomp and enthusiasm not to be obtained by imperial personages, at brief notice and in vast quantities, if managers understand their business? After all, it may be doubted whether the theatrical display was as splendid as that which marked the beginning of the Ernestian era. Schoolmaster Houwaerts had surpassed himself on that occasion, and was no longer capable of deifying the new sovereign as thoroughly as he had deified his brother.

Much real discontent followed close upon the fictitious enthusiasm. The obedient provinces were poor and forlorn, and men murmured loudly at the enormous extravagance of their new master's housekeeping. There were one hundred and fifty mules and as many horses in their sovereign's stables, while the expense of feeding the cooks, lackeys, pages, and fine gentlemen who swelled the retinue of the great household was estimated, without wages or salaries, at two thousand florins a day.¹ Albert had wished to be called a king,² but had been unable to obtain the gratification of his wish. He had aspired to be emperor, and he was at least sufficiently imperial in his ideas of expense.³ The murmurers were

¹ Bor, iv. 578.

² Albert to Philip, April 20, 1598, Arch. de Sim. MS. Same to same, July 13, 1598, *ibid*.

³ *Ibid*.

loftily rebuked for their complaints, and reminded of the duty of obedient provinces to contribute at least as much for the defense of their masters as the rebels did in maintenance of their rebellion. The Provincial Estates were summoned accordingly to pay roundly for the expenses of the war as well as of the court, and to enable the new sovereigns to suppress the military mutiny, which amid the enthusiasm greeting their arrival was the one prominent and formidable fact.

The archduke was now thirty-nine years of age, the Infanta Isabella six years younger. She was esteemed majestically beautiful by her courtiers, and Cardinal Bentivoglio, himself a man of splendid intellect, pronounced her a woman of genius, who had grown to be a prodigy of wisdom under the tuition of her father, the most sagacious statesman of the age.¹ In attachment to the Roman faith and ritual, in superhuman loftiness of demeanor, and in hatred of heretics she was at least a worthy child of that sainted sovereign.² In a moral point of view she was his superior. The archdukes—so Albert and Isabella were always designated—were a singularly attached couple, and their household, if extravagant and imperial, was harmonious. They loved each other—so it was believed—as sincerely as they abhorred heretics and rebels, but it does not appear that they had a very warm affection for their Flemish subjects. Every characteristic of their court was Spanish.

¹ *Relazione delle Prov^e Ubb^e*, 57, 58.

² "Die Infantin ausz Hispanien," wrote Fontanus, "weis nit dan von hängen, brennen, morden und wütten zu sprechen; man musz irer Majestät auff den knien sitzen dienen, auch die Staten der Provincien welches ihnen gar ungern thut."—Groen v. Prinsterer, *Archives*, II. S. ii. 8.

Spanish costume, Spanish manners, the Spanish tongue, were almost exclusively predominant, and although the festivals, dances, banquets, and tourneys were all very magnificent, the prevailing expression of the Brabantine capital resembled that of a Spanish convent,¹ so severely correct, so stately, and so grim was the demeanor of the court.

The earliest military operations of the stadholder in the first year of the new century were successful. Partly by menace, but more effectually by judicious negotiation, Maurice recovered Crèveœur and obtained the surrender of St. Andrew, the fort which the admiral had built the preceding year in honor of Albert's uncle. That ecclesiastic, with whom Mendoza had wrangled most bitterly during the whole interval of Albert's absence, had already taken his departure for Rome, where he soon afterward died.² The garrisons of the forts, being mostly Walloon soldiers, forsook the Spanish service for that of the states, and were banded together in a legion some twelve hundred strong, which became known as the "New Beggars," and were placed under the nominal command of Frederick Henry of Nassau, youngest child of William the Silent. The next military event of the year was a mad combat, undertaken by formal cartel, between Breauté, a young Norman noble in the service of the Republic, and twenty comrades, with an equal number of Flemish warriors from the obedient provinces, under Grobbendonck. About one half of the whole number were killed, including the leaders, but the encounter, although exciting much interest at the time, had of course no permanent importance.³

¹ Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

² Wagenaer, ix. 64.

³ Ibid., ix. 39-72. Bor, iv. 522-603. Meteren, b. xxi.

There was much negotiation, informal and secret, between Brussels and London during this and a portion of the following year. Elizabeth, naturally enough, was weary of the war, but she felt, after all, as did the government of France, that a peace between the United Netherlands and Spain would have for its result the restoration of the authority of his Most Catholic Majesty over all the provinces. The statesmen of France and England, like most of the politicians of Europe, had but slender belief in the possibility of a popular government, and doubted therefore the continued existence of the newly organized Republic.¹ Therefore they really deprecated the idea of a peace which should include the states, notwithstanding that from time to time the queen or some of her councilors had so vehemently reproached the Netherlands with their unwillingness to negotiate. "At the first recognition that these people should make of the mere shadow of a prince," said Buzanval, the keenly observing and experienced French envoy at The Hague, "they lose the form they have. All the blood of the body would flow to the head, and the game would

¹ "Da tutte queste ragioni dunque si può giudicare che non sia per conservarsi nello stato presente questa nuova repubblica ma che più tosto sia per mancare in breve e che finalmente sia per ridursi sotto il governo d' un solo."—Bentivoglio, *Relazione delle Provincie Unite*, lib. iii. cap. vii. 50. The continued existence of the "new republic" for two centuries after these remarks were made is an additional proof of the danger of prophesying. "Ceux qui sondent et connaissent à quoy ce mene," wrote Aertsens from Paris, "desirent changement en l'estat du gouvernement populaire et election d'un souverain. Combien peu connaissans nos necessite, nos desseins, nos maux! En tel predicament sommes nous en cette cour."—21 Mars, 1600, *Lettres*, in Falck, *Archives of The Hague MS.* Compare Instructions of James I. to Spencer and Winwood, *Winwood's Memorials*, ii. 329–335, especially 333.

be who should best play the valet. . . . The house of Nassau would lose its credit within a month in case of peace.”¹ As such statesmen could not imagine a republic, they ever dreaded the restoration in the United Provinces of the subverted authority of Spain.

France and England were jealous of each other, and both were jealous of Spain. Therefore even if the republican element, the strength and endurance of which was so little suspected, had been as trifling a factor in the problem as was supposed, still it would have been difficult for any one of these powers to absorb the United Netherlands. As for France, she hardly coveted their possession. “We ought not to flatter ourselves,” said Buzanval, “that these maritime peoples will cast themselves one day into our nets, nor do I know that it would be advisable to pull in the net if they should throw themselves in.”²

Henry was full of political schemes and dreams at this moment—as much as his passion for Mademoiselle d’Entragues, who had so soon supplanted the image of the dead Gabrielle in his heart, would permit. He was very well disposed to obtain possession of the Spanish Netherlands,³ whenever he should see his way to such an

¹ *Lettres et Négociations de Buzanval*, par le Professeur Vreede (Leide, 1846), 300.

² *Ibid.*

³ Nor would it seem that the project, although much feared by the English queen, was at all distasteful to the Netherland statesmen. “M’ayant souvent dit et redit Bernefeld,” wrote Buzanval, “que si le roy vouloit repeter les droits qu’il pretend sur les dites provinces que les Etats des Provinces Unies luy ayderoient pour un tel effet de toute leur force, ne pretendant iceux etats pour tout butin que l’assurance de cette coste de mer, et certes si cela estoit, ils pourront donner sauvement et a leur aise avec une bonne

acquisition, and was even indulging in visions of the imperial crown.

He was therefore already, and for the time at least, the most intense of papists.¹ He was determined to sacrifice the Huguenot chiefs and introduce the Council of Trent, in order, as he told Du Plessis, that all might be Christians. If he still retained any remembrance of the ancient friendship between himself and the heretic Republic, it was not likely to exhibit itself, notwithstanding his promises and his pecuniary liabilities to her, in anything more solid than words. "I repeat it," said the Dutch envoy at Paris, "this court cares nothing for us,

et étroite alliance qu'ils esperoient faire avec la France qui les maintiendrait contre toute autre force étrangere de quelque costé qu'elle peut arriver. M. le P. Maurice me parlant de Dunkerque le jour de son partement je luy fis demande s'il la pourroit maintenir apres l'avoir conquise, il me dit que malaisement sans y tenir toujours une armée. Je le pressay davantage et jusques la qu'il vint a me dire 'Je crois que les etats feroient bien en un tel cas de la mettre en mains du roy'; je lui dis que je ne pensois pas que nous voulussions rompre notre jeusne pour si peu de chose. Si faut il, dit il, ou que cette ville nous mange ou que nous la mangions si nous la tenons une fois," etc.—Buzanval to Villeroy, June 25, 1600, MS. in Royal Library at The Hague.

¹ "Aussy sommes nous en temps icy que les affaires se couvent et attendent leur forme par le force. La desunion de ceux de la religion est progettée, le Concile de Trente en cette consideration en bon terme pour la verification, le S^r du Plessis sacrifié au pape, les Jesuites sur le retour, l'empire promis au roy et son mariage arreté pour le mois de Septembre."—Aertsens to Falck, May 19, 1600, MS.

"Sa Majesté ces jours passes dit a bon escient à M. de Bouillon sur ces doleances pour l'Assemblée contre ces forcées conversions que comme roy il doit desirer qu'une religion en son royaume et à M. du Plessis alleguant les inconveniens du Concile (de Trent) sy faut il (fit il) qu'enfin nous soions tous Chretiens."—Aertsens to Falck, April 10, 1600, Hague Archives MS.

for all its cabals tend to close union with Rome, whence we can expect nothing but foul weather. The king alone has any memory of our past services."¹ But, imperturbable and self-confident as ever, Henry troubled himself little with fears in regard to the papal supremacy, even when his Parliament professed great anxiety in regard to the consequences of the Council of Trent, if not under him, yet under his successors. "I will so bridle the popes," said he, cheerfully, "that they will never pass my restrictions. My children will be still more virtuous and valiant than I. If I have none, then the devil take the hindmost. Nevertheless, I choose that the council shall be enacted. I desire it more ardently than I pressed the edict for the Protestants."² Such being the royal humor at the moment, it may well be believed that Duplessis-Mornay would find but little sunshine from on high on the occasion of his famous but forgotten conferences with Du Perron, now Archbishop of Évreux, before the king and all the court at Fontainebleau. It was natural enough that to please the king the king's old Huguenot friend should be convicted of false citations from the fathers; but it would seem strange, were the motives unknown, that Henry should have been so intensely interested in this most arid and dismal of theological controversies. Yet those who had known and observed the king closely for thirty years declared that he had never manifested so much passion, neither on the eve of battles nor of amorous assignations, as he then did for the demolition of Duplessis and his deductions. He had promised the nuncius that the Huguenot should

¹ Aertsens to Falck, *ubi sup.*

² Same to same, May 6, 1600, Hague Archives MS. "Sauve qui peut," etc.

be utterly confounded, and with him the whole fraternity, "for," said the king, "he has wickedly and impudently written against the pope, to whom I owe as much as I do to God."¹

These were not times in which the Hollanders, battling as stoutly against Spain and the pope as they had done during the years when the Republic stood shoulder to shoulder with Henry the Huguenot, could hope for aid and comfort from their ancient ally.

It is very characteristic of that age of dissimulation and of reckless political gambling that at the very moment when Henry's marriage with Marie de Médicis was already arranged, and when that princess was soon expected in Lyons, a cabal at the king's court was busy with absurd projects to marry their sovereign to the Infanta of Spain. It is true that the Infanta was already the wife of the cardinal archduke, but it was thought possible, for reasons divulged through the indiscretions or inventions of the father confessor, to obtain the pope's dispensation on the ground of the nullity of the marriage.² Thus there were politicians at the French court seriously occupied in an attempt to deprive the

¹ Aertsens to Falck, May 9, 1600, Hague Archives MS. Compare De Thou (who was one of the Catholic umpires at the conference), t. xiii. liv. cxxiii. 445-449.

² "Vous rirez si je vous dis," wrote Aertsens, minister of the Dutch Republic in France, to Falck, "que le secret en est qu'on pretend encor de fair espouser l'Infante d'Espagne au roy, qui à cette occasion ne se haste point vers Lyon et a rejetté la venue de la Florentine jusqu'en Octobre, l'obligeant à la compagnie de sa sœur. Le plus vrai est que le roy prend ceci pour pretext. Car il pense totalement à M^{lle} d'Antraigues à laquelle il a donné seconde promesse en cas de masle. Cependant on a sceu de bonne part que l'Infante ayant conferé avec sa dame d'honneur s'était

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archduke of his wife, of his Netherland provinces, and of the crown of the Holy Roman Empire,¹ which he still hoped to inherit.² Yet the ink was scarcely dry with which Henry had signed the treaty of amity with Madrid and Brussels.

The Queen of England, on the other hand, although often listening to secret agents from Brussels and Madrid who offered peace, and although perfectly aware that the great object of Spain in securing peace with England was to be able to swoop down at once upon the Republic, thus deprived of any allies,³ was beside herself with rage whenever she suspected, with or with-

plaint de l'inhabilité de l'archiduc aux parties fondamentales du mariage. Sur quoy elle projettoit une dispense a Rome, mediation par le roy, durant le sejour de Madame la Duchesse de Beaufort en ceste cour, qui ne s'en est espargnée au rapport. Ce que je dis est vrai pour la caballe, mais j'ignore la verité du faict et quand tout seroit ainsi on s'aveugle trop au desir de croire que le Roy d'Espagne souffrist ceste alliance," etc.—Aertsens to Falck, June 12, 1600, Hague Archives MS.

¹ "Le Comte de Manderscheyd a parlé assez franchement à Monsieur le Prince Maurice, comme il m'a dit des indispositions ordinaires de la cervelle de l'Empereur, du peu de contentement que les princes soit Catholiques soit protestants commencent à avoir de luy et du desir qu'ils ont de se transferer l'empire à une autre maison que celle de Autriche. . . . Cela nous doit faire un peu lever les oreilles en nous rendant capable de grandes choses," etc.—Buzanval to Villeroy, June 25, 1600, Lettres de Buzanval, in the Royal Library of The Hague MS.

² "L'archiduc . . . qui touche déjà du doigt à l'élection du Roy des Romains."—Vreede, *Négociations de Buzanval*, 281.

³ "Cette paix l'Angleterre vers laquelle ny l'Espagne ny Bruxelles ne daigneroient pas tourner les yeux si ce n'estoit pour l'esperance qu'on leur donne que par cette ouverture ils entreront dans ces Provinces Unies."—Buzanval to Villeroy, November 14, 1599. Vreede, *Négociations de Buzanval*, 315.

out reason, that Brussels or Madrid had been sending peace emissaries to the Republic.

"Before I could get into the room," said Caron, on one such occasion, "she called out, 'Have you not always told me that the states never could, would, or should treat for peace with the enemy? Yet now it is plain enough that they have proceeded only too far in negotiations.' And she then swore a big oath that if the states were to deceive her she meant to take such vengeance that men should talk of it for ever and ever." It was a long time before the envoy could induce her to listen to a single word, although the perfect sincerity of the states in their attitude to the queen and to Spain was unquestionable,¹ and her ill humor on the subject continued long after it had been demonstrated how much she had been deceived.

Yet it was impossible in the nature of things for the states to play her false, even if no reliance were to be placed on their sagacity and their honor. Even the recent naval expedition of the Republic against the distant possessions of Spain, which in its result had caused so much disappointment to the states and cost them so many lives, including that of the noble admiral whom every sailor in the Netherlands adored,² had been of immense advantage to England. The queen acknowledged that the Dutch navy had averted the storm which threatened to descend upon her kingdom out of Spain, the Spanish ships destined for the coast of Ireland having been dispersed and drawn to the other side of the

¹ Caron to the States-General, July 25, 1600, Archives of The Hague MS.

² "Van der Does . . . adoré de cette race de matelots comme un saint."—*Négociations de Buzanval*, 139.

world by these demonstrations of her ally. For this she vowed that she would be eternally grateful, and she said as much in "letters full of sugar and honey"—according to the French envoy—which she sent to the states by Sir Francis Vere.¹ She protested, in short, that she had been better and more promptly served in her necessities by the Netherlands than by her own subjects.²

All this sugar and honey, however, did not make the mission of Envoy Edmondes less bitter to the states. They heard that he was going about through half the cities of the obedient Netherlands in a sort of triumphal procession, and it was the general opinion of the politicians and financiers of the Continent that peace between Spain and England was as good as made. Naturally, therefore, notwithstanding the exuberant expressions of gratitude on the part of Elizabeth, the republican government were anxious to know what all this parleying meant. They could not believe that people would make a raree-show of the English envoy except for sufficient reason.³ Caron, accordingly, presented himself before the queen,

¹ *Négociations de Buzanval*, 331, 332.

² *Ibid.* "Ayant iceulx navires pris l'isle de la grande Canarie avecq la ville et chasteaux d'Mecq. La cour d'Espagne en ap-
print la nouvelle au mois de Juillet avecq advis que les notres s'y fortifioient la quelle fit changer au conseil d'Espagne la dite resolution et trouver bon de conserver le leur a empecher la dite fortification et chasser nos navires de la mer et par ainsi a remectre leur premier dessein pour l'an prochain. Sur quoy il fut commandé au dit Adelantado de se transporter avec le plus forte de la flotte vers la grande Canarie comme aussi sur la fin du mois d'Aougst il a cinglé vers la avecq environ cinquante navires de guerre," etc.—States-General to the queen, October 17, 1599, Archives of The Hague MS.

³ Aertsens to Falck, April 10, 1600, MS. before cited.

with respectful inquiries on the subject. He found her in appearance very angry, not with him, but with Edmondes, from whom she had received no advices. "I don't know what they are doing with him," said her Majesty. "I hear from others that they are ringing the church bells wherever he goes, and that they have carried him through a great many more places than was necessary. I suppose that they think him a monster, and they are carrying him about to exhibit him. All this is done," she continued, "to throw dust in the eyes of the poor people, and to put it into their heads that the Queen of England is suing for peace, which is very wide of the mark."¹

She further observed that, as the agents of the Spanish government had been perpetually sending to her, she had been inclined once for all to learn what they had to say. Thus she should make manifest to all the world that she was not averse to a treaty such as might prove a secure peace for herself and for Christendom; otherwise not.

It subsequently appeared that what they had to say was that if the queen would give up to the Spanish government the cautionary towns which she held as a

¹ "Bevondt wel dat sy toornig was dat sy van hem niet verstaen hadde seggende ick en weet niet wat zy daer met hem mogen maken.' Ick verstae door andere dat men de clocken geluydt heeft daer hy gepasseert is ende dat men hem door meer plaetsen gevoert heeft dan daer hy passeren moste. Ick meene seyde H. M. dat sy meenen dat het een monster is ende dat sy hem willen dragen te thoonen, twelck al gedaen wordt soo sy seyde omme het arme Volck te verblinden ende henlieden wys te maken dat de Coninginne van Engelhandt henl. tot payse dede versoncken 't welck soo sy seyde verre van huyse was," etc.—Caron to States-General, January 26, 1600, Archives of The Hague MS.

pledge for her advances to the Republic, forbid all traffic and intercourse between her subjects and the Netherlanders, and thenceforth never allow an Englishman to serve in or with the armies of the states, a peace might be made.¹

Surely it needed no great magnanimity on the queen's part to spurn such insulting proposals, the offer of which showed her capable, in the opinion of Verreycken, the man who made them, of sinking into the very depths of dishonor. And she did spurn them. Surely, for the ally, the protectress, the grateful friend of the Republic, to give its chief seaports to its arch-enemy, to shut the narrow seas against its ships, so that they nevermore could sail westward, and to abandon its whole population to their fate, would be a deed of treachery such as history, full of human baseness as it is, has rarely been obliged to record.

Before these propositions had been made by Verreycken Elizabeth protested that, should he offer them, she would send him home with such an answer that people should talk of it for some time to come. "Before I consent to a single one of those points," said the queen, "I wish myself taken from this world. Until now I have been a princess of my word, who would rather die than so falsely deceive such good people as

¹ "Doch seyde alsoo zy den voors. Edmondes gelest hadde aldaer opentlyck te vertoonen, dat zy niet en meende haer Commissarien te senden tenwaere zy ezpresselyck resileerden van de drie puncten die Verreycken haer voorgehouden hadde. U. E. staet ende landen raeckende, te weeten, het geven van de cautionnaire steden, in henne handen, het verbieden van de trafficque ende negotiatie van haere subjecten met die van U. E. ende dat dezelve niet souden mogen U. E. in de oorlogte dienen," etc.—Caron to States-General, April 12, 1600, Archives of The Hague MS.

the states.”¹ And she made those protestations with such expression and attitude that the Dutch envoy believed her incapable at that moment of dissimulation.²

Nevertheless, her indignation did not carry her so far as to induce her to break off the negotiations. The answer of which mankind was to talk in time to come was simply that she would not send her commissioners to treat for peace unless the Spanish government should recede from the three points thus offered by Verreycken.³ This certainly was not a very blasting reply, and the Spanish agents were so far from losing heart in consequence that the informal conferences continued for a long time, much to the discomfort of the Netherlanders.

For more than an hour and a half on one occasion of an uncommonly hot afternoon in April did Noël de Caron argue with her Majesty against these ill-boding negotiations, and ever and anon, oppressed by the heat of the weather and the argument, did the queen wander from one room of the palace to the other in search of cool air, still bidding the envoy follow her footsteps. “We are traveling about like pilgrims,” said Elizabeth, “but what is life but a pilgrimage?”

Yet, notwithstanding this long promenade and these moral reflections, Caron could really not make out at the end of the interview whether or no she intended to send her commissioners. At last he asked her the question bluntly.

“Hallo! hallo!” she replied. “I have only spoken to my servant once, and I must obtain more information

¹ Caron to States-General, February 22, 1600, Archives of The Hague MS.

² Ibid.

³ Same to same, April 12, 1600, MS. before cited.

and think over the matter before I decide. Be assured, however, that I shall always keep you informed of the progress of the negotiations, and do you inform the states that they may build upon me as upon a rock."¹

After the envoy had taken his leave, the queen said to him in Latin, "*Modicæ fidei quare dubitasti?*"² Caron had, however, so nearly got out of the door that he did not hear this admonition.

This the queen perceived, and calling him by name, repeated, "*O Caron! modicæ fidei quare dubitasti?*" adding the injunction that he should remember this *dictum*, for he well knew what she meant by it.³

Thus terminated the interview, while the negotiations with Spain, not for lack of good will on her part, and despite the positive assertions to the contrary of Buzanval and other foreign agents, were destined to come to nothing.

At a little later period, at the time of certain informal and secret conferences at Gertruydenberg, the queen threatened the envoy with her severest displeasure should the states dare to treat with Spain without her permission. "Her Majesty called out to me," said Caron, "as soon as I entered the room, that I had always assured her that the states neither would nor could make peace with the enemy. Yet it was now looking very differently, she continued, swearing with a mighty oath

¹ Caron to States-General, April 12, 1600, MS. before cited: "*Maer zy antwoorde my terstondt holá, holá, ick en hebbe mynen dienaer noch maer eens gesproken ende my daerop noch anders informeren ende beraden, doch zytversekert dat ick altyts in 't naerder progres sal doen verstaen ende versekert oock de Staten dat zy op my mogen gronden als op een roc dien henlieden nemmer en sal failleren.*"

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

that if the states should cheat her in that way she meant to revenge herself in such a fashion that men would talk of it through all eternity.”¹

The French government was in a similar state of alarm in consequence of the Gertruydenberg conferences.²

The envoy of the archdukes, Marquis d'Havr , reported, on the other hand, that all attempts to negotiate had proved fruitless, that Olden-Barneveldt, who spoke for all his colleagues, was swollen with pride, and made it but too manifest that the states had no intention to submit to any foreign jurisdiction, but were resolved to maintain themselves in the form of a republic.³

¹ Caron's despatch, in Van Deventer, ii. 289.

² Ibid. Aertsens's despatch.

³ Ibid. Havr  to the archduke.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Military events—Aggressive movement of the Netherlands—State of the archduke's provinces—Mutiny of the Spanish forces—Proposed invasion of Flanders by the States-General—Disembarkation of the troops on the Spanish coast—Capture of Oudenbourg and other places—Surprise of Nieuport—Conduct of the archduke—Oudenbourg and the other forts retaken—Dilemma of the states' army—Attack of the archduke on Count Ernest's cavalry—Panic and total overthrow of the advance-guard of the states' army—Battle of Nieuport—Details of the action—Defeat of the Spanish army—Results of the whole expedition.

THE effect produced in the Republic by the defensive and uneventful campaigning of the year 1599 had naturally been depressing. There was murmuring at the vast amount of taxation, especially at the new imposition of one-half per cent. upon all property and two and a half per cent. on all sales, which seemed to produce so few results. The successful protection of the isle of Bommel and the judicious purchase of the two forts of Crèvecoeur and St. Andrew, early in the following year, together with their garrisons, were not military events of the first magnitude, and were hardly enough to efface the mortification felt at the fact that the enemy had been able so lately to construct one of those strongholds within the territory of the commonwealth.

It was now secretly determined to attempt an aggressive movement on a considerable scale, and to carry the

war once for all into the heart of the obedient provinces. It was from Flanders that the Spanish armies drew a great portion of their supplies. It was by the forts erected on the coast of Flanders in the neighborhood of Ostend that this important possession of the states was rendered nearly valueless. It was by privateers swarming from the ports of Flanders, especially from Nieuport and Dunkirk, that the foreign trade of the Republic was crippled, and its intercommunications by river and estuary rendered unsafe. Dunkirk was simply a robbers' cave, a station from which an annual tax was levied upon the commerce of the Netherlands, almost sufficient, had it been paid to the national treasury instead of to the foreign freebooters, to support the expenses of a considerable army.

On the other hand, the condition of the archdukes seemed deplorable. Never had mutiny existed before in so well-organized and definite a form even in the Spanish Netherlands.

Besides those branches of the "Italian republic" which had been established in the two fortresses of Crèvecoeur and St. Andrew, and which had already sold themselves to the states, other organizations quite as formidable existed in various other portions of the obedient provinces. Especially at Diest and Thionville the rebellious Spaniards and Italians were numbered by thousands, all veterans, well armed, fortified in strong cities, and supplying themselves with perfect regularity by contributions levied upon the peasantry, obeying their eletto and other officers with exemplary promptness, and paying no more heed to the edicts or the solicitations of the archduke than if he had been the Duke of Muscovy.

The opportunity seemed tempting to strike a great

blow. How could Albert and Isabella, with an empty exchequer and a mutinous army, hope either to defend their soil from attack or to aim a counterblow at the Republic, even if the Republic for a season should be deprived of a portion of its defenders?

The reasoning was plausible, the prize tempting. The States-General, who habitually discountenanced rashness, and were wont to impose superfluous restraints upon the valiant but discreet Louis William and upon the deeply pondering but energetic Maurice, were now grown as ardent as they had hitherto been hesitating. In the early days of June it was determined in secret session to organize a great force in Holland and Zealand, and to embark suddenly for Nieuport, to carry that important position by surprise or assault, and from that basis to redeem Dunkirk. The possession of these two cities, besides that of Ostend, which had always been retained by the Republic, would insure the complete subjugation of Flanders. The trifling force of two thousand men under Rivas,—all that the archduke then had in that province,—and the sconces and earthworks which had been constructed around Ostend to impede the movements and obstruct the supplies of the garrison, would be utterly powerless to prevent the consummation of the plan. Flanders once subjugated, it would not be long before the Spaniards were swept from the obedient Netherlands as thoroughly as they had been from the domains of the commonwealth, and all the seventeen provinces, trampling out every vestige of a hated foreign tyranny, would soon take their natural place as states of a free, prosperous, and powerful union.

But Maurice of Nassau did not share the convictions of the States-General. The unwonted ardor of Barne-

veldt did not inflame his imagination. He urged that the enterprise was inexcusably rash; that its execution would require the whole army of the states, except the slender garrisons absolutely necessary to protect important places from surprise; that a defeat would not be simply disaster, but annihilation; that retreat without absolute triumph would be impossible; and that amid such circumstances the archduke, in spite of his poverty and the rebellious condition of his troops, would doubtless assemble a sufficient force to dispute with reasonable prospects of victory this invasion of his territory.

Sir Francis Vere, too, was most decidedly opposed to the plan. He pointed out with great clearness its dangerous and possibly fatal character, assuring the states that, within a fortnight after the expedition had begun, the archduke would follow upon their heels with an army fully able to cope with the best which they could put into the field. But besides this experienced and able campaigner, who so thoroughly shared the opinions of Prince Maurice, every military man in the provinces of any consideration was opposed to the scheme. Especially Louis William, than whom no more sagacious military critic or accomplished strategist existed in Europe, denounced it with energy and even with indignation. It was, in the opinion of the young stadholder of Friesland, to suspend the existence of the whole commonwealth upon a silken thread. Even success, he prophesied, would bring no permanent fruits, while the consequences of an overthrow were fearful to contemplate. The immediate adherents and most trusted councilors of Louis William were even more unmeasured in their denunciations than he was himself. "'T is all the work of Barneveldt and the long-gowns," cried Everard van

Reyd. "We are led into a sack from which there is no extrication. We are marching to the Caudine Forks."

Certainly it is no small indication of the vast influence and the indomitable resolution of Barneveldt that he never faltered in this storm of indignation. The advocate had made up his mind to invade Flanders and to capture Nieupoort, and the decree accordingly went forth, despite all opposition. The States-General were sovereign, and the advocate and the States-General were one.

It was also entirely characteristic of Maurice that he should submit his judgment on this great emergency to that of Olden-Barneveldt. It was difficult for him to resist the influence of the great intellect to which he had always willingly deferred in affairs of state, and from which, even in military matters, it was hardly possible for him to escape. Yet in military matters Maurice was a consummate professor, and the advocate in comparison but a school-boy.

The ascendancy of Barneveldt was the less wholesome, therefore, and it might have been better had the stadholder manifested more resolution. But Maurice had not a resolute character. Thorough soldier as he was, he was singularly vacillating, at times almost infirm of purpose, but never before in his career had this want of decision manifested itself in so striking a manner.¹

Accordingly, the States-General, or in other words

¹ "Ungleich wie seiner Exc. manheit und gute ordnung zu loben ist," says, with some bitterness, that devoted adherent of the Nassaus, Van Reyd, "so können sie nit allerdings entschuldigt werden das sie sich lieber uf importunitet kriegsonerfarnen leut in solche extremitet gestellet als mit Fabio dieselbe Verachten wollen und das er nit geantwort: *malo prudens hostis me metuat quam stulti cives laudent.*"—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. ii. 15.

John of Olden-Barneveldt, proposed to invade Flanders and lay siege to Nieuport.¹ The States-General were sovereign, and Maurice bowed to their authority. After the matter had been entirely decided upon the state council was consulted, and the state council attempted no opposition to the project. The preparations were made with matchless energy and extraordinary secrecy. Louis William, who meanwhile was to defend the eastern frontier of the Republic against any possible attack, sent all the troops that it was possible to spare, but he sent them with a heavy heart. His forebodings were dismal. It seemed to him that all was about to be staked upon a single cast of the dice. Moreover, it was painful to him, while the terrible game was playing, to be merely a looker-on and a prophet of evil from a distance, forbidden to contribute by his personal skill and experience to a fortunate result. Hohenlo, too, was appointed to protect the southern border, and was excluded from all participation in the great expedition.

As to the enemy, such rumors as might come to them from day to day of mysterious military preparations on the part of the rebels only served to excite suspicion in other directions. The archduke was uneasy in regard to the Rhine and the Gueldrian quarter, but never dreamed of a hostile descent upon the Flemish coast.

¹ "Le Prince Maurice n'a pas manqué de remontrer un plus assuré chemin pour jeter la guerre dans le dit pays de Flandres et y prendre un pied qui les pourroit conduire peu à peu au but tant désiré. Mais ces Messieurs comme ennuyez de vivre en l'état incertain auquel ils se voyent réduits par les apprehensions et d'Angleterre et de notre France mesme ayment mieux hazarder ce coup de dé cependant ils se voyent de belles forces en main et celles de leur ennemi affoiblis," etc. — Buzanval to Villeroy, June 18, 1600, Royal Library of The Hague MS.

Meantime, on the 19th June Maurice of Nassau made his appearance at Castle Rammekens, not far from Flushing, at the mouth of the Schelde, to superintend the great movement. So large a fleet as was there assembled had never before been seen or heard of in Christendom. Of war-ships, transports, and flat-bottomed barges there were at least thirteen hundred. Many eye-witnesses, who counted, however, with their imaginations, declared that there were in all at least three thousand vessels, and the statement has been reproduced by grave and trustworthy chroniclers. As the number of troops to be embarked upon the enterprise certainly did not exceed fourteen thousand, this would have been an allowance of one vessel to every five soldiers, besides the army munitions and provisions—a hardly reasonable arrangement.

Twelve thousand infantry and sixteen hundred cavalry, the consummate flower of the states' army, all well-paid, well-clad, well-armed, well-disciplined veterans, had been collected in this place of rendezvous and were ready to embark. It would be unjust to compare the dimensions of this force and the preparations for insuring the success of the enterprise with the vast expeditions and gigantic armaments of later times, especially with the tremendous exhibitions of military and naval energy with which our own Civil War has made us familiar. Maurice was an adept in all that science and art had as yet bequeathed to humanity for the purpose of human destruction, but the number of his troops was small compared to the mighty hosts which the world since those days has seen embattled. War, as a trade, was then less easily learned. It was a gild in which apprenticeship was difficult and in which enrolment was

usually for life. A little republic of scarce three million souls, which could keep always on foot a regular well-appointed army of twenty-five thousand men and a navy of one or two hundred heavily armed cruisers, was both a marvel and a formidable element in the general polity of the world. The lesson to be derived both in military and political philosophy from the famous campaign of Nieuport does not depend for its value on the numbers of the ships or soldiers engaged in the undertaking. Otherwise, and had it been merely a military expedition like a thousand others which have been made and forgotten, it would not now deserve more than a momentary attention. But the circumstances were such as to make the issue of the impending battle one of the most important in human history. It was entirely possible that an overwhelming defeat of the republican forces on this foreign expedition would bring with it an absolute destruction of the Republic, and place Spain once more in possession of the heretic "islands," from which basis she would menace the very existence of England more seriously than she had ever done before. Who could measure the consequences to Christendom of such a catastrophe?

The distance from the place where the fleet and army were assembled to Nieuport, the objective point of the enterprise, was but thirty-five miles as the crow flies. And the crow can scarcely fly in a straighter line than that described by the coast along which the ships were to shape their course. And here it is again impossible not to reflect upon the change which physical science has brought over the conduct of human affairs. We have seen in a former chapter a most important embassy sent forth from the states for the purpose of preventing

the consummation of a peace between their ally and their enemy. Celerity was a vital element in the success of such a mission, for the secret negotiations which it was intended to impede were supposed to be near their termination. Yet months were consumed in a journey which in our day would have been accomplished in twenty-four hours. And now in this great military expedition the essential and immediate purpose was to surprise a small town almost within sight from the station at which the army was ready to embark. Such a midsummer voyage in this epoch of steam-tugs and transports would require but a few hours. Yet two days long the fleet lay at anchor while a gentle breeze blew persistently from the southwest. As there seemed but little hope that the wind would become more favorable, and as the possibility of surprise grew fainter with every day's delay, it was decided to make a landing upon the nearest point of Flemish coast placed by circumstances within their reach. Count Ernest of Nassau, with the advance-guard, was accordingly despatched on the 21st June to the neighborhood of the Sas of Ghent, where he seized a weakly guarded fort, called Philippine, and made thorough preparations for the arrival of the whole army. On the following day the rest of the troops made their appearance, and in the course of five hours were safely disembarked.

The army, which consisted of Zealanders, Frisians, Hollanders, Walloons, Germans, English, and Scotch, was divided into three corps. The advance was under the command of Count Ernest, the battalia under that of Count George Everard Solms, while the rear-guard during the march was intrusted to that experienced soldier, Sir Francis Vere. Besides Prince Maurice, there

were three other members of the house of Nassau serving in the expedition—his half-brother Frederick Henry, then a lad of sixteen, and the two brothers of the Frisian stadholder, Ernest and Louis Gunther, whom Louis William had been so faithfully educating in the arts of peace and war both by precept and example. Louis Gunther, still a mere youth, but who had been the first to scale the fort of Cadiz and to plant on its height the orange banner of the murdered rebel, and whose gallantry during the whole expedition had called forth the special commendations of Queen Elizabeth, expressed in energetic and affectionate terms to his father, now commanded all the cavalry. Certainly if the doctrine of primordial selection could ever be accepted among human creatures, the race of Nassau at that day might have seemed destined to be chiefs of the Netherland soil. Old John of Nassau, ardent and energetic as ever in the cause of the religious reformation of Germany and the liberation of Holland, still watched from his retirement the progress of the momentous event. Four of his brethren, including the great founder of the Republic, had already laid down their lives for the sacred cause. His son Philip had already fallen under the banner in the fight of Bisslich, and three other sons were serving the Republic day and night, by sea and land, with sword and pen and purse, energetically, conscientiously, and honorably. Of the stout hearts and quick intellects on which the safety of the commonwealth then depended, none was more efficient or true than the accomplished soldier and statesman Louis William. Thoroughly disapproving of the present invasion of Flanders, he was exerting himself, now that it had been decided upon by his sovereigns the States-General, with the same loy-

alty as that of Maurice, to bring it to a favorable issue, although not personally engaged in the adventure.

So soon as the troops had been landed the vessels were sent off as expeditiously as possible, that none might fall into the enemy's hands, the transports, under a strong convoy of war-ships, having been directed to proceed as fast as the wind would permit in the direction of Nieuport. The march then began. On the 23d they advanced a league and halted for the night at Assenede. The next day brought them three leagues farther, to a place called Eckerloo. On the 25th they marched to Male, a distance of three leagues and a half, passing close to the walls of Bruges, in which they had indulged faint hopes of exciting an insurrection, but obtained nothing but a feeble cannonade from the fortifications, which did no damage except the killing of one muleteer. The next night was passed at Jabbeke, four leagues from Male, and on the 27th, after marching another league, they came before the fort of Oudenbourg.

This important post on the road which the army would necessarily traverse in coming from the interior to the coast was easily captured and then strongly garrisoned. Maurice, with the main army, spent the two following days at the fortress, completing his arrangements. Solms was sent forward to seize the sconces and redouts of the enemy around Ostend, at Breedene, Snaaskerk, Plassendaal, and other points, and especially to occupy the important fort called St. Albert, which was in the downs at about a league from that city. All this work was thoroughly accomplished, little or no resistance having been made to the occupation of these various places. Meantime the States-General, who, at the special request of Maurice, were to accompany the

expedition in order to observe the progress of events for which they were entirely responsible, and to aid the army, when necessary, by their advice and coöperation, had assembled to the number of thirteen in Ostend. Solms, having strengthened the garrison of that place, then took up his march along the beach to Nieuport. During the progress of the army through Holland and Zealand toward its place of embarkation there had been nothing but dismal prognostics, with expressions of muttered indignation, wherever the soldiers passed. It seemed to the country people, and to the inhabitants of every town and village, that their defenders were going to certain destruction, that the existence of the commonwealth was hanging by a thread soon to be snapped asunder. As the forces subsequently marched from the Sas of Ghent toward the Flemish coast there was no rising of the people in their favor, and although Maurice had issued distinct orders that the peasantry were to be dealt with gently and justly, yet they found neither peasants nor villagers to deal with at all. The whole population on their line of march had betaken themselves to the woods, except the village sexton of Jabbeke and his wife, who were too old to run. Lurking in the thickets and marshes, the peasants fell upon all stragglers from the army and murdered them without mercy—so difficult is it in times of civil war to make human brains pervious to the light of reason. The stadholder and his soldiers came to liberate their brethren of the same race, and speaking the same language, from abject submission to a foreign despotism. The Flemings had but to speak a word, to lift a finger, and all the Netherlands, self-governed, would coalesce into one independent confederation of states, strong enough to defy all

the despots of Europe. Alas! the benighted victims of superstition hugged their chains, and preferred the tyranny under which their kindred had been tortured, burned, and buried alive for half a century long to the possibility of a single Calvinistic conventicle being opened in any village of obedient Flanders. So these excellent children of Philip and the pope, whose language was as unintelligible to them as it was to Peruvians or Iroquois, lay in wait for the men who spoke their own mother-tongue, and whose veins were filled with their own blood, and murdered them, as a sacred act of duty. Retaliation followed as a matter of course, so that the invasion of Flanders, in this early stage of its progress, seemed not likely to call forth very fraternal feelings between the two families of Netherlanders.

The army was in the main admirably well supplied, but there was a deficiency of drink. The water, as they advanced, became brackish and intolerably bad, and there was great difficulty in procuring any substitute. At Male three cows were given for a pot of beer, and more of that refreshment might have been sold at the same price, had there been any sellers.

On the 30th June Maurice marched from Oudenbourg, intending to strike a point called Nieuwendam, a fort in the neighborhood of Nieuport, and so to march along the walls of that city and take up his position immediately in its front. He found the ground, however, so marshy and impracticable as he advanced that he was obliged to countermarch and to spend that night on the downs between Forts Isabella and St. Albert.

On the 1st July he resumed his march, and passing a bridge over a small stream at a place called Leffingen, laying down a road as he went with sods and sand, and

throwing bridges over streams and swamps, he arrived in the forenoon before Nieuport. The fleet had reached the roadstead the same morning.

This was a strong, well-built, and well-fortified little city, situate half a league from the sea-coast, on low, plashy ground. At high water it was a seaport, for a stream or creek of very insignificant dimensions was then sufficiently filled by the tide to admit vessels of considerable burden. This haven was immediately taken possession of by the stadholder, and two thirds of his army were thrown across to the western side of the water, the troops remaining on the Ostend side being, by a change of arrangement, now under command of Count Ernest.

Thus the army which had come to surprise Nieuport had, after accomplishing a distance of nearly forty miles in thirteen days, at last arrived before that place. Yet there was no more expeditious or energetic commander in Christendom than Maurice, nor troops better trained in marching and fighting than his well-disciplined army.

It is now necessary to cast a glance toward the interior of Flanders, in order to observe how the archduke conducted himself in this emergency. So soon as the news of the landing of the states' army at the port of Ghent reached the sovereign's ears, he awoke from the delusion that danger was impending on his eastern border, and lost no time in assembling such troops as could be mustered from far and near to protect the western frontier. Especially he despatched messengers, well charged with promises, to confer with the authorities of the "Italian republic" at Diest and Thionville. He appealed to them in behalf of the holy Catholic religion; he sought to arouse their loyalty to himself and the

Infanta Isabella, daughter of the great and good Philip II., once foremost of earthly potentates, and now eminent among the saints of heaven, by whose fiat he and his wife had now become legitimate sovereigns of all the Netherlands. And those mutineers responded with unexpected docility. Eight hundred foot-soldiers and six hundred cavalrymen came forth at the first summons, making but two conditions in addition to the stipulated payment when payment should be possible—that they should be commanded by their own chosen officers, and that they should be placed in the first rank in the impending conflict. The example spread. Other detachments of mutineers in various strongholds, scenting the battle from afar, came in with offers to serve in the campaign on similar terms. Before the last week of June the archduke had a considerable army on foot. On the 29th of that month, accompanied by the Infanta, he reviewed a force of ten thousand foot and nearly two thousand cavalry in the immediate vicinity of Ghent. He addressed them in a few stirring words, reminding them of their duty to the Church and to himself, and assuring them, as commanders of every nation and every age are wont to assure their troops at the eve of every engagement, that the cause in which they were going forth to battle was the most sacred and inspiring for which human creatures could possibly lay down their lives. Isabella, magnificently attired, and mounted on a white palfrey, galloped along the lines, and likewise made an harangue. She spoke to the soldiers as “her lions,” promised them boundless rewards in this world and the next, as the result of the great victory which they were now about to gain over the infidels; while as to their wages, she vowed that, rather than they should

remain unpaid, she would sacrifice all her personal effects, even to the plate from which she ate her daily bread, and to the jewels which she wore in her ears.

Thousands of hoarse voices greeted the eloquence of the archdukes with rude acclamations, while the discharge of harquebus and volleys of cannon testified to the martial ardor with which the troops were inspired, none being more enthusiastic than the late mutineers. The army marched at once, under many experienced leaders — Villars, Zapena, and Avalos among the most conspicuous. The command of the artillery was intrusted to Velasco; the marshal-general of the camp was Frederick van den Berg, in place of the superannuated Peter Ernest; while the admiral of Aragon, Francisco de Mendoza, "terror of Germany and of Christendom," a little man with flowing locks, long hooked nose, and a sinister glance from his evil black eyes, was general of the cavalry. The admiral had not displayed very extraordinary genius in his recent campaigning in the Rhenish duchies, but his cruelty had certainly been conspicuous. Not even Alva could have accomplished more murders and other outrages in the same space of time than had been perpetrated by the Spanish troops during the infamous winter of 1598-99. The assassination of Count Broek at his own castle had made more stir than a thousand other homicides of nameless wretches at the same period had done, because the victim had been a man of rank and large possessions, but it now remained to be seen whether Mendoza was to gain fresh laurels of any kind in the battle which was probably impending.

On the 1st of July the archduke came before Oudenbourg. Not a soul within that fortress nor in Ostend dreamed of an enemy within twenty miles of them, nor

had it been supposed possible that a Spanish army could take the field for many weeks to come. The States-General at Ostend were complacently waiting for the first bulletin from Maurice announcing his capture of Newport and his advance upon Dunkirk, according to the program so succinctly drawn up for him, and meantime were holding meetings and drawing up comfortable protocols with great regularity. Colonel Piron, on his part, who had been left with several companies of veterans to hold Oudenbourg and the other forts and to protect the rear of the invading army, was accomplishing that object by permitting a large portion of his force to be absent on foraging parties and general marauding. When the enemy came before Oudenbourg they met with no resistance. The fort was surrendered at once, and with it fell the lesser sconces of Breedene, Snaaskerk, and Plasendaal—all but the more considerable Fort St. Albert. The archduke, not thinking it advisable to delay his march by the reduction of this position, and having possession of all the other fortifications around Ostend, determined to push forward next morning at daybreak. He had granted favorable terms of surrender to the various garrisons, which, however, did not prevent them from being nearly every man of them immediately butchered in cold blood.

Thus were these strong and well-manned redouts, by which Prince Maurice had hoped to impede for many days the march of a Spanish army, should a Spanish army indeed be able to take the field at all, already swept off in an hour. Great was the dismay in Ostend when Colonel Piron and a few stragglers brought the heavy news of discomfiture and massacre to the high and mighty States-General in solemn meeting assembled.

Meanwhile the states' army before Nieuport, not dreaming of any pending interruption to their labors, proceeded in a steady but leisurely manner to invest the city. Maurice occupied himself in tracing the lines of encampment and intrenchment, and ordered a permanent bridge to be begun across the narrowest part of the creek, in order that the two parts of his army might not be so dangerously divided from each other as they now were, at high water, by the whole breadth and depth of the harbor. Evening came on before much had been accomplished on this first day of the siege. It was scarcely dusk when a messenger, much exhausted and terrified, made his appearance at Count Ernest's tent. He was a straggler who had made his escape from Oudenbourg, and he brought the astounding intelligence that the archduke had already possession of that position and of all the other forts. Ernest instantly jumped into a boat and had himself rowed, together with the messenger, to the headquarters of Prince Maurice on the other side of the river. The news was as unexpected as it was alarming. Here was the enemy, who was supposed incapable of mischief for weeks to come, already in the field, and planted directly on their communications with Ostend. Retreat, if retreat were desired, was already impossible, and as to surprising the garrison of Nieuport and so obtaining that stronghold as a basis for further aggressive operations, it is very certain that if any man in Flanders was more surprised than another at that moment it was Prince Maurice himself. He was too good a soldier not to see at a glance that if the news brought by the straggler were true the whole expedition was already a failure, and that, instead of a short siege and an easy victory, a great battle was to be fought upon

the sands of Nieuport, in which defeat was destruction of the whole army of the Republic, and very possibly of the Republic itself.

The stadholder hesitated. He was prone in great emergencies to hesitate at first, but immovable when his resolution was taken. Vere, who was asleep in his tent, was sent for and consulted. Most of the generals were inclined to believe that the demonstrations at Oudenbourg, which had been so successful, were merely a bravado of Rivas, the commander of the permanent troops in that district, which were comparatively insignificant in numbers. Vere thought otherwise. He maintained that the archduke was already in force within a few hours' march of them, as he had always supposed would be the case. His opinion was not shared by the rest, and he went back to his truckle-bed, feeling that a brief repose was necessary for the heavy work which would soon be upon him. At midnight the Englishman was again called from his slumbers. Another messenger, sent directly from the States-General at Ostend, had made his way to the stadholder. This time there was no possibility of error, for Colonel Piron had sent the accord with the garrison commanders of the forts, which had been so shamefully violated, and which bore the signature of the archduke.

It was now perfectly obvious that a pitched battle was to be fought before another sunset, and most anxious were the deliberations in that brief midsummer's night. The dilemma was as grave a one as commander-in-chief had ever to solve in a few hours. A portentous change had come over the prospects of the commonwealth since the arrival of these despatches. But a few hours before, and never had its destiny seemed so secure,

its attitude more imposing. The little Republic, which Spain had been endeavoring forty years long to subjugate, had already swept every Spanish soldier out of its territory, had repeatedly carried fire and sword into Spain itself, and even into its distant dependencies, and at that moment, after effecting in a masterly manner the landing of a great army in the very face of the man who claimed to be sovereign of all the Netherlands, and after marching at ease through the heart of his territory, was preparing a movement, with every prospect of success, which should render the hold of that sovereign on any portion of Netherland soil as uncertain and shifting as the sands on which the states' army was now encamped.

The son of the proscribed and murdered rebel stood at the head of as powerful and well-disciplined an army as had ever been drawn up in line of battle on that blood-stained soil. The daughter of the man who had so long oppressed the provinces might soon be a fugitive from the land over which she had so recently been endowed with perpetual sovereignty. And now in an instant these visions were fading like a mirage.

The archduke, whom poverty and mutiny were to render powerless against invasion, was following close up upon the heels of the triumphant army of the stadholder. A decision was immediately necessary. The siege of Nieuport was over before it had begun. Surprise had failed, assault for the moment was impossible, the manner how best to confront the advancing foe the only question.

Vere advised that the whole army should at once be concentrated and led without delay against the archduke before he should make further progress.¹ The advice involved an outrageous impossibility, and it seems in-

¹ See the note on Sir Francis Vere at the end of this chapter.

credible that it could have been given in good faith; still more amazing that its rejection by Maurice should have been bitterly censured. Two thirds of the army lay on the other side of the harbor, and it was high water at about three o'clock. While they were deliberating, the sea was rising, and, so soon as daybreak should make any evolutions possible, they would be utterly prohibited during several hours by the inexorable tide. More time would be consumed by the attempt to construct temporary bridges (for of course little progress had been made in the stone bridge hardly begun) or to make use of boats than in waiting for the falling of the water, and should the enemy make his appearance while they were engaged in such confusing efforts, the army would be hopelessly lost.

Maurice, against the express advice of Vere, decided to send his cousin Ernest, with the main portion of the force established on the right bank of the harbor, in search of the archduke, for the purpose of holding him in check long enough to enable the rest of the army to cross the water when the tide should serve. The enemy, it was now clear, would advance by precisely the path over which the states' army had marched that morning. Ernest was accordingly instructed to move with the greatest expedition in order to seize the bridge at Leffingen before the archduke should reach the deep, dangerous, and marshy river, over which it was the sole passage to the downs. Two thousand infantry, being the Scotch regiment of Edmondes and the Zealanders of Van der Noot, four squadrons of Dutch cavalry, and two pieces of artillery composed the force with which Ernest set forth at a little before dawn on his hazardous but heroic enterprise.

With a handful of troops he was to make head against an army, and the youth accepted the task in the cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized his house. Marching as rapidly as the difficult ground would permit, he had the disappointment, on approaching the fatal point at about eight o'clock, to see the bridge at Leffingen in the possession of the enemy. Maurice had sent off a messenger early that morning with a letter marked "Post-haste" ("Cito, cito") to Ostend, ordering up some four hundred cavalymen then stationed in that city under Piron and Bruges, to move up to the support of Ernest, and to destroy the bridge and dams at Leffingen before the enemy should arrive. That letter, which might have been so effective, was delivered, as it subsequently appeared, exactly ten days after it was written.¹ The states, of their own authority, had endeavored to send out those riders toward the scene of action, but it was with great difficulty that they could be got into the saddle at all, and they positively refused to go farther than St. Albert Fort. What course should he now pursue? He had been sent to cut the archduke's road. He had failed. Had he remained in his original encampment his force would have been annihilated by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy so soon as they reached the right bank of Nieuport haven, while Maurice could have only looked hopelessly on from the opposite shore. At least nothing worse than absolute destruction could befall him now. Should he accept a combat of six or eight to one the struggle would be hopeless, but the longer it was protracted the better it would be for his main army, engaged at that very moment, as he knew, in crossing the haven with the ebbing tide. Should he

¹ Duyck, ii. 662.

retreat, it might be possible for him to escape into Fort St. Albert or even Ostend, but to do so would be to purchase his own safety and that of his command at the probable sacrifice of the chief army of the Republic. Ernest hesitated but an instant. Coming within carbine-shot of the stream, where he met his cavalry, which had been sent forward at full speed, in the vain hope of seizing or destroying the bridge before it should be too late, he took up a position behind a dike, upon which he placed his two field-pieces, and formed his troops in line of battle exactly across the enemy's path. On the right he placed the regiment of Scots. On the left was Van der Noot's Zealand infantry, garnished with four companies of riders under Rysoir, which stood near St. Mary's Church. The passage from the stream to the downs was not more than a hundred yards wide, being skirted on both sides by a swamp. Here Ernest, with his two thousand men, awaited the onset of the archduke's army. He was perfectly aware that it was a mere question of time, but he was sure that his preparations must interpose a delay to the advance of the Spaniards, should his troops, as he felt confident, behave themselves as they had always done, and that the delay would be of inestimable value to his friends at the haven of Nieuport.

The archduke paused; for he, too, could not be certain, on observing the resolute front thus presented to him, that he was not about to engage the whole of the states' army. The doubt was but of short duration, however, and the onset was made. Ernest's artillery fired four volleys into the advancing battalions, with such effect as to stagger them for a moment, but they soon afterward poured over the dike in overwhelming numbers, easily capturing the cannon. The attack began

upon Ernest's left, and Rysoir's cavalry, thinking that they should be cut off from all possibility of retreat into Fort St. Albert, turned their backs in the most disgraceful manner, without even waiting for the assault. Galloping around the infantry on the left, they infected the Zealanders with their own cowardice. Scarcely a moment passed before Van der Noot's whole regiment was running away as fast as the troopers, while the Scots on the right hesitated not for an instant to follow their example. Even before the expected battle had begun, one of those hideous and unaccountable panics which sometimes break out like a moral pestilence, to destroy all the virtue of an army and to sweep away the best-considered schemes of a general, had spread through Ernest's entire force. So soon as the demi-cannon had discharged their fourth volley, Scots, Zealanders, Walloons, pikemen, musketeers, and troopers, possessed by the demon of cowardice, were running like a herd of swine to throw themselves into the sea. Had they even kept the line of the downs in the direction of the fort many of them might have saved their lives, although none could have escaped disgrace. But the Scots, in an ecstasy of fear, throwing away their arms as they fled, ran through the waters behind the dike, skimmed over the sands at full speed, and never paused till such as survived the saber and musket of their swift pursuers had literally drowned themselves in the ocean. Almost every man of them was slain or drowned. All the captains,—Stuart, Barclay, Murray, Kilpatrick, Michael, Nesbit,—with the rest of the company officers, doing their best to rally the fugitives, were killed. The Zealanders, more cautious in the midst of their panic, or perhaps knowing better the nature of the country, were

more successful in saving their necks. Not more than a hundred and fifty of Van der Noot's regiment were killed, while such of the cavalry of Bruges and Piron as had come to the neighborhood of Fort St. Albert, not caring to trust themselves to the shelter of that redout, now fled as fast as their horses' legs would carry them, and never pulled bridle till they found themselves in Ostend. And so beside themselves with panic were these fugitives, and so virulent was the contagion, that it was difficult to prevent the men who had remained in the fort from joining in the flight toward Ostend. Many of them, indeed, threw themselves over the walls and were sabered by the enemy, when they might have been safe within the fortifications. Had these cavalry companies of Bruges and Piron been even tolerably self-possessed, had they concentrated themselves in the fort instead of yielding to the delirium which prompted them to participate in their comrades' flight, they would have had it entirely in their power, by making an attack, or even the semblance of an attack, by means of a sudden sally from the fort, to have saved, not the battle indeed, but a large number of lives. But the panic was hopeless and universal, and countless fugitives scrambling by the fort were shot in a leisurely manner by a comparative few of the enemy as easily as the rabbits which swarmed in those sands were often knocked down in multitudes by half a dozen sportsmen.

And thus a band of patriots, who were not cowards by nature, and who had often played the part of men, had horribly disgraced themselves, and were endangering the very existence of their country, already by mistaken counsels brought within the jaws of death. The glory of Thermopylæ might have hung forever over that

bridge of Leffingen. It was now a pass of infamy, perhaps of fatal disaster. The sands were covered with weapons—saber, pike, and harquebus—thrown away by almost every soldier as he fled to save the life which, after all, was sacrificed. The artillery, all the standards and colors, all the baggage and ammunition, everything was lost. No viler panic, no more complete defeat, was ever recorded. Such at half-past eight in the morning was that memorable Sunday of the 2d July, 1600, big with the fate of the Dutch Republic—the festival of the Visitation of the Virgin Mary, always thought of happy augury for Spanish arms.

Thus began the long-expected battle of Nieuport. At least a thousand of the choicest troops of the stadholder were slain, while the Spanish had hardly lost a man.¹

¹ There can be no doubt whatever as to the rout of Leffingen. There was no fight at all. The journal of Antony Duyck and the accounts of Meteren, Bor, and other chroniclers entirely agree with the most boastful narratives of the Spaniards. Everard van Reyd, to be sure, stoutly maintains that the troops of Ernest fought to the uttermost ("zum euszersten gefochten"), and that hardly a whole spear was found in the hands of any of the dead on the field. Nor a broken one either, he might have added. It is a pity that the army had not been as stanch as the secretary and chronicler. But Reyd was not on the field nor near it, and there is not a word in Ernest's private letters to conflict with the minute and unvarnished statements of Duyck. See also the excellent note of Captain Mulder on pp. 668, 669, part ii., of his admirable edition of Duyck's journal.

The confessor of the archduke, Fray Inigo de Brizuelas, was as enthusiastic on his side as the privy councilor of Louis William. The troops of the archduke, he says, attacked Ernest, and in one moment killed eighteen hundred to two thousand men without losing a man themselves: "Elles mirent à mort en un moment 1800 à 2000 hommes s'emparirent de deux pièces d'artillerie et de plusieurs drapeaux sans avoir subi aucune perte. . . . On espérait

The archduke had annihilated his enemy,¹ had taken his artillery and thirty flags. In great exultation he despatched a messenger to the Infanta at Ghent, informing her that he had entirely defeated the advance-guard of the states' army, and that his next bulletin would announce his complete triumph and the utter overthrow of Maurice, who had now no means of escape. He stated also that he would very soon send the rebel stadholder himself to her as a prisoner. The Infanta, much pleased with the promise, observed to her attendants that she was curious to see how Nassau would conduct himself when he should be brought a captive into her presence. As to the Catholic troops, they were informed by the archduke that, after the complete victory which they were that day to achieve, not a man should be left alive save Maurice and his brother Frederick Henry. These should be spared to grace the conqueror's triumph, but all else should be put to the sword.²

Meantime artillery thundered, bonfires blazed, and bells rang their merriest peals in Ghent, Bruges, and the other obedient cities as the news of the great victory spread through the land.

When the fight was done the archduke called a council of war. It was a grave question whether the army

généralement que ce jour mettrait fin aux guerres de Flandre." (!!)—Substance d'une lettre écrite de Bruges le 13 Juillet, 1600, par Fray I. de Brizuelas à un seigneur de la cour à Madrid et reposant en copie aux fol. 45–48 du vol. H. 49 (*Varias Consultas en tiempo de los reyes Austriacos*), appartenant à la Bibliothèque Nat^l à Madrid. MS. kindly communicated to me by M. Gachard.

¹ "Qui fut si vivement chargée qu'elle y demeura toute," are the words of the archduke, writing on the 4th July from Ghent to his council of state (MS. Archives of Belgium).

² Le Petit, on the authority of prisoners. De la Pise.

should at once advance in order to complete the destruction of the enemy that day, or pause for an interval that the troops fatigued with hard marching and with the victorious combat in which they just had been engaged should recover their full strength. That the stadholder was completely in their power was certain. The road to Ostend was barred, and Nieuport would hold him at bay, now that the relieving army was close upon his heels. All that was necessary in order to annihilate his whole force was that they should intrench themselves for the night on the road which he must cross. He would then be obliged to assault their works with troops inferior in number to theirs and fatigued by the march. Should he remain where he was, he would soon be starved into submission, and would be obliged to surrender his whole army. On the other hand, by advancing now, in the intolerable heat of a July sun, over the burning and glaring sands, the troops, already wearied, would arrive on the field of battle utterly exhausted, and would be obliged to attack an enemy freshly and cheerfully awaiting them on ground of his own selection.

Moreover, it was absolutely certain that Fort St. Albert would not hold an hour if resolutely assaulted in the midst of the panic of Ernest's defeat, and with its capture the annihilation of Maurice was certain.

Meantime the three thousand men under Velasco, who had been detached to protect the rear, would arrive to reinforce the archduke's main army, should he pause until the next day.

These arguments, which had much logic in them, were strongly urged by Zapena, a veteran marshal of the camp who had seen much service, and whose counsels were usually received with deference. But on this occa-

sion commanders and soldiers were hot for following up their victory. They cared nothing for the numbers of their enemy, they cried. "The more infidels the greater glory in destroying them."¹ Delay might, after all, cause the loss of the prize, it was eagerly shouted. The archduke ought to pray that the sun might stand still for him that morning, as for Joshua in the vale of Ajalon. The foe, seeing himself entrapped, with destruction awaiting him, was now skulking toward his ships, which still offered him the means of escape. Should they give him time he would profit by their negligence, and next morning, when they reached Nieuport, the birds would be flown. Especially the leaders of the mutineers of Diest and Thionville were hoarse with indignation at the proposed delay. They had not left their brethren, they shouted, nor rallied to the archduke's banner, in order to sit down and dig in the sand like plowmen. There was triumph for the Holy Church, there was the utter overthrow of the heretic army, there was rich booty to be gathered: all these things were within their reach if they now advanced and smote the rebels while, confused and panic-stricken, they were endeavoring to embark in their ships.

While these vehement debates were at the hottest, sails were descried in the offing, for the archduke's forces already stood upon the edge of the downs. First one ship, then another and another, moved steadily along the coast, returning from Nieuport in the direction of Ostend.

This was more than could be borne. It was obvious that the rebels were already making their escape, and it was urged upon the cardinal that probably Prince Mau-

¹ "Quanto mas Moros tanto mas ganancias."—De la Pise.

rice and the other chieftains were on board one of those very vessels, and were giving him the slip. With great expedition it would still be possible to overtake them before the main body could embark, and the attack might yet be made at the most favorable moment. Those white sails gleaming in the distance were more eloquent than Zapena or any other advocate of delay, and the order was given to advance. And it was exactly at this period that it still lay within the power of the states' cavalry at Ostend to partially redeem their character and to render very effective service. Had four or five hundred resolute troopers hung upon the rear of the Spanish army now, as it moved toward Nieuport, they might, by judiciously skirmishing, advancing, and retreating, according to circumstances, have caused much confusion, and certainly have so harassed the archduke as to compel the detachment of a very considerable force of his own cavalry to protect himself against such assaults. But the terror was an enduring one. Those horsemen remained paralyzed and helpless, and it was impossible for the states, with all their commands or entreaties, to induce them to mount and ride even a half-mile beyond the city gates.

While these events had been occurring in the neighborhood of Ostend, Maurice had not been idle at Nieuport. No sooner had Ernest been despatched on his desperate errand than his brother Louis Gunther was ordered by the stadholder to get on horseback and ride through the quarters of the army. On the previous afternoon there had been so little thought of an enemy that large foraging parties had gone out from camp in all directions, and had not returned. Louis gave notice that a great battle was to be expected on the morrow,

instead of the tranquil commencement of a leisurely siege, and that therefore no soul was henceforth to leave the camp, while a troop of horse was despatched at the first gleam of daylight to scour the country in search of all the stragglers. Maurice had no thought of retreating, and his first care was to bring his army across the haven. The arrangements were soon completed, but it was necessary to wait until nearly low water. Soon after eight o'clock Count Louis began to cross with eight squadrons of cavalry, and partly swimming, partly wading, effected the passage in safety. The advanced guard of infantry, under Sir Francis Vere, consisting of two thousand six hundred Englishmen and two thousand eight hundred Frisians, with some companies of horse, followed by the battalia under Solms and the rear-guard under Tempel, then slowly and with difficulty moved along the same dangerous path, with the water as high as their armpits, and often rising nearly over their heads. Had the archduke not been detained near the bridge of Leffingen by Ernest's Scotchmen and Zealanders during three or four precious hours that morning; had he arrived, as he otherwise might have done, just as the states' army—horse, foot, and artillery—was floundering through that treacherous tide, it would have fared ill for the stadholder and the Republic. But the devotion of Ernest had at least prevented the attack of the archduke until Maurice and his men stood on dry land.

Dripping from head to foot, but safe and sound, the army had at last reached the beach at Nieuport. Vere had refused his soldiers permission to denude themselves in crossing of their shoes and lower garments. There was no time for that, he said, and they would either earn new clothes for themselves that day, or never need

doublet and hose again any more in the world. Some hours had elapsed before the tedious and difficult crossing of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and munition-trains had been accomplished.

Louis Gunther, with eight squadrons of picked cavalry, including his own company, Maurice's own, Frederick Henry's own, with Batenburg's harquebusmen and other veterans, was first to place himself in battle order on the beach. His squadrons, in iron corselet and morion, and armed with lances, carbines, and sabers, stretched across from the water to the downs. He had not been long stationed there when he observed that far away in the direction of Ostend the beach was growing black with troops. He believed them at first to be his brother Ernest and his forces returning victorious from their hazardous expedition, but he was soon undeceived. A couple of troopers from Ostend came spurring full gallop along the strand, and, almost breathless with dismay, announced that it was the whole army of the archduke advancing in line of battle. They were instantly sent to the rear, without being allowed to speak further, in order that they might deliver their message in private to the commander-in-chief. And most terrible were the tidings to which Maurice now listened in very secret audience. Ernest was utterly defeated, his command cut to pieces, the triumphant foe advancing rapidly, and already in full sight. The stadholder heard the tale without flinching, and having quietly ordered the messengers upon their lives not to open their lips on the subject to living soul, sent them securely guarded in a boat on board one of the war-ships in the offing. With perfect cheerfulness he then continued his preparations, consulting with Vere, on whom he mainly relied for the

marshaling of the army in the coming conflict. Undecided as he had sometimes shown himself, he was resolute now. He called no council of war, for he knew not how much might be known or suspected of the disaster already sustained, and he had fully made up his mind as to the course to be pursued. He had indeed taken a supreme resolution. Entirely out of his own breast, without advising with any man, he calmly gave directions that every war-ship, transport, barge, or wherry should put to sea at once. As the tide had now been long on the flood, the few vessels that had been aground within the harbor were got afloat, and the whole vast, almost innumerable armada was soon standing out to sea. No more heroic decision was ever taken by fighting man.

Sir Francis gave advice that intrenchments should be thrown up on the northeast, and that instead of advancing toward the enemy they should await his coming, and refuse the battle that day if possible. The Englishman, not aware of the catastrophe at Leffingen, which Maurice had locked up in his own breast, was now informed by the stadholder that there were to be no intrenchments that day but those of pike and harquebus. It was not the fault of Maurice that the fate of the commonwealth had been suspended on a silken thread that morning, but he knew that but one of two issues was possible. They must fight their way through the enemy back to Ostend, or perish, every man of them. The possibility of surrender did not enter his mind, and he felt that it was better to hasten the action before the news of Ernest's disaster should arrive to chill the ardor of the troops.¹

Meantime Louis Gunther and his cavalry had been

¹ That Maurice concealed from Vere the news of the defeat at Leffingen is expressly stated by Antony Duyck.

sitting motionless upon their horses on the beach. The enemy was already in full view, and the young general, most desirous to engage in a preliminary skirmish, sent repeated messages to the stadholder for permission to advance. Presently Sir Francis Vere rode to the front, to whom he eagerly urged his request that the infantry of the vanguard might be brought up at once to support him.¹ On the contrary, the English general advised that the cavalry should fall back to the infantry, in order to avoid a premature movement. Louis strongly objected to this arrangement, on the ground that the mere semblance of retreat, thus upon the eve of battle, would discourage all the troops. But he was overruled, for Maurice had expressly enjoined upon his cousin that morning to defer in all things to the orders of Vere. These eight squadrons of horse accordingly shifted their position, and were now placed close to the edge of the sea, on the left flank of the vanguard, which Vere had drawn up across the beach and in the downs. On the edge of the downs, on the narrow slip of hard sand above high-water mark, and on Vere's right, Maurice had placed a battery of six demi-cannon.

Behind the advance was the battalia, or center, under command of that famous fighter, George Everard Solms, consisting of Germans, Swiss, French, and Walloons. The "New Beggars," as the Walloons were called, who had so recently surrendered the forts of Crèvecoeur and St. Andrew, and gone over from the archduke's service to the army of the states, were included in this division, and were as eager to do credit to their new chief as were the mutineers in the archduke's army to merit the approbation of their sovereign.

¹ See Note on Vere.

The rear-guard, under Tempel, was made up, like the other divisions, of the blended nationalities of German, Briton, Hollander, and Walloon, and, like the others, was garnished at each flank with heavy cavalry.

The Spanish army, after coming nearly within cannon-shot of their adversary, paused. It was plain that the states' troops were not in so great a panic as the more sanguine advisers of the archduke had hoped. They were not cowering among the shipping, preparing to escape. Still less had any portion of them already effected their retreat in those vessels, a few of which had so excited the enemy's ardor when they came in sight. It was obvious that a great struggle, in which the forces were very evenly balanced, was now to be fought out upon those sands. It was a splendid tournament, a great duel for life and death between the champions of the papacy and of Protestantism, of the Republic and of absolutism, that was to be fought out that midsummer's day. The lists were closed. The trumpet signal for the fray would soon be blown.

The archduke, in Milanese armor, on a wonderfully beautiful snow-white Spanish stallion, moved in the center of his army. He wore no helmet, that his men might the more readily recognize him as he rode gallantly to and fro, marshaling, encouraging, exhorting the troops. Never before had he manifested such decided military talent, combined with unquestionable personal valor, as he had done since this campaign began. Friend and foe agreed that day that Albert fought like a lion. He was at first well seconded by Mendoza, who led the van, and by Villars, La Bourlotte, Avalos, Zapena, and many other officers of note. The mutinous Spanish and Italian cavalry, combined with a few choice

squadrons of Walloon and German horse, were placed in front and on the flanks. They were under the special supervision of the admiral, who marshaled their squadrons and directed their charging, although mounted on a hackney himself, and not intending to participate in the action. Then came the battalia and rear, crowding very closely upon each other.

Face to face with them stood the republican host, drawn up in great solid squares of infantry, their standards waving above each closely planted clump of pikemen, with the musketeers fringing their skirts, while the iron-clad ponderous cavalry of Count Louis and Marcellus Bax, in black casque and corselet, were in front, restlessly expecting the signal for the onset. The volunteers of high rank who were then serving on the staff of the stadholder—the Duke of Holstein, the Prince of Anhalt, two young Counts Solms, and others—had been invited and even urged to abandon the field while there was yet time for setting them on board the fleet. Especially it was thought desirable that young Frederick Henry, a mere boy, on whom the hopes of the Orange-Nassau house would rest if Maurice fell in the conflict, should be spared the fate which seemed hanging over the commonwealth and her defenders. But the son of William the Silent implored his brother with clasped hands not to send him from his side at that moment, so that Maurice granted his prayer, and caused him to be provided with a complete suit of armor. Thus in company with young Coligny—a lad of his own age, and, like himself, a grandson of the great admiral—the youth who was one day to play so noble a part on the stage of the world's affairs was now to be engaged in his first great passage of arms. No one left the field but Sir Robert Sydney, who

had come over from Ostend, from irrepressible curiosity to witness the arrangements, but who would obviously have been guilty of unpardonable negligence had he been absent at such a crisis from the important post of which he was governor for the queen.¹

The arena of the conflict seemed elaborately prepared by the hand of nature. The hard, level, sandy beach, swept clean and smooth by the ceaseless action of the tides, stretched out far as the eye could reach in one long, bold, monotonous line. Like the whole coast of Flanders and of Holland, it seemed drawn by a geometrical rule, not a cape, cove, or estuary breaking the perfect straightness of the design. On the right, just beyond high-water mark, the downs, fantastically heaped together like a mimic mountain-chain, or like tempestuous ocean waves suddenly changed to sand, rolled wild and confused, but still in a regularly parallel course with the line of the beach. They seemed a barrier thrown up to protect the land from being bitten quite away by the ever restless and encroaching sea. Beyond the downs, which were seven hundred yards in width, extended a level tract of those green fertile meadows, artificially drained, which are so characteristic a feature of the Netherland landscapes, the stream which ran from Ostend toward the town of Nieuport flowing sluggishly

¹ Duyck, however, with much injustice, as it would seem, accuses Sydney (whom he calls "Philip Sydney"!) of cowardice, stating that he paid a large sum to obtain a vessel in which to make his escape, and that he was obliged to hear many insulting observations on his flight. "De heere Philips (*sic*) Sidnei tsij uyt vrese ofte anders ont vont hem van daer ende geraeckte met groote moeite ende naer veel schampere woorden hem bij eenigen gegeven t' scheepe selfs met presentatie van geld ende voer doen wech, *niet dervende in den slach blijven.*"—*Journal*, ii. 667.

through them. It was a bright, warm midsummer day. The waves of the German Ocean came lazily rolling in upon the crisp yellow sand, the surf breaking with its monotonous music at the very feet of the armies. A gentle southwest breeze was blowing, just filling the sails of more than a thousand ships in the offing, which moved languidly along the sparkling sea. It was an atmosphere better befitting a tranquil holiday than the scene of carnage which seemed approaching.

Maurice of Nassau, in complete armor, rapier in hand, with the orange plumes waving from his helmet and the orange scarf across his breast, rode through the lines, briefly addressing his soldiers with martial energy. Pointing to the harbor of Nieupoort behind them, now again impassable with the flood, to the ocean on the left, where rode the fleet, carrying with it all hope of escape by sea, and to the army of the archduke in front, almost within cannon-range, he simply observed that they had no possible choice between victory and death. They must either utterly overthrow the Spanish army, he said, or drink all the waters of the sea. Either drowning or butchery was their doom if they were conquered, for no quarter was to be expected from their unscrupulous and insolent foe. He was there to share their fate, to conquer or to perish with them, and from their tried valor and from the God of battles he hoped a more magnificent victory than had ever before been achieved in this almost perpetual war for independence. The troops, perfectly enthusiastic, replied with a shout that they were ready to live or die with their chieftain, and eagerly demanded to be led upon the foe. Whether from hope or from desperation, they were confident and cheerful. Some doubt was felt as to the Walloons who had so lately

transferred themselves from the archduke's army, but their commander, Marquette, made them all lift up their hands and swear solemnly to live or die that day at the feet of Prince Maurice.

Two hours long these two armies had stood looking each other in the face. It was near two o'clock when the archduke at last gave the signal to advance. The tide was again almost at the full. Maurice stood firm, awaiting the assault, the enemy slowly coming nearer, and the rising tide as steadily lapping away all that was left of the hard beach which fringed the rugged downs. Count Louis chafed with impatience as it became each moment more evident that there would be no beach left for cavalry fighting, while in the downs the manœuvring of horse was entirely impossible. Meantime, by command of Vere, all those sandy hillocks and steeps had been thickly sown with musketeers and pikemen. Harquebusmen and carbineers were planted in every hollow, while on the highest and most advantageous elevation two pieces of cannon had been placed by the express direction of Maurice. It seemed obvious that the battle would, after all, be transferred to the downs. Not long before the action began, a private of the enemy's cavalry was taken, apparently with his own consent, in a very trifling preliminary skirmish. He bragged loudly of the immense force of the archduke, of the great victory already gained over Ernest, with the utter annihilation of his forces, and of the impending destruction of the whole states' army. Strange to say, this was the first intimation received by Count Louis of that grave disaster,¹ although it had been for some hours known to Maurice. The prisoner was at once gagged, that he might spread

¹ Letters of Louis Gunther cited at end of the chapter.

his disheartening news no further ; but as he persisted by signs and gestures in attempting to convey the information which he had evidently been sent forward to impart, he was shot by command of the stadholder, and so told no further tales.¹

The enemy had now come very close, and it was the desire of Count Louis that a couple of companies of horse, in accordance with the commands of Maurice, should charge the cavalry in front, and that after a brief skirmish they should retreat as if panic-stricken behind the advance column, thus decoying the Spanish vanguard in hot pursuit toward the battery upon the edge of the downs.² The cannon were then suddenly to open upon them, and, during the confusion sure to be created in their ranks, the musketeers, ambushed among the hollows, were to attack them in flank, while the cavalry in one mass should then make a concentrated charge in front. It seemed certain that the effect of this movement would be to hurl the whole of the enemy's advance, horse and foot, back upon his battalia, and thus to break up his army in irretrievable rout. The plan was a sensible one, but it was not ingeniously executed. Before the handful of cavalry had time to make the proposed feint, the cannoneers, being unduly excited, and by express command of Sir Francis Vere, fired a volley into the advancing columns of the archduke.³ This precipitated the action, almost in an instant changed its whole character, and defeated the original plan of the republican leader. The enemy's cavalry broke at the first discharge from the battery, and wheeled in considerable

¹ H. Wyts, in *Bor, Bijvoeg. v. Auth. Stukken*, iv. Compare *Van Wyn op Wagenaer*, ix. 37-47.

² See Note on Vere.

³ *Ibid.*

disorder, but without panic, quite into and across the downs. The whole army of the archduke, which had already been veering in the same direction, as it advanced, both because the tide was so steadily devouring the even surface of the sands, and because the position of a large portion of the states' forces among the hillocks exposed him to an attack in flank, was now rapidly transferred to the downs. It was necessary for that portion of Maurice's army which still stood on what remained of the beach to follow this movement. A rapid change of front was then undertaken, and, thanks to the careful system of wheeling, marching, and counter-marching in which the army had been educated by Louis William and Maurice, was executed with less confusion than might have been expected.

But very few companies of infantry now remained on the strip of beach still bare of the waves and in the immediate vicinity of the artillery planted high and dry beyond their reach.

The scene was transformed as if by magic, and the battle was now to be fought out in those shifting, uneven hills and hollows, where every soldier stood midleg-deep in the dry and burning sand. Fortunately for the states' army, the wind was in its back, blowing both sand and smoke into the faces of its antagonists, while the already westerling sun glared fiercely in their eyes. Maurice had skilfully made use of the great advantage which accident had given him that day, and his very refusal to advance and to bring on a premature struggle thus stood him in stead in a variety of ways. Louis Gunther was now ordered, with Marcellus Bax and six squadrons of horse, to take position within the belt of pasture-land on the right of the downs. When he arrived there the

van of the archduke's infantry had already charged the states' advance under Vere, while just behind and on the side of the musketeers and pikemen a large portion of the enemy's cavalry was standing stock-still on the green. Without waiting for instructions, Louis ordered a charge. It was brilliantly successful. Unheeding a warm salutation in flank from the musketeers as they rode by them, and notwithstanding that they were obliged to take several ditches as they charged, they routed the enemy's cavalry at the first onset, and drove them into panic-stricken flight. Some fled for protection quite to the rear of their infantry; others were hotly pursued across the meadows till they took refuge under the walls of Nieuport. The very success of the attack was nearly fatal, however, to Count Louis; for, unable to restrain the ardor of his troopers in the chase, he found himself cut off from the army with only ten horsemen to support him, and completely enveloped by the enemy. Fortunately, Prince Maurice had foreseen the danger, and had ordered all the cavalry to the meadows so soon as the charge was made. Captain Kloet, with a fresh company of mounted carbineers, marked the little squad of states' cavalry careering about in the midst of the Catholics, recognized their leader by the orange plumes on his casque, and dashed forward to the rescue. Louis again found himself at the head of his cavalry, but was obliged to wait a long time for the return of the stragglers.

While this brilliant diversion had been enacting as it were on the fringe of the battle, its real bustle and business had been going on in the downs. Just as Louis made his charge in the pastures, the infantry of the archduke and the advance-guard of the republicans met in deadly shock. More than an hour long they contended

with varying success. Musketeers, pikemen, harquebusmen, swordmen, charged, sabered, or shot each other from the various hollows or heights of vantage, plunging knee-deep in the sand, torn and impeded by the prickly broom-plant which grew profusely over the whole surface, and fighting breast to breast and hand to hand in a vast series of individual encounters. Thrice were the Spaniards repulsed in what for a moment seemed absolute rout, thrice they rallied and drove their assailants at push of pike far beyond their original position, and again the conquered republicans recovered their energy and smote their adversaries as if the contest were just begun. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed like the waves of the sea, but it would be mere pedantry to affect any technical explanation of its various changes. It was a hot struggle of twenty thousand men, pent up in a narrow space, where the very nature of the ground had made artistic evolutions nearly impracticable.¹ The advance, the battalia, even the rear-guard on both sides were mixed together pell-mell, and the downs were soon covered at every step with the dead and dying—Briton,

¹ "Car à raison de la situation du pays, la science et dextérité en laquelle nous presumions d'exceder nostre ennemy (qui estoit la prompte et agile motion de nos bataillons) nous fust entierement rendue infructueuse."—Vere, *La Bataille de Nieuport*.

"Aussi est il impossible d'observer aucun ordre, sinon par troupes, vu que la bataille s'est donnée aux dunes où il faict si inegal que tousont ete pel et mesle, l'arriere-garde adeste aussitost aux mains que l'advant-garde en la bataille."—Ernest Casimir to Louis William, July 20, 1600, Groen v. Prinsterer, *Archives*, ii. 36.

"Car s'estant les deux armées fort furieusement attaquées il y a esté combattu plus de deux heures main a main et pesle-mesle doubteusement de la victoire," etc.—Letter of the States-General to Queen Elizabeth, July 3, 1600, *Hague Archives MS*.

Hollander, Spaniard, Italian, Frisian, Frenchman, Walloon, fighting and falling together, and hotly contesting every inch of those barren sands.

It seemed, said one who fought there, as if the last day of the world had come.

Political and religious hatred, pride of race, remembrance of a half-century of wrongs, hope, fury, and despair—these were the real elements contending with each other that summer's day. It was a mere trial of ferocity and endurance, not more scientific than a fight between packs of wolves and of bloodhounds.

No doubt the brunt of the conflict fell upon Vere, with his Englishmen and Frisians, for this advance-guard made up nearly one half of the states' army actually engaged. And most nobly, indefatigably, did the hardy veteran discharge his duty. Having personally superintended almost all the arrangements in the morning, he fought all day in the front, doing the work both of a field-marshal and a corporal. He was twice wounded, shot each time through the same leg, yet still fought on as if it were some one else's blood and not his own that was flowing from "those four holes in his flesh."¹ He complained that he was not sufficiently seconded, and that the reserves were not brought up rapidly enough to his support. He was manifestly unjust, for although it could not be doubted that the English and the Frisians did their best, it was equally certain that every part of the army was as stanch as the vanguard. It may be safely asserted that it would not have benefited the cause of the states had every man been thrown into the fight at one and the same moment.

During this "bloody bit," as Vere called it, between

¹ His own expression.

the infantry on both sides, the little battery of two field-pieces planted on the highest hillock of the downs had been very effective. Meantime, while the desperate and decisive struggle had been going on, Louis Gunther, in the meadow, had again rallied all the cavalry, which, at the first stage of the action, had been dispersed in pursuit of the enemy's horse. Gathering them together in a mass, he besought Prince Maurice to order him to charge. The stadholder bade him pause yet a little longer. The aspect of the infantry fight was not yet, in his opinion, sufficiently favorable. Again and again Louis sent fresh entreaties, and at last received the desired permission. Placing three picked squadrons in front, the young general made a furious assault upon the Catholic cavalry, which had again rallied and was drawn up very close to the musketeers. Fortune was not so kind to him as at the earlier stage of the combat. The charge was received with dauntless front by the Spanish and Italian horse, while at the same moment the infantry poured a severe fire into their assailants. The advancing squadrons faltered, wheeled back upon the companies following them, and the whole mass of the republican cavalry broke into wild and disorderly retreat. At the same moment the archduke, observing his advantage, threw in his last reserves of infantry, and again there was a desperate charge upon Vere's wearied troops, as decisive as the countercharge of Louis's cavalry had been unsuccessful. The English and Frisians, sorely tried during those hours of fighting with superior numbers in the intolerable heat, broke at last and turned their backs upon the foe. Some of them fled panic-stricken quite across the downs and threw themselves into the sea, but the mass retreated in a comparatively

orderly manner, being driven from one down to another, and seeking a last refuge behind the battery placed on the high-water line of the beach. In the confusion and panic Sir Francis Vere went down at last. His horse, killed by a stray shot, fell with and upon him, and the heroic Englishman would then and there have finished his career—for he would hardly have found quarter from the Spaniards—had not Sir Robert Drury, riding by in the tumult, observed him as he lay almost exhausted in the sand. By his exertion and that of his servant Higham, Vere was rescued from his perilous situation, placed on the crupper of Sir Robert's horse, and so borne off the field.

The current of the retreating and pursuing hosts swept by the spot where Maurice sat on horseback, watching and directing the battle. His bravest and best general, the veteran Vere, had fallen; his cousin Louis was now as utterly overthrown as his brother Ernest had been but a few hours before at the fatal bridge of Leffingen; the whole army, the only army, of the states was defeated, broken, panic-stricken; the Spanish shouts of victory rang on every side. Plainly the day was lost, and with it the Republic. In the blackest hour that the Netherland commonwealth had ever known, the fortitude of the stadholder did not desert him. Immovable as a rock in the torrent, he stemmed the flight of his troops. Three squadrons of reserved cavalry, Balen's own, Vere's own, and Cecil's, were all that was left him, and at the head of these he essayed an advance. He seemed the only man on the field not frightened; and menacing, conjuring, persuading the fugitives, for the love of fatherland, of himself and his house, of their own honor, not to disgrace and destroy themselves forever, urging

that all was not yet lost, and beseeching them at least to take despair for their master, and rather to die like men on the field than to drown like dogs in the sea, he succeeded in rallying a portion of those nearest him.¹ The enemy paused in their mad pursuit, impressed even more than were the states' troops at the dauntless bearing of the prince. It was one of those supreme moments in battle and in history which are sometimes permitted to influence the course of events during a long future. The archduke and his generals committed a grave error in pausing for an instant in their career. Very soon it was too late to repair the fault, for the quick and correct eye of the stadholder saw the point to which the whole battle was tending, and he threw his handful of reserved cavalry, with such of the fugitives as had rallied, straight toward the battery on the beach.

It was arranged that Balen should charge on the strand, Horace Vere through the upper downs, and Cecil along the margin of the beach. Balen rode slowly through the heavy sand, keeping his horses well in wind, and, at the moment he touched the beach, rushed with fury upon the enemy's foot near the battery. The moment was most opportune, for the last shot had been fired from the guns, and they had just been nearly abandoned in despair. The onset of Balen was successful: the Spanish infantry, thus suddenly attacked, were broken, and many were killed and taken. Cecil and Vere were equally fortunate, so that the retreating Eng-

¹ "Je vous assure que la victoire courut alors grand hazard, car au meme instant toute nostre infanterie se resteroit aussi le grand pas . . . nostre cavallerie fuioit jusqu'à son Ex^{ce} lequel, estoit lors la seule occasion de la victoire," etc.—Letters of Louis Gunther.

lish and Frisians began to hold firm again. It was the very crisis of the battle, which up to that instant seemed wholly lost by the Republic, so universal was the overthrow and the flight. Some hundred and fifty Frisian pikemen now rallied from their sullen retreat, and drove the enemy off one hillock or dune.

Foiled in their attempt to intercept the backward movement of the states' army and to seize this vital point and the artillery with it, the Spaniards hesitated and were somewhat discouraged. Some Zealand sailors, who had stuck like wax to those demi-cannon during the whole conflict, now promptly obeyed orders to open yet once more upon the victorious foe. At the first volley the Spaniards were staggered, and the sailors, with a lively shout of "Ian—fall on," inspired the defeated army with a portion of their own cheerfulness.¹ Others vehemently shouted victory without any reason whatever. At that instant Maurice ordered a last charge by those few cavalry squadrons, while the enemy was faltering under the play of the artillery. It was a forlorn hope, yet such was the shifting fortune of that memorable day that the charge decided the battle. The whole line of the enemy broke; the conquered became the victors; the fugitives, quickly rallying and shouting victory almost before they had turned their faces to the foe, became in their turn the pursuers.² The Catholic army could no longer be brought to a stand, but fled wildly in

¹ "Sonder fundament nochtans."—Duyck, ii. 676.

² "Et jà la victoire estait comme nostre et son canon en nostre pouvoir mais nostre cavillerie estant chargée de celle de dudit ennemy se vint sauver en notre arriere-garde, ce que voyant je le fis retourner et chargerent l'ennemy assez prochement. De quoy s'apercevant retourna pour la seconde fois sur eulx quy derechef

every direction, and were shot and stabbed by the republicans as they fled. The admiral of Aragon fell with his hackney in this last charge. Unwounded, but struggling to extricate himself from his horse that had been killed, he was quickly surrounded by the enemy.

Two Spaniards, Mendo and Villalobos by name, who had recently deserted to the states, came up at the moment and recognized the fallen admiral. They had reason to recognize him, for both had been in his service, and one of them, who was once in immediate household attendance upon him, bore the mark of a wound which he had received from his insolent master. "Admiral, look at this," cried Villalobos, pointing to the scar on his face.¹ The admiral looked and knew his old servants, and gave his scarf to the one and the hanger of his sword-belt to the other, as tokens that he was their prisoner. Thus his life was saved for heavy ransom, of which those who had actually captured him would receive a very trifling portion. The great prisoner was carried to the rear, where he immediately asked for food and drink, and fell to with an appetite, while the pursuit and slaughter went on in all directions.²

The archduke, too, whose personal conduct throughout the day was admirable, had been slightly wounded by a halberd-stroke on the ear. This was at an earlier stage of the action, and he had subsequently mounted another horse, exchanged his splendid armor for a plain black harness, over which he wore a shabby scarf. In

se vindrent saulver en notre arriere-garde et rompre la plus grande partie d'icelle qui casa que l'infanterie perdit courage de passer outre et poursuiue ce qu'elle avait gagné avec tant d'honneur et lors commença la retraite," etc. — MS. letter of Albert before cited.

¹ De la Pise. Meteren.

² Meteren.

the confusion of the rout he was hard beset. "Surrender, scoundrel!" cried a Walloon pikeman, seizing his horse by the bridle. But a certain Flemish Captain Kabbeljaw, recognizing his sovereign and rushing to his rescue, slew his assailant and four others with his own hand.¹ He was at last himself killed, but Albert escaped, and, accompanied by the Duke of Aumale, who was also slightly wounded, by Colonel La Bourlotte, and half a dozen troopers, rode for his life in the direction of Bruges. When they reached the fatal bridge of Leffingen, over which the archduke had marched so triumphantly but a few hours before to annihilate Count Ernest's division, he was nearly taken prisoner. A few soldiers, collected from the scattered garrisons, had occupied the position, but, knowing nothing of the result of the action in the downs, took to their heels and fled as the little party of cavaliers advanced. Had the commander at Ostend or the States-General promptly sent out a company or two so soon as the news of the victory reached them to seize this vital point, the doom of the archduke would have been sealed. Nothing then could have saved him from capture. Fortunately escaping this danger, he now pushed on, and never pulled bridle till he reached Bruges. Thence without pausing he was conveyed to Ghent, where he presented himself to the Infanta. He was not accompanied by the captive Maurice of Nassau, and the curiosity of the princess to know how that warrior would demean himself as a prisoner was not destined on this occasion to be gratified.

Isabella bore the disappointment and the bitter intelligence of the defeat with a stoicism worthy of her departed father. She had already had intimations that

¹ Meteren.

the day was going against her army, and had successively received tidings that her husband was killed, was dangerously wounded, was a prisoner; and she was now almost relieved to receive him, utterly defeated, but still safe and sound.

Meantime the mad chase continued along the beach and through the downs. Never was a rout more absolute than that of Albert's army. Never had so brilliant a victory been achieved by Hollander or Spaniard upon that great battle-ground of Europe, the Netherlands.¹

Maurice, to whom the chief credit of the victory was

¹ "Prometo a V. S^a," wrote the archduke to the Duke of Lorraine, "que no creo me pudiera consolar jamas desta disgracia interesando tanta el servicio de su Magistad en ella si no me huviera costado sangre pero asi como ha sido poca la derramara de muy buena gana toda como lo haré y la tengo ofrecido al servicio de su Magistad siempre que sea menester."—Letter to Duke of Lorraine, Bibl. Nat. Madrid, kindly communicated to me by M. Gachard.

"L'archiduc a montré ce jour-là une grand valeur, c'est avec beaucoup de peine qu'on l'a déterminé à se retirer du champ de bataille."—Letter of Fray Inigo de Brizuelas before cited.

"S. A. en personne combattant comme ung lion."—Extraits des procès-verbaux des États-Généraux de 1600, MS. Archives of Belgium.

"A quoy respondant, le greffier declaira que les Estats estoient marriz de ladite disgrace mais tres contens et joyeux de connaitre la vaillandise de leur prince mesmes qu'il n'avoit espargné sa personne propre et de mettre sa vie en hazard pour la deffence de son pays et peuple," etc.—Ibid.

The defeat was mainly attributed in the obedient provinces to the bad conduct of the lately mutinous cavalry. ("Causée principalement par les chevaucheurs amutinez," said Nicholas Dubois, deputy of Tournay, to his constituents in a letter from Brussels of 4th July. MS. Archives of Belgium.) Consolation was also sought in the ridiculous assumption that the loss of the states' army was greater than that of the archduke's forces.

unquestionably due, had been firm and impassive during the various aspects of the battle, never losing his self-command when affairs seemed blackest. So soon, however, as the triumph, after wavering so long, was decided in his favor, the veteran legions of Spain and Italy, the picked troops of Christendom, all flying at last before his troops, the stadholder was fairly melted. Dismounting from his horse, he threw himself on his knees in the sand, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands exclaimed: "O God, what are we human creatures to whom thou hast brought such honor, and to whom thou hast vouchsafed such a victory!"¹

The slaughter went on until nightfall, but the wearied conquerors were then obliged to desist from the pursuit. Three thousand Spaniards were slain and about six hundred prisoners were taken.² The loss of the states' army, including the affair in the morning at Leffingen, was about two thousand killed. Maurice was censured for not following up his victory more closely, but the criticism seems unjust. The night which followed the warm summer's day was singularly black and cloudy, the army was exhausted, the distance for the enemy to traverse before they found themselves safe within their own ter-

¹ "O Godt, wie zijn wy menschen dien ghy sulcken eere ghedaen ende Over-winninghe ghegheven hebt."—Letter of Uytenbogart, in P. Fleming, *Belegeringe van Oostende* ('s Graven Hage, 1621).

² Count Ernest puts the loss of the archduke at four thousand killed on the battle-field and one thousand on the retreat. Maurice estimates his enemy's loss at more than five thousand. (Groen v. Prinsterer, *Archives*, II. S. ii. 15, 18, 19.) Dnyck says three thousand were killed on the field, as ascertained by counting, besides those who were drowned and slain in the retreat. The archduke's confessor says that one thousand *Spaniards* were killed. (MS. letter before cited.)

ritory was not great. In such circumstances the stadholder might well deem himself sufficiently triumphant to have plucked a splendid victory out of the very jaws of death. All the artillery of the archduke,—seven pieces besides the two captured from Ernest in the morning,—one hundred and twenty standards, and a long list of distinguished prisoners, including the Admiral Zapena and many other officers of note, were the trophies of the conqueror. Maurice passed the night on the battle-field, the admiral supping with him in his tent. Next morning he went to Ostend, where a great thanksgiving was held, Uytenbogart preaching an eloquent sermon on the One Hundred and Sixteenth Psalm. Afterward there was a dinner at the house of the States-General in honor of the stadholder, to which the admiral of Aragon was likewise bidden. That arrogant but discomfited personage was obliged to listen to many a rough martial joke at his disaster as they sat at table, but he bore the brunt of the encounter with much fortitude.

“Monsieur the Admiral of Aragon,” said the stadholder in French, “is more fortunate than many of his army. He has been desiring these four years to see Holland. Now he will make his entrance there without striking a blow.”¹ The gibe was perhaps deficient in delicacy toward a fallen foe, but a man who had passed a whole winter in murdering his prisoners in cold blood might be satisfied if he were stung only by a sharp sarcasm or two when he had himself become a captive.

¹ “Monsieur l'Admirante d'Arragon a este plus heureux que pas un de son armee, car il a fort désiré plus de quatre années continuellement de voir la Hollande, maintenant il y entrera sans coup ferir.”—Letter of Uytenbogart, who sat at the table and heard Maurice make the remark.

Others asked him demurely what he thought of these awkward apprentices of Holland and Zealand, who were good enough at fighting behind dikes and ramparts of cities, but who never ventured to face a Spanish army in the open field. Mendoza sustained himself with equanimity, however, and found plenty of answers. He discussed the battle with coolness, blamed the archduke for throwing the whole of his force prematurely into the contest, and applauded the prudence of Maurice in keeping his reserves in hand. He ascribed a great share of the result to the states' artillery, which had been well placed upon wooden platforms and well served, while the archduke's cannon, sinking in the sands, had been of comparatively little use. Especially he expressed a warm admiration for the heroism of Maurice in sending away his ships, and in thus leaving himself and his soldiers no alternative but death or triumph.

While they still sat at table many of the standards taken from the enemy were brought in and exhibited, the stadholder and others amusing themselves with reading the inscriptions and devices emblazoned upon them.

And thus on the 2d July, 1600, the army of the States-General, led by Maurice of Nassau, had utterly defeated Albert of Austria.¹ Strange to say, on another 2d July, three centuries and two years before, a former Albert of Austria had overthrown the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, who had then lost both crown and life in the mem-

¹ "Enfin l'affaire vint aux mains et fut combattu bien furieusement de deux costés l'espace de deux heures. Enfin Dieu par sa grace voulut que la victoire demeura de mon costé." Such were the simple words in which Maurice announced to his cousin Louis William his victory in the most important battle that had been fought for half a century. Not even General Ulysses Grant could be more modest in the hour of immense triumph.

orable battle of Worms. The imperial shade of Maurice's ancestor had been signally appeased.

In Ostend, as may well be imagined, ineffable joy had succeeded to the horrible gloom in which the day had been passed ever since the tidings had been received of Ernest's overthrow.

Those very cavalrymen, who had remained all day cowering behind the walls of the city, seeing by the clouds of dust which marked the track of the fugitives that the battle had been won by the comrades whom they had so basely deserted in the morning, had been eager enough to join in the pursuit. It was with difficulty that the states, who had been unable to drive them out of the town while the fight was impending or going on, could keep enough of them within the walls to guard the city against possible accident, now that the work was done. Even had they taken the field a few hours earlier, without participating in the action or risking their own lives, they might have secured the pass of Leffingen, and made the capture of the archduke or his destruction inevitable.

The city, which had seemed deserted, swarmed with the garrison and with the lately trembling burghers, for it seemed to all as if they had been born again. Even the soldiers on the battle-field had embraced each other like comrades who had met in another world. "Blessed be His holy name," said the stadholder's chaplain, "for His right hand has led us into hell and brought us forth again. I know not," he continued, "if I am awake or if I dream, when I think how God has in one moment raised us from the dead."¹

Louis Gunther, whose services had been so conspicuous, was well rewarded. "I hope," said that general,

¹ Letter of Uytenbogart.

writing to his brother Louis William, "that this day's work will not have been useless to me, both for what I have learned in it and for another thing. His Excellency has done me the honor to give me the admiral for my prisoner."¹ And equally characteristic was the reply of the religious and thrifty stadholder of Friesland.

"I thank God," he said, "for his singular grace in that he has been pleased to make use of your person as the instrument of so renowned and signal a victory, for which, as you have derived therefrom not mediocre praise, and acquired a great reputation, it should be now your duty to humble yourself before God, and to acknowledge that it is he alone who has thus honored you. . . . You should reverence him the more that, while others are admonished of their duty by misfortunes and miseries, the good God invites you to his love by benefits and honors. . . . I am very glad, too, that his Excellency has given you the admiral for your prisoner, both because of the benefit to you, and because it is a mark of your merit on that day. Knowing the state of our affairs, you will now be able to free your patrimony from encumbrances, when otherwise you would have been in danger of remaining embarrassed and in the power of others. It will therefore be a perpetual honor to you that you, the youngest of us all, have been able by your merits to do more to raise up our house out of its difficulties than your predecessors or myself have been able to do."²

The beautiful white horse which the archduke had ridden during the battle fell into the hands of Louis

¹ Louis Gunther to Louis William, July 20, 1600, Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 23.

² Louis William to Louis Gunther, July, 1600, *ibid.*, 42, 43.

Gunther, and was presented by him to Prince Maurice, who had expressed great admiration of the charger. It was a Spanish horse, for which the archduke had lately paid eleven hundred crowns.¹ A white hackney of the Infanta had also been taken, and became the property of Count Ernest.²

The news of the great battle spread with unexampled rapidity not only through the Netherlands, but to neighboring countries. On the night of the 7th July (N. S.), five days after the event, Envoy Caron, in England, received intimations of the favorable news from the French ambassador, who had received a letter from the governor of Calais. Next morning, very early, he waited on Sir Robert Cecil at Greenwich, and was admitted to his chamber, although the secretary was not yet out of bed. He, too, had heard of the battle, but Richardot had informed the English ambassador in Paris that the victory had been gained, not by the stadholder, but by the archduke. While they were talking, a despatch-bearer arrived with letters from Vere to Cecil, and from the States-General to Caron, dated on the 3d July. There could no longer be any doubt on the subject, and the envoy of the Republic had now full details of the glorious triumph which the Spanish agent in Paris had endeavored for a time to distort into a defeat.

While the two were conversing, the queen, who had heard of Caron's presence in the palace, sent down for the latest intelligence. Cecil made notes of the most important points in the despatches, to be forthwith conveyed to her Majesty. The queen, not satisfied, however, sent for Caron himself. That diplomatist, who had just ridden down from London in foul weather, was accord-

¹ Letters last cited.

² Ibid.

ingly obliged to present himself, booted and spurred, and splashed with mud from head to foot, before her Majesty.¹ Elizabeth received him with such extraordinary manifestations of delight at the tidings that he was absolutely amazed, and she insisted upon his reading the whole of the letter just received from Olden-Barneveldt, her Majesty listening very patiently as he translated it out of Dutch into French. She then expressed unbounded admiration of the States-General and of Prince Maurice. "The sagacious administration of the states' government is so full of good order and policy," she said, "as to far surpass in its wisdom the intelligence of all kings and potentates." "We kings," she said, "understand nothing of such affairs in comparison, but require, all of us, to go to school to the States-General." She continued to speak in terms of warm approbation of the secrecy and discretion with which the invasion of Flanders had been conducted, and protested that she thanked God on both knees for vouchsafing such a splendid victory to the United Provinces.²

Yet, after all, her Majesty, as mankind in general, both wise and simple, are apt to do, had judged only according to the result, and the immediate result. No doubt John of Barneveldt was second to no living statesman

¹ "Hoewel ick daertoe niet gereet was, want ick daer te peerde was gekomen gants vuil en beslyckt door 't quade weder," etc.—Caron to the States-General, in Deventer, ii. 290–293.

² Ibid.

The French king, too, was much pleased with the result of the battle. So soon as he received the news he sent for the states' envoy, and amused himself by reading him only the earlier despatches, which related the success of the archduke at the forts and at Leffingen. Having sufficiently teased him, he then showed him the whole account. The satisfaction manifested by Henry

in breadth of view and adroitness of handling, yet the invasion of Flanders, which was purely his work, was unquestionably a grave mistake, and might easily have proved a fatal one. That the deadly peril was escaped was due, not to his prudence, but to the heroism of Maurice, the gallantry of Vere, Count Louis Gunther, and the forces under them, and the noble self-devotion of Ernest. And, even despite the exertions of these brave men, it seems certain that victory would have been impossible had the archduke possessed that true appreciation of a situation which marks the consummate general. Surely the Lord seemed to have delivered the enemy into his hands that morning. Maurice was shut in between Nieuport on one side and the archduke's army on the other, planted as it was on the only road of retreat. Had Albert intrenched himself, Maurice must either have attacked at great disadvantage or attempted embarkation in the face of his enemy. To stay indefinitely where he was would have proved an impossibility, and, amid the confusion necessary to the shipping of his

naturally much scandalized the high Catholic party, with whom the king was most desirous of being on good terms. (Aertsens to States-General, July 13, 1600, Archives of The Hague MS.)

And in his confidential letters to Falck the envoy expressed himself in similar terms, saying that, his own despatches having accidentally been delayed, the king almost gave him a fever by concealing the good news and telling him of the reverses sustained by the states' troops at the beginning of the day, and adding that his Majesty, although making a great effort, had found it very difficult to dissemble his delight, "*car tous ne prennent cette victoire de meme biais, aucuns l'estimant prejudiciable, en tant qu'elle peut ayder a fonder solidement la religion, les autres s'en rejouissent comme d'un eschecq et affoiblissement a l'Espagne,*" etc.—MS. before cited, July 20, 1600.

army, how could he have protected himself by six demi-cannon placed on the sea-beach?

That Maurice was able to extricate himself from the horrible dilemma in which he had been placed, through no fault of his own, and to convert imminent disaster into magnificent victory, will always redound to his reputation as a great military chief. And this was all the fruit of the expedition planned, as Elizabeth thought, with so much secrecy and discretion. Three days after the battle the stadholder came again before Nieuport, only to find the garrison strengthened meantime by La Bourlotte to three thousand men. A rainy week succeeded, and Maurice then announced to the States-General the necessity of abandoning an enterprise a successful issue to which was in his opinion impossible. The States-General, grown more modest in military matters, testified their willingness to be governed by his better judgment, and left Ostend for The Hague on the 18th July. Maurice, after a little skirmishing with some of the forts around that city, in one of which the arch-duke's general La Bourlotte was killed, decided to close the campaign, and he returned with his whole army on the last day of July into Holland.¹

¹ The chief authorities used by me for the campaign of Nieuport are the following: Bentivoglio, p. iii. lib. vi. 496-504; Carnero, lib. xiv. cap. vii. 472-481; Meteren, 437-442; Reynd, xvii. 427-433; Bor, iv. 603-700; De la Pise, 681-687; Sir Francis Vere, *La Bataille de Nieuport*, apud Bor, *Bijvoegsels van Authent. Stukken*, iv.; Wagenaer, ix. 76-88; Van Wyn op Wagen., ix. 37-47; Grotius, *Histor.*, ix. 552-573; Van der Kemp, ii. 62-82 and 251-286; Philip Fleming, *Belegeringe van Oostende* ('s Graven Hage, 1621), 27-52; Henry Haestens, *La Nouvelle Troie, ou Memorable Histoire du Siege d'Ostende* (Leyden, Elzevir, 1615), 1-69; Groen v. Prinsterer, *Archives*, etc., II. S. ii. 14-43; MS.

The expedition was an absolute failure, but the stadholder had gained a great victory. The effect produced at home and abroad by this triumphant measuring of the republican forces, horse, foot, and artillery, in a pitched battle and on so conspicuous an arena, with the picked veterans of Spain and Italy, was perhaps worth the cost, but no other benefit was derived from the invasion of Flanders.

The most healthy moral to be drawn from this brief but memorable campaign is that the wisest statesmen

letters of States-General, of Queen Elizabeth, and of Envoy Noël de Caron, in the Royal Archives of The Hague; De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxxiv. 467-481; Le Petit, Grande Chronique, vol. ii. 762-766; Camden's Elizabeth, 590-593; MS. letters of Buzanval to Villeroy, in the Royal Library of The Hague, especially July 4, July 20, August 5, August 17, 1600; Antony Duyck, Journaal, ii. 661-681.

No one censured more sharply the policy of the expedition, nor reduced its results more pitilessly, than did the French envoy. "Croyez que ces Mess^{rs}," said he, "avoient bien joué leur estat a un coup de dé et que le P. Maurice avoit fait paroistre sa prudence avant de partir de ce lieu en remonstrant aux Etats les accidents de cette entreprise et sa suite infaillible et forcée d'une bataille. Il a bien montré sa resolution quand il a fallu boire la lie de ces indigestes conseils." And again: "La suite de cette bataille a été plus desavantageuse aux victorieux qu'aux vaincus qui se sont relevez avec plus de vigueur que les autres n'ont poursuivi leur pointe." And once more: "C'est un eclair qui a passé qui a plus donné de lustre aux vainqueurs que fait du mal aux vaincus. On diroit qu'elle auroit tout epuisé la vertu et vigueur de l'un et fait surgir la force de l'autre. Mais à la verité les fondemens de cette entreprise de Flandres estoient si mal jettés comme vous avez peu voir par celles que je vous ai escrits lorsqu'elle fait resoluë qu'il se faut peu estonner si ils ont eu si peu d'issue et de suite . . . car on fait ici beaucoup plus de plaintes du peu de suite de cette victoire qu'il ne m'en escrit de Bruxelles," etc. As to the numbers engaged in the battle, Duyck puts the archduke's force at ten

are prone to blunder in affairs of war, success in which seems to require a special education and a distinct genius. Alternation between hope and despair, between culpable audacity and exaggerated prudence, is but too apt to mark the warlike counsels of politicians who have not been bred soldiers. This, at least, had been eminently the case with Barneveldt and his colleagues of the States-General.

NOTE ON VERE

I HAVE endeavored in the account of this campaign to reconcile discrepancies where it was possible to reconcile them. I have studied carefully the narratives given by the most prominent actors in the battle; but, in regard to Sir Francis Vere, I am bound to say that, after much consideration, I have rejected his statements wherever they conflict with those of Maurice, Louis Gunther, and Ernest of Nassau.

The mutual contradictions are often so direct as to make it impossible for both parties to be partly right and partly incorrect, and, as all were prominently engaged in the transactions, and all men of courage and distinction, it is absolutely necessary at times to decide between them.

The narrative of Vere was a publication, a party pamphlet in an age of pamphleteering. It is marked throughout by spleen, inordinate personal and national self-esteem, undisguised hostility to the Nassaus and the Hollanders, and wounded pride of opinion. It shows occasional looseness or reckless-

thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse, including the detachment of two thousand or three thousand under Velasco, which was not in the action. More than a third of those engaged were killed. Maurice had at first one hundred and ninety-eight companies of foot and twenty-five companies of horse, but with deduction of the detachments to strengthen the forts his force was not more than ten thousand foot and twelve hundred horse (including the troops of Ernest destroyed before nine o'clock).

ness of assertion, which would have been almost impossible had Maurice or his cousins been likely to engage in a controversy concerning the Nieuport expedition.

It is not agreeable to come to this conclusion in regard to a man of unquestionable talent, high character, and experience, who fought on that memorable day with splendid valor. I shall therefore give a few extracts from his narrative, and place them here and there in juxtaposition with passages from the correspondence of the Nassaus, in order to justify my opinion.

It must be borne in mind that these latter documents have remained in the family archives of Orange-Nassau for two centuries and a half, never having seen the light till they were edited by the learned and accomplished Groen van Prinsterer. The controversy with Vere is therefore an all-unconscious one on the part of those buried warriors, but the examination of such samples of conflicting testimony may give the general reader a conception of the difficulty besetting the path of modern historians wishing to be conscientious and disinterested.

Sir Francis says, *without giving any dates*, that the army reached and crossed the haven of Nieuport on a certain morning, that they encamped and occupied *two or three days* in arranging their quarters and in intrenching themselves in the most advantageous places for their own safety and for the siege of the city, *making a bridge of stone* at the narrowest part of the harbor, to enable their troops and trains to cross and recross whenever necessary.

Now, if there be two dates perfectly established in history by the concurrent testimony of despatches, resolutions of assembly, contemporary chronicles,—Dutch, Spanish, Italian, or French,—and private letters of the chief personages engaged in the transactions, it is that Maurice's army came before Nieuport on the morning of the 1st July, crossing the harbor in the course of the same day, and that the battle was fought on the 2d July.¹

¹ "Je partoy droit devers Nieuport et m'y campoy le *premier de ce mois de juillet* et devant bien estre encores campé je fus adverti

What could Vere mean, then, by talking of two or three days in the trenches and of a stone bridge? Yet these are his words: "Le matin de bonne heure nous marchames vers Nieuport et a la basse marée traversames la riviere du coste ou elle faist le Havre de la ville, et ainsy nous campasmes mettans deux ou trois jours à faire les quartiers, et à nous retrancher és lieux les plus avantageux pour notre seureté, et le siege de ville, *faisans un pont de pierre* au plus estroict du Havre pour y faire passer et repasser en tout temps nostre chariage et nos troupes, quand besoin en seroit."

On the intelligence received in the night of the arrival of the enemy at Oudenbourg, Vere advised instantly crossing the harbor and marching against him with the whole army. Maurice decided, however, to send the detachment under Ernest, to the great dissatisfaction of Sir Francis.

Vere then states that the army was ordered to *cross the haven at dawn of day, at the first low tide*.

"Le reste de l'armee fut commandé de marcher vers la riviere afin de la passer à l'aube du jour à la premiere basse marée."

Now, it is certain that on the 2d of July it was exactly *high tide* at 3 A. M., or *about dawn of day*.

Count Louis Gunther states expressly in his letter, often cited, that he was first to cross with the cavalry, when the tide was out, at about 8 A. M. It is also manifest by every account given of the battle that it was high tide again at or after 3 P. M.,

la même nuit que l'ennemi s'estoit approché d'Ostende," etc., says Maurice of Nassau, in letter to Count Louis William, written 2d July, evening after the battle. Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 16, 17. Compare Bor, Meteren, Fleming, Haestens, De Thou, Bentivoglio, original documents in Van der Kemp, vol. ii., Archives de la Maison d'Orange-Nassau, passim, et mult. al. "Et le tems ne voulant permettre que le pont qui estoit commencé à faire outre le dit havre s'ascheva," etc.—Letter of Louis Gunther to Louis William.

which compelled the transferring of the fight from the submerged beach to the downs and to the pastures beyond.

In these statements Vere is so manifestly contradicted, not only by the accounts given by all contemporaries and eye-witnesses, but by other passages in his own narrative, that one has in general a right to prefer the assertions of other actors in the battle to his, if there is no other way of arriving at a clear understanding of the affair.

Thus he says that at the beginning of the action he wished the advanced cavalry under Louis Gunther to approach the enemy, and that "the young lord" refused. The account of the young lord is the exact reverse of these assertions. I shall here give in juxtaposition the text of Vere and of the private letter of Louis, observing that this letter—not written for publication, and never published, so far as I know, till two hundred and fifty years after it was written for the private information of the writer's brother—gives by far the most intelligible and succinct account of the battle to be met with anywhere.

LOUIS GUNTHER

"J'en avoy envoié advertir son Ex^{ce} que je m'estoy mis là en ordre et que je n'en bouger oy sans son expres commandement, le supliant de haster le passage de l'infanterie . . . Monsieur Veer vint aussitot me trouver et jugeoit que je m'estois trop avancé, trouvant necessaire qu'on se resteroit plus pres de l'infanterie dont l'avant-garde estoit presque passee. Je craignois fort que ceste retraicte ne nous eust causé de confusion, l'ennemy nous estant si proche, et qu'elle eut refroidi le courage de nos

VERE

"Le ennemy approchant de plus en plus, et la cavallerie sortant a la teste de leurs troupes en une distance competente pour pouvoir estre attirée au combat, j'avoy grand envie de voir la cavallerie de l'avantgarde approcher d'elle et avec quelques gens d'eslite et bien montes battre leurs carbins et escarmoucheurs jusques à dessus leur gros, en intention que s'ils eussent este recharges de retirer en haste avec la dite avantgarde de chevaulx entre la mer et l'avantgarde d'infant-

soldats. Ce que me fit le prier qu'il avançast plutôt l'infanterie jusques derrière ma troupe : ce que pourroit apporter de confort aux nostres et de l'étonnement à l'ennemy duquel l'infanterie n'estoit encor arrivé ny mise en ordre. Je demeuray encor à la mesme place une heure, y aiant esté desja bien davantage jusques à ce que son Ex^{ce} y vint en personne. Il fut conclu que je me retirerois et me planteroie à l'aisle gauche des Anglois. . . . Il fust résolu alors que j'enverroy deux companies seulement bien pres d'eux pour leur faire prendre l'envie de se résoudre à les venir charger et que les notres s'enfuies derrière ma troupe donnassent occasion aux ennemis de les poursuivre la furie desquels nostre canon appaisant un peu et nos musquetiers qui estoient bien avancés dans les dunes, à demy en embuscade, les frottant de coste, et après nostre cavallerie les chargeant en face, indubitablement nous eut des lors esté ouvert le chemin de la victoire, car on les eut facilement renversez dans leur infanterie, la confusion de laquelle n'eut sçeu estre que bien grande : mais la haste de nos canoniers nous fit perdre les effects de cette belle resolution, à cause que la voiant si belle donnerent feu devant qu'on y eut envoyé ces compa-

erie, et après les avoir tirez arrière de leur infanterie sous la mercy de nostre canon, avoir engagé le reste de nos chevaux à charger et suivre resolument. *Mais le jeusne seigneur ne peut trouver bon cest advis n'ayant pas eu agreable le pouvoir que le Comte Maurice m'avoit donné par dessus sa charge et partant ne l'executa pas choississant plutôt comme l'ennemy avançoit tout bellement reculer de mesme vers l'infanterie.* Ce mien conseil ne parvenant à autre meilleur effect et desja la cavallerie estant venue sous la portee de nostre canon, je proposai qu'il le falloist descharger, qui fut trouvé bon et si bien effectué qu'il faisoit escarter leurs troupes et fuir en desordre pour se sauver dedans les dunes, chose qui sans doute, nous eust donné la victoire si nostre cavallerie eust esté preste et volontaire à se prevaloir de l'occasion offerte."

gnise et avec la première volée les mit-on en désordre qu'ils quittèrent le rang et se cachèrent aux dunes pour n'être offensés du canon."

Thus Louis says most distinctly that he approved of the "beautiful resolution," as he calls it, which he rejected, according to Vere, from jealousy, and that the cause why it was not carried out was the premature cannonade, which Vere says that he himself ordered!

These extracts will be sufficient to show the impossibility of making both accounts agree in regard to many momentous points.

When did two accounts of the same battle ever resemble each other? It must be confessed that modesty was not a leading characteristic of Sir Francis Vere. According to the whole tenor of his narrative, he was himself not only a great part, but the whole of the events he describes; the victory of Nieuport was entirely due to his arrangements, and to the personal valor of himself and of the sixteen hundred English soldiers, Prince Maurice filling hardly a subordinate part in superintendence of the battle, Count Louis Gunther being dismissed with a single sneer, and no other name but Vere's own and that of his brother Horace being even mentioned. He admits that he did not participate in the final and conclusive charge, being then disabled, but observes that, having satisfied himself that his directions would be carried out and that nothing else was left but to pursue the enemy, he thought it time to have his wounds dressed.

"There was no loss worth speaking of," he says, "except that of the English, six hundred of whom were killed. I should not venture to attribute," he observes, "the whole honor of the victory to the poor English troop of sixteen hun-

dred men, but I leave the judgment thereof to those who can decide with less suspicion of partiality. I will merely affirm that the English left nothing to do for the rest of the army but to follow the chase, and that one has never before heard that with so small a number in an indifferent position, where the only advantage was the choice and the good use which could be made of it, without the use of spade or other instrument of fortification, an army so large and so victorious as that of the archduke could have been resisted in such a continued struggle and so thoroughly defeated."

Certainly the defeat of an army of ten thousand veterans in the open field by sixteen hundred men is a phenomenon rarely witnessed, and one must be forgiven for not accepting as gospel truth the account of the leader of the sixteen hundred, when it is directly contradicted by every other statement on record.

In Vere's advanced guard—nearly half the whole army—there were twenty-six hundred Englishmen and twenty-eight hundred Frisians, besides several squadrons of cavalry, according to his own statement in another part of his narrative.

How, therefore, the whole battle should have been fought by a mere portion of the English contingent it is difficult to comprehend.

Vere makes no allusion to the combat of Leffingen, which was an essential part of the battle; to the heroic self-sacrifice of Ernest and his division, by which alone the rest of the army were enabled to gain the victory; nor has he a word for the repeated charges of cavalry by which the infantry fight was protected.

Louis Gunther, on the contrary, whose account is as modest as it is clear, gives full credit to the splendid achievements of the infantry under Vere, but in describing the cavalry combats he mentions the loss in the six cavalry companies under his immediate command as one hundred and seventy-one killed and wounded, while Ernest's loss has never been placed at less than one thousand.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Effects of the Nieuport campaign—The general and the statesman—The Roman Empire and the Turk—Disgraceful proceedings of the mutinous soldiers in Hungary—The Dunkirk pirates—Siege of Ostend by the archduke—Attack on Rheinberg by Prince Maurice—Siege and capitulation of Meurs—Attempt on Bois-le-Duc—Concentration of the war at Ostend—Account of the belligerents—Details of the siege—Feigned offer of Sir Francis Vere to capitulate—Arrival of reinforcements from the states—Attack and overthrow of the besiegers.

THE Nieuport campaign had exhausted for the time both belligerents. The victor had saved the Republic from impending annihilation, but was incapable of further efforts during the summer. The conquered cardinal archduke, remaining essentially in the same position as before, consoled himself with the agreeable fiction that the states, notwithstanding their triumph, had in reality suffered the most in the great battle. Meantime both parties did their best to repair damages and to recruit their armies.

The states—or in other words Barneveldt, who was the states—had learned a lesson. Time was to show whether it would be a profitable one, or whether Maurice, who was the preceptor of Europe in the art of war, would continue to be a docile pupil of the great advocate even in military affairs. It is probable that the alienation between the statesman and the general, which was

to widen as time advanced, may be dated from the day of Nieuport.

Fables have even been told which indicated the popular belief in an intensity of resentment on the part of the prince, which certainly did not exist till long afterward.

"Ah, scoundrel!" the stadholder was said to have exclaimed, giving the advocate a box on the ear as he came to wish him joy of his great victory, "you sold us, but God prevented your making the transfer."¹

History would disdain even an allusion to such figments—quite as disgraceful, certainly, to Maurice as to Barneveldt—did they not point the moral and foreshadow some of the vast but distant results of events which had already taken place, and had they not been so generally repeated that it is a duty for the lover of truth to put his foot upon the calumny, even at the risk for a passing moment of reviving it.

The condition of the war in Flanders had established a temporary equilibrium among the Western powers,—France and England discussing, intriguing, and combining in secret with each other, against each other, and in spite of each other, in regard to the great conflict,—while Spain and the cardinal archduke on the one side, and the Republic on the other, prepared themselves for another encounter in the blood-stained arena.

Meantime, on the opposite verge of what was called European civilization, the perpetual war between the Roman Empire and the Grand Turk had for the moment been brought into a nearly similar equation. Notwithstanding the vast amount of gunpowder exploded dur-

¹ See Van der Kemp, ii. 88 and 298, 299. The learned historian of course denounces the tale as a falsehood.

ing so many wearisome years, the problem of the crescent and the cross was not much nearer a solution in the East than was that of mass and conventicle in the West. War was the normal and natural condition of mankind. This fact, at least, seemed to have been acquired and added to the mass of human knowledge.

From the prolific womb of Germany came forth, to swell impartially the Protestant and Catholic hosts, vast swarms of human creatures. Sold by their masters at as high prices as could be agreed upon beforehand, and receiving for themselves five stivers a day, irregularly paid, until the carrion-crow rendered them the last service, they found at times more demand for their labor in the great European market than they could fully supply. There were not Germans enough every year for the consumption of the Turk and the pope and the emperor and the Republic and the Catholic king and the Christian king, with both ends of Europe ablaze at once. So it happened that the Duke of Mercœur and other heroes of the League, having effected their reconciliation with the Béarnese, and for a handsome price paid down on the nail having acknowledged him to be their legitimate and Catholic sovereign, now turned their temporary attention to the Turk. The sweepings of the League—Frenchmen, Walloons, Germans, Italians, Spaniards—were tossed into Hungary, because for a season the war had become languid in Flanders. And the warriors grown gray in the religious wars of France astonished the pagans on the Danube by a variety of crimes and cruelties such as Christians only could imagine. Thus, while the forces of the Sultan were besieging Buda, a detachment of these ancient Leaguers lay in Pappa, a fortified town not far from Raab, which

Archduke Maximilian had taken by storm two years before. Finding their existence monotonous and payments unpunctual, they rose upon the governor, Michael Maroti, and then entered into a treaty with the Turkish commander outside the walls. Bringing all the principal citizens of the town, their wives and children, and all their movable property into the market-place, they offered to sell the lot, including the governor, for a hundred thousand rix-dollars. The bargain was struck, and the Turk, paying him all his cash on hand and giving hostages for the remainder, carried off six hundred of the men and women, promising soon to return and complete the transaction.¹ Meantime the imperial general, Schwarzenberg, came before the place, urging the mutineers, with promises of speedy payment and with appeals to their sense of shame, to abstain from the disgraceful work. He might as well have preached to the wild swine swarming in the adjacent forests. Siege thereupon was laid to the place. In a sortie the brave Schwarzenberg was killed, but, Colonitz coming up in force, the mutineers were locked up in the town which they had seized, and the Turk never came to their relief. Famine drove them at last to choose between surrender and a desperate attempt to cut their way out. They took the bolder course, and were all either killed or captured. And now, the mutineers having given the Turk this lesson in Christian honor toward captives, their comrades and the rest of the imperial forces showed them the latest and most approved Christian method of treating mutineers. Several hundred of the prisoners were distributed among the different nationalities composing the army, to be dealt with at pleasure. The hon-

¹ Meteren, 447.

est Germans were the most straightforward of all toward their portion of the prisoners, for they shot them down at once, without an instant's hesitation. But the Lorrainers, the remainder of the French troops, the Walloons, and especially the Hungarians, whose countrymen and -women had been sold into captivity, all vied with each other in the invention of cruelties at which the soul sickens, and which the pen almost refuses to depict.¹

These operations and diversions had no sensible effect upon the progress of the war, which crept on with the same monotonous and sluggish cruelty as ever; but the incidents narrated paint the course of civilization more vividly than the detailed accounts of siege and battle, mining and countermining, assaults and ambuscades, can do, of which the history books are full. The leaguers of Buda and of other cities and fortresses in Hungary went their course, and it was destined to remain for a still longer season doubtful whether cross or crescent should ultimately wave over the whole territory of eastern Europe, and whether the vigorous Moslem, believing in himself, his mission, his discipline, and his resources, should ultimately absorb what was left of the ancient Roman Empire.

Meantime, such of the Walloons, Lorrainers, Germans, and Frenchmen as had grown wearied of the fighting on the Danube and the Theiss might have recourse for variety to the perpetual carnage on the Meuse, the Rhine, and the Schelde. If there was not bloodshed enough for all, it was surely not the fault of Mohammed, nor Clement, nor Philip.

During the remainder of the year not much was done

¹ Meteren, *ubi sup.*

in the field by the forces of the stadholder or the cardinal, but there was immense damage done to the Dutch shipping by the famous privateersman Van der Waecken, with his squadron of twelve or fourteen armed cruisers. In vain had the states exerted themselves to destroy that robbers' cave, Dunkirk. Ship-loads of granite had been brought from Norway, and stone fleets had been sunk in the Channel, but the insatiable quicksands had swallowed them as fast as they could be deposited, the tide rolled as freely as before, and the bold pirates sailed forth as gaily as ever to prey upon the defenseless trading-vessels and herring-smacks of the states. For it was only upon non-combatants that Admiral van der Waecken made war, and the fishermen especially, who mainly belonged to the Mennonite religion, with its doctrines of non-resistance,¹—not a very comfortable practice in that sanguinary age,—were his constant victims. And his cruelties might have almost served as a model to the Christian warriors on the Turkish frontier. After each vessel had been rifled of everything worth possessing, and then scuttled, the admiral would order the crews to be thrown overboard at once, or, if he chanced to be in a merry mood, would cause them to be fastened to the cabin floor or nailed crosswise to the deck, and would then sail away, leaving ship and sailors to sink at leisure.² The states gave chase as well as they could to the miscreant,—a Dutchman born, and with a crew mainly composed of renegade Netherlanders and other outcasts, preying for base lucre on their defenseless countrymen,

¹ "Ergo imbellē hominū genus et est plerisque piscatorum ea religio quæ nefas ducit vim armis propellere," etc.—Grotii Hist., ix. 575. Compare Meteren, 445.

² Meteren, Grotius, ubi sup.

—and their cruisers were occasionally fortunate enough to capture and bring in one of the pirate ships. In such cases short shrift was granted, and the bucanears were hanged without mercy, thirty-eight having been executed in one morning at Rotterdam. The admiral, with most of his vessels, escaped, however, to the coast of Spain, where his crews during the autumn mainly contrived to desert, and where he himself died in the winter, whether from malady, remorse, or disappointment at not being rewarded by a high position in the Spanish navy, has not been satisfactorily decided.¹

The war was in its old age. The leaf of a new century had been turned, and men in middle life had never known what the word "peace" meant. Perhaps they could hardly imagine such a condition. This is easily said, but it is difficult really to picture to ourselves the moral constitution of a race of mankind which had been born and had grown up, marrying and giving in marriage, dying and burying their dead, and so passing on from the cradle toward the grave, accepting the eternal clang of arms and the constant participation by themselves and those nearest to them in the dangers, privations, and horrors of siege and battle-field as the common-places of life. At least, those Netherlanders knew what fighting for independence of a foreign tyrant meant. They must have hated Spain very thoroughly, and believed in the right of man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and to govern himself upon his own soil, however meager, very earnestly, or they would hardly have spent their blood and treasure, year after year, with such mercantile regularity, when it

¹ "Interiit morbo an quia Hispanis fastiditus," says Grotius, *ubi sup.*

was always in their power to make peace by giving up the object for which they had been fighting.

Yet the war, although in its old age, was not fallen into decrepitude. The most considerable and most sanguinary pitched battle of what then were modern times had just been fought, and the combatants were preparing themselves for a fresh wrestle, as if the conflict had only begun. And now, although the great leaguers of Haarlem, Leyden, and Antwerp, as well as the more recent masterpieces of Prince Maurice in Gelderland and Friesland, were still fresh in men's memory, there was to be a siege which, for endurance, pertinacity, valor, and bloodshed on both sides, had not yet been foreshadowed, far less equaled, upon the fatal Netherland soil.

That place of fashionable resort, where the fine folk of Europe now bathe and flirt and prattle politics or scandal so cheerfully during the summer solstice, cool and comfortable Ostend, was throughout the sixteenth century as obscure a fishing-village as could be found in Christendom. Nothing had ever happened there, nobody had ever lived there, and it was not until a much later period that the famous oyster now identified with its name had been brought to its bay to be educated. It was known for nothing except for claiming to have invented the pickling of herrings, which was not at all the fact.¹ Toward the latter part of the century, however, the poor little open village had been fortified to such purpose as to enable it to beat off the great Alexander Farnese, when he had made an impromptu effort to seize it in the year 1583, after his successful enterprise against Dunkirk and Nieuport, and subsequent preparation had

¹ *La Nouvelle Troie, ou Memorable Histoire du Siege d'Ostende*, par Henry Haestens (Leyden, 1615), 79, 80.

fortunately been made against any further attempt. For in the opening period of the new century thousands and tens of thousands were to come to those yellow sands, not for a midsummer holiday, but to join hands in one of the most enduring struggles that history had yet recorded, and on which the attention of Europe was for a long time to be steadily fixed.

Ostend (East-end) was the only possession of the Republic in Flanders. Having been at last thoroughly fortified according to the principles of the age, it was a place whence much damage was inflicted upon the enemy, and whence forays upon the obedient Flemings could very successfully be conducted. Being in the hands of so enterprising a naval power, it controlled the coast, while the cardinal archduke, on the other side, fondly hoped that its possession would give him supremacy on the sea. The states of Flanders declared it to be a thorn in the Belgic lion's foot, and called urgently upon their sovereign to remove the annoyance.

They offered Albert three hundred thousand florins a month so long as the siege should last, besides an extraordinary sum of three hundred thousand, of which one third was to be paid when the place should be invested, one third when the breach had been made, and one third after the town had been taken.¹ It was obvious that, although they thought the extraction of the thorn might prove troublesome, the process would be accomplished within a reasonable time. The cardinal archduke, on his part, was as anxious as the "members" of Flanders. Asking how long the Duke of Parma had

¹ Haestens, 99. Philip Fleming, *Oostende: Vermaerde gheweldige, lanckduyrighe ende bloedighe Belegeringe, etc., beschreven door Philippe Fleming ('s Graven Hage, 1621)*, 62.

been in taking Antwerp, and being told "eighteen months," he replied that, if necessary, he was willing to employ eighteen years in reducing Ostend.¹

The town thus about to assume so much importance in the world's eye had about three thousand inhabitants within its lowly, thatch-roofed houses. It fronted directly upon the sea-coast and stretched backward in a southerly direction, having the sandy downs on the right and left, and a swampy, spongy soil on the inner verge, where it communicated with the land. Its northern part, small and scarcely inhabited, was lashed by the ocean and exposed to perpetual danger from its storms and flood-tides, but was partially protected from these encroachments by a dike stretching along the coast on the west. Here had hitherto been the harbor formed by the mouth of the river Iperleda as it mingled with the sea, but this entrance had become so choked with sand as to be almost useless at low water. This circumstance would have rendered the labors of the archduke comparatively easy, and much discouraged the states, had there not fortunately been a new harbor which had formed itself on the eastern side, exactly at the period of threatened danger. The dwarf mountain-range of dunes which encircled the town on the eastern side had been purposely leveled, lest the higher summits should offer positions of vantage to a besieging foe. In consequence of this operation, the sea had burst over the land and swept completely around the place, almost converting it into an island, while at high water there opened a wide and profound gulf which with the ebb left an excellent channel quite deep enough for even the ships of war of

¹ Angeli Galluccii de Bello Belgico (Romæ, 1671), Pars Altera, 184.

those days. The next care of the states' authorities was to pierce their fortifications on this side at a convenient point, thus creating a safe and snug haven within the walls for the fleets of transports which were soon to arrive by open sea, laden with soldiers and munitions.

The whole place was about half an hour's walk in circumference. It was surrounded with a regular counterscarp, bastions, and casemates, while the proximity of the ocean and the humid nature of the soil insured it a network of foss and canal on every side. On the left or western side, where the old harbor had once been, and which was the most vulnerable by nature, was a series of strong ravelins, the most conspicuous of which were called the Sand Hill, the Porcupine, and Hell's Mouth. Beyond these, toward the southwest, were some detached fortifications, resting for support, however, upon the place itself, called the Polder, the Square, and the South Square. On the east side, which was almost inaccessible, as it would seem, by such siege-machinery as then existed, was a work called the Spanish Half-moon, situate on the new harbor called the Guele, or Gullet.

Toward the west and southwest, externally, upon the territory of Flanders,—not an inch of which belonged to the Republic, save the sea-beaten corner in which nestled the little town,—eighteen fortresses had been constructed by the archduke as a protection against hostile incursions from the place. Of these the most considerable were St. Albert, often mentioned during the Nieuport campaign, St. Isabella-St. Clara, and Great-Thirst.¹

On the 5th July, 1601, the archduke came before the town and formally began the siege. He established his

¹ Fleming, *Haestens*, Guicciardini, *in voce*. Bentivoglio, p. iii. lib. vi. 505, 506. Meteren, 454, 455.

headquarters in the fort which bore the name of his patron saint. Frederick van den Berg meanwhile occupied Fort Breedene, on the eastern side, with the intention, if possible, of getting possession of the Gullet, or at least of rendering the entrance to that harbor impossible by means of his hostile demonstrations. Under Van den Berg was Count Bucquoy-Longueval, a Walloon officer of much energy and experience, now general-in-chief of artillery in the archduke's army.

The numbers with which Albert took the field at first have not been accurately stated, but it is probable that his object was to keep as many as twenty thousand constantly engaged in the siege, and that in this regard he was generally successful.

Within the town were fifty-nine companies of infantry, to which were soon added twenty-three more under command of young Chatillon, grandson of the great Coligny. It was "an olla podrida of nationalities," according to the diarist of the siege. English, Scotch, Dutch, Flemings, Frenchmen, Germans, mixed in about equal proportions.¹ Commander-in-chief at the outset was Sir Francis Vere, who established himself by the middle of July in the place, sent thither by order of the States-General. It had been the desire of that assembly that the stadholder should make another foray in Flanders for the purpose of driving off the archduke before he should have time to complete his preliminary operations. But for that year, at least, Maurice was resolved not to renounce his own schemes in deference to those so much more ignorant than himself of the art of war, even if Barneveldt and his subordinates, on their part, had not learned a requisite lesson of modesty.

¹ Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Fleming, 74 seq.

So the prince, instead of risking another Nieuport campaign, took the field with a small but well-appointed force, about ten thousand men in all, marched to the Rhine, and early in June laid siege to Rheinberg.¹ It was his purpose to leave the archduke for the time to break his teeth against the walls of Ostend, while he would himself protect the eastern frontier, over which came regular reinforcements and supplies for the Catholic armies. His works were laid out with his customary precision and neatness. But, standing as usual, like a professor at his blackboard, demonstrating his proposition to the town, he was disturbed in his calculations by the abstraction from his little army of two thousand English troops ordered by the States-General to march to the defense of Ostend. The most mathematical but most obedient of princes, annoyed but not disconcerted, sent off the troops, but continued his demonstration.

"By this specimen," cried the French envoy, with enthusiasm, "judge of the energy of this little commonwealth. They are besieging Berg with an army of twelve thousand men, a place beyond the frontier and five days' march from The Hague. They are defending another important place, besieged by the principal forces of the archdukes, and there is good chance of success at both points. They are doing all this, too, with such a train of equipages of artillery, of munitions, of barks, of ships of war, that I hardly know of a monarch in the world who would not be troubled to furnish such a force of warlike machinery."²

¹ Meteren, 454. Grotius, x. 580-582. Van der Kemp, ii. 94, 95, and notes.

² Buzanval to Villeroy, July 24, 1601, cited by Van Deventer, ii. 294.

By the middle of July he sprang a mine under the fortifications, doing much damage and sending into the air a considerable portion of the garrison. Two of the soldiers were blown into his own camp, and one of them, strangely enough, was but slightly injured. Coming as he did through the air at cannon-ball speed, he was of course able to bring the freshest intelligence from the interior of the town. His news as to the condition of the siege confirmed the theory of the stadholder. He persisted in his operations for three weeks longer, and the place was then surrendered.¹ The same terms, moderate and honorable, were given to the garrison and the burghers as in all Maurice's victories. Those who liked to stay were at liberty to do so, accepting the prohibition of public worship according to the Roman ritual, but guaranteed against inquisition into household or conscience. The garrison went out with the honors of war, and thus the place, whose military value caused it to change hands almost as frequently as a counter in a game, was once more in possession of the Republic. In the course of the following week Maurice laid siege to the city of Meurs, a little farther up the Rhine, which immediately capitulated.² Thus the keys to the debatable land of Cleves and Juliers, the scene of the admiral of Aragon's recent barbarities, were now held by the stadholder.

These achievements were followed by an unsuccessful attempt upon Bois-le-Duc in the course of November. The place would have fallen, notwithstanding the slenderness of the besieging army, had not a sudden and severe frost caused the prudent prince to raise the siege. Feeling that his cousin Frederick van den Berg, who

¹ Meteren, Grotius, Van der Kemp, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

had been despatched from before Ostend to command the relieving force near Bois-le-Duc, might take advantage of the prematurely frozen canals and rivers to make an incursion into Holland, he left his city just as his works had been sufficiently advanced to insure possession of the prize, and hastened to protect the heart of the Republic from possible danger.¹

Nothing further was accomplished by Maurice that year, but meantime something had been doing within and around Ostend.

For now the siege of Ostend became the war, and was likely to continue to be the war for a long time to come, all other military operations being to a certain degree suspended, as if by general consent of both belligerents, or rendered subsidiary to the main design. So long as this little place should be beleaguered it was the purpose of the states, and of Maurice, acting in harmony with those authorities, to concentrate their resources so as to strengthen the grip with which the only scrap of Flanders was held by the Republic. And, as time wore on, the supposed necessities of the wealthy province, which in political importance made up a full half of the archduke's dominions, together with self-esteem and an exaggerated idea of military honor, made that prelate more and more determined to effect his purpose.

So upon those barren sands was opened a great academy in which the science and the art of war were to be taught by the most skilful practitioners to all Europe; for no general, corporal, artillerist, barber-surgeon, or engineer would be deemed to know his trade if he had not fought at Ostend, and thither resorted, month after month, warriors of every rank, from men of royal or of

¹ Meteren, 457; Van der Kemp, 96, 97, and notes.

noblest blood to adventurers of lowlier degree, whose only fortune was buckled at their sides. From every land, of every religion, of every race, they poured into the town or into the besiegers' trenches. Hapsburg and Holstein; Northumberland, Vere, and Westmoreland; Fairfax and Stuart; Bourbon, Chatillon, and Lorraine; Bentivoglio, Farnese, Spinola, Grimaldi, Aragon, Toledo, Avila, Berlaymont, Bucquoy, Nassau, Orange, Solms—such were the historic names of a few only of the pupils or professors in that sanguinary high school, mingled with the plainer but well-known patronymics of the Baxes, Meetkerkens, Van Loons, Marquettes, Van der Meers, and Berendrechts, whose bearers were fighting, as they long had fought, for all that men most dearly prize on earth, and not to win honor or to take doctors' degrees in blood. Papist, Calvinist, Lutheran, Turk, Jew and Moor, European, Asiatic, African, all came to dance in that long carnival of death; and every incident, every detail, throughout the weary siege could, if necessary, be reproduced; for so profound and general was the attention excited throughout Christendom by these extensive operations, and so new and astonishing were many of the inventions and machines employed,—most of them now as familiar as gunpowder or as antiquated as a catapult,—that contemporaries have been most bountiful in their records for the benefit of posterity, feeling sure of a gratitude which perhaps has not been rendered to their shades.

Especially the indefatigable Philip Fleming, auditor and secretary of Ostend before and during the siege, bravest, most conscientious, and most ingenious of clerks, has chronicled faithfully in his diary almost every cannon-shot that was fired, house that was set on

fire, officer that was killed, and has portrayed each new machine that was invented or imagined by native or foreign genius. For the adepts or pretenders who swarmed to town or camp from every corner of the earth, bringing in their hands or brains, to be disposed of by either belligerents, infallible recipes for terminating the siege at a single blow, if only their theories could be understood and their pockets be filled, were as prolific and as sanguine as in every age.¹ But it would be as wearisome, and in regard to the history of human culture as superfluous, to dilate upon the technics of Targone and Giustianini, and the other engineers, Italian and Flemish, who amazed mankind at this period by their successes, still more by their failures, or to describe every assault, sortie, and repulse, every excavation, explosion, and cannonade, as to disinter the details of the siege of Nineveh or of Troy. But there is one kind of enginery which never loses its value or its interest, and which remains the same in every age,—the machinery by which stout hearts act directly upon willing hands,—and vast were the results now depending on its employment around Ostend.

On the outside and at a distance the war was superintended, of course, by the stadholder and commander-in-chief, while his cousin Louis William, certainly inferior to no living man in the science of war, and whose studies in military literature, both ancient and modern, during the brief intervals of his active campaigning, were probably more profound than those of any contemporary, was always alert and anxious to assist with his counsels or to mount and ride to the fray.

¹ Bentivoglio, Meteren, Fleming, Haestens, Gallucci, Grotius, *loc. cit. et passim, et mult. al.*

In the town Sir Francis Vere commanded. Few shapes are more familiar to the student of those times than this veteran campaigner, the offshoot of a time-honored race. A man of handsome, weather-beaten, battle-bronzed visage, with massive forehead, broad intelligent eyes, a high straight nose, close-clipped hair, and a great brown beard like a spade, captious, irascible, but most resolute, he seemed, in his gold-inlaid Milan corselet and ruff of point-lace, the very image of a partizan chieftain, one of the noblest relics of a race of fighters slowly passing off the world's stage.

An efficient colonel, he was not a general to be relied upon in great affairs either in council or the field. He hated the Nassaus, and the Nassaus certainly did not admire him, while his inordinate self-esteem, both personal and national, and his want of true sympathy for the cause in which he fought, were the frequent source of trouble and danger to the Republic.

Of the seven or eight thousand soldiers in the town when the siege began, at least two thousand were English. The queen, too intelligent, despite her shrewishness to the states, not to be faithful to the cause in which her own interests were quite as much involved as theirs, had promised Envoy Caron that although she was obliged to maintain twenty thousand men in Ireland to keep down the rebels, directly leagued as they were with Spain and the archdukes, the Republic might depend upon five thousand soldiers from England.¹ Detachment after detachment, the soldiers came as fast as the London prisons could be swept and the queen's press-gang perform its office. It may be imagined that the native land of those warriors was not inconsider-

¹ Wagenaer, ix. 111.

erably benefited by the grant to the Republic of the right to make and pay for these levies. But they had all red uniforms, and were as fit as other men to dig trenches, to defend them, and to fill them afterward, and none could fight more manfully or plunder friend and foe with greater cheerfulness or impartiality than did those islanders.¹

The problem which the archduke had set himself to solve was not an easy one. He was to reduce a town which he could invest, and had already succeeded very thoroughly in investing, on the land side, but which was open to the whole world by sea; while the besieged, on their part, could not only rely upon their own government and people, who were more at home on the ocean than was any nation in the world, but upon their alliance with England, a state hardly inferior in maritime resources to the Republic itself.

On the western side, which was the weakest, his progress was from the beginning the more encouraging, and his batteries were soon able to make some impression upon the outer works, and even to do considerable damage to the interior of the town. In the course of a few months he had fifty siege-guns in position, and had constructed a practicable road all around the place, connecting his own fortifications on the west and south with those of Bucquoy on the east.²

Albert's leading thought, however, was to cut off the

¹ Fleming, *passim*, especially 53, 58, 101. *E. g.*: "Arriveerden dien dach duysent nieuwe Engelsche soldaten die in Engellandt gheprest waren ende uyt alle de ghevanghenisse ghelicht, ghecleet met roode casacken," etc. (58).

² Bentivoglio, p. iii. 505-509. Meteren, 455, 460. Grotii Hist., lib. x. Fleming, *passim*, for year 1601.

supplies. The freaks of nature, as already observed, combined with his own exertions, had effectually disposed of the western harbor as a means of ingress. The tide ebbed and flowed through the narrow channel, but it was clogged with sand and nearly dry at low water. Moreover, by an invention then considered very remarkable, a foundation was laid for the besiegers' forts and batteries by sinking large and deep baskets of wickerwork, twenty feet in length, and filled with bricks and sand, within this abandoned harbor. These clumsy machines were called sausages,¹ and were the delight of the camp and of all Europe. The works thus established on the dry side crept slowly on toward the walls, and some demi-cannon were soon placed upon them; but the besieged, not liking these encroachments, took the resolution to cut the sea-dike along the coast which had originally protected the old harbor. Thus the sea, when the tides were high and winds boisterous, was free to break in upon the archduke's works, and would often swallow sausages, men, and cannon far more rapidly than it was possible to place them there. Yet still those human ants toiled on, patiently restoring what the elements so easily destroyed; and still, despite the sea, the cannonade, and the occasional sorties of the garrison, the danger came nearer and nearer. Bucquoy, on the other side, was pursuing the same system, but his task was immeasurably more difficult. The Gullet, or new eastern entrance, was a whirlpool at high tide, deep, broad, and swift as a mill-race. Yet along its outer verge he, too, laid his sausages, protecting his men at their work as well as he could with gabions, and essayed to build a dike of wickerwork upon which he might

¹ Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

place a platform for artillery to prevent the ingress of the republican ships.

And his soldiers were kept steadily at work, exposed all the time to the guns of the Spanish Half-moon, from which the besieged never ceased to cannonade those industrious pioneers. It was a bloody business. Night and day the men were knee-deep in the trenches, delving in mud and sand, falling every instant into the graves which they were thus digging for themselves, while ever and anon the sea would rise in its wrath and sweep them, with their works, away. Yet the victims were soon replaced by others, for had not the cardinal archduke sworn to extract the thorn from the Belgic lion's paw even if he should be eighteen years about it, and would military honor permit him to break his vow? It was a piteous sight, even for the besieged, to see human life so profusely squandered. It is a terrible reflection, too, that those Spaniards, Walloons, Italians, confronted death so eagerly, not from motives of honor, religion, discipline, not inspired by any kind of faith or fanaticism, but because the men who were employed in this horrible sausage-making and dike-building were promised five stivers a day instead of two.¹

And there was always an ample supply of volunteers for the service so long as the five stivers were paid.

But despite all Bucquoy's exertions the east harbor remained as free as ever. The cool, wary Dutch skippers brought in their cargoes as regularly as if there had been no siege at all. Ostend was rapidly acquiring greater commercial importance, and was more full of bustle and business than had ever been dreamed of in that quiet nook since the days of Robert the Frisian,

¹ Bentivoglio, *ubi sup.*

who had built the old church of Ostend, as one of the thirty which he erected in honor of St. Peter five hundred years before.¹

For the states did not neglect their favorite little city. Fleets of transports arrived day after day, week after week, laden with every necessary and even luxury for the use of the garrison. It was perhaps the cheapest place in all the Netherlands, so great was the abundance. Capons, hares, partridges, and butcher's meat were plentiful as blackberries, and good French claret was but two stivers the quart.² Certainly the prospect was not promising of starving the town into a surrender.

But besides all this digging and draining there was an almost daily cannonade. Her Royal Highness the Infanta was perpetually in camp by the side of her well-beloved Albert, making her appearance there in great state, with eighteen coaches full of ladies of honor, and always manifesting much impatience if she did not hear the guns.³

She would frequently touch off a forty-pounder with her own serene fingers in order to encourage the artillerymen, and great was the enthusiasm which such condescension excited.⁴

Assaults, sorties, repulses, ambuscades, were also of daily occurrence, and often with very sanguinary results; but it would be almost as idle now to give the details of every encounter that occurred as to describe the besieging of a snow fort by school-boys.

It is impossible not to reflect that a couple of Parrotts and a *Monitor* or two would have terminated the siege in half an hour in favor of either party, and leveled the

¹ Haestens, 81.

³ Meteren, 496,

² Fleming.

⁴ Ibid., 455^{vo}, 460.

town or the besiegers' works as if they had been of pasteboard.

Bucquoy's dike was within a thousand yards of the harbor's entrance, yet the guns on his platform never sank a ship nor killed a man on board,¹ while the arch-duke's batteries were even nearer their mark. Yet it was the most prodigious siege of modern days. Fifty great guns were in position around the place, and their balls weighed from ten to forty pounds apiece. It was generally agreed that no such artillery practice had ever occurred before in the world.²

For the first six months, and generally throughout the siege, there was fired on an average a thousand of such shots *a day*.³ In the sieges of the American Civil War there were sometimes three thousand shots *an hour*, and from guns compared to which in caliber and power those cannon and demi-cannon were but children's toys.⁴

Certainly the human arm was of the same length then as now, a pike-thrust was as effective as the stab of the most improved bayonet, and when it came, as it was always the purpose to do, to the close embrace of foemen, the work was done as thoroughly as it could be in this second half of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to hope that such progress in science must at last render long wars impossible. The Dutch war of independence had already lasted nearly forty years. Had the Civil War in America, upon the territory of half a continent, been waged with the Ostend machi-

¹ Fleming.

² Meteren, 455^{vo}.

³ Ibid.

⁴ I have been informed that at the siege of Fort Fisher two hundred and forty shots were counted in three consecutive minutes—at the rate, therefore, of forty-eight hundred shots an hour, while at Ostend there was an average of eight shots per hour.

nery it might have lasted two centuries. Something, then, may have been gained for humanity by giving war such preterhuman attributes as to make its demands of gold and blood too exhaustive to become chronic.

Yet the loss of human life during that summer and winter was sufficiently wholesale as compared with the meager results. Blood flowed in torrents, for no man could be more free of his soldiers' lives than was the cardinal archduke, hurling them as he did on the enemy's works before the pretense of a practical breach had been effected, and before a reasonable chance existed of purchasing an advantage at such a price. Five hundred were killed outright in half an hour's assault on an impregnable position one autumn evening, and lay piled in heaps beneath the Sand Hill fort, many youthful gallants from Spain and Italy among them, noble volunteers recognized by their perfumed gloves and golden chains, and whose pockets were worth rifling.¹ The Dutch surgeons, too, sallied forth in strength after such an encounter, and brought in great bags filled with human fat,² esteemed the sovereignest remedy in the world for wounds and disease.

Leaders were killed on both sides. Catrici, chief of the Italian artillery, and Bracamonte, commander of a famous Sicilian legion, with many less-known captains, lost their lives before the town. The noble young Chatillon, grandson of Coligny, who had distinguished himself at Nieuport, fell in the Porcupine fort, his head carried off by a cannon-ball, which destroyed another officer at his side, and just grazed the ear of the distinguished Colonel Uchtenbroek. Sir Francis Vere, too, was wounded in the head by a fragment of iron, and

¹ Haestens, 147.

² Ibid.

was obliged to leave the town for six weeks till his wound should heal.

The unfortunate inhabitants, men, women, and children, were of course exposed to perpetual danger, and very many were killed. Their houses were often burned to the ground, in which cases the English auxiliaries were indefatigable, not in rendering assistance, but in taking possession of such household goods as the flames had spared. Nor did they always wait for such opportunities, but were apt, at the death of an eminent burgher, to constitute themselves at once universal legatees. Thus, while honest Bartholomew Tysen, a worthy citizen grocer, was standing one autumn morning at his own door, a stray cannon-ball took off his head, and scarcely had he been put in a coffin before his house was sacked from garret to cellar and all the costly spices, drugs, and other valuable merchandise of his warehouse,—the chief magazine in the town,—together with all his household furniture, appropriated by those London warriors. Bartholomew's friends and relatives appealed to Sir Francis Vere for justice, but were calmly informed by that general that Ostend was like a stranded ship on its beam-ends on a beach, and that it was impossible not to consider it at the mercy of the wreckers.¹ So, with this highly figurative view of the situation from the lips of the governor of the place and the commander-in-chief of the English as well as the Dutch garrison, they were fain to go home and bury their dead, finding, when they returned, that another cannon-ball had carried away poor Bartholomew's coffin-lid.² Thus was never non-combatant and grocer, alive or dead, more out of suits with fortune than this citizen of

¹ Fleming, 53.

² Ibid.

Ostend ; and such were the laws of war as understood by one of the most eminent of English practitioners in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is true, however, that Vere subsequently hanged a soldier for stealing fifty pounds of powder and another for uttering counterfeit money, but robberies upon the citizens were unavenged.

Nor did the deaths by shot or sword-stroke make up the chief sum of mortality. As usual, the murrain-like pestilence, which swept off its daily victims both within and without the town, was more effective than any direct agency of man. By the month of December the number of the garrison had been reduced to less than three thousand, while it is probable that the archduke had not eight thousand effective men left in his whole army.

It was a black and desolate scene. The wild waves of the German Ocean, lashed by the wintry gales, would often sweep over the painfully constructed works of besieger and besieged, and destroy in an hour the labor of many weeks. The Porcupine—a small but vitally important ravelin lying out in the counterscarp between the old town and the new, guarding the sluices by which the water for the town moats and canals was controlled, and preventing the pioneers of the enemy from undermining the western wall—was so damaged by the sea as to be growing almost untenable. Indefatigably had the besieged attempted with wickerwork and timber and palisades to strengthen this precious little fort, but they had found, even as Bucquoy and the archduke, on their part, had learned, that the North Sea in winter was not to be dammed by bulrushes. Moreover, in a bold and successful assault the besiegers had succeeded in setting fire to the inflammable materials heaped about the ravelin,

to such effect that the fire burned for days, notwithstanding the flooding of the works at each high tide.¹ The men, working day and night, scorching in the flames, yet freezing knee-deep in the icy slush of the trenches, and perpetually under fire of the hostile batteries, became daily more and more exhausted, notwithstanding their determination to hold the place. Christmas drew nigh, and a most gloomy festival it was like to be, for it seemed as if the beleaguered garrison had been forgotten by the states. Weeks had passed away without a single company being sent to repair the hideous gaps made daily in the ranks of those defenders of a forlorn hope. It was no longer possible to hold the external works—the Square, the Polder, and the other forts on the southwest which Vere had constructed with so much care and where he had thus far kept his headquarters. On Sunday morning, 23d December, he reluctantly gave orders that they should be abandoned on the following day and the whole garrison concentrated within the town.²

The clouds were gathering darkly over the head of the gallant Vere; for no sooner had he arrived at this determination than he learned from a deserter that the archduke had fixed upon that very Sunday evening for a general assault upon the place. It was hopeless for the garrison to attempt to hold these outer forts, for they required a far larger number of soldiers than could be spared from the attenuated little army. Yet with those forts in the hands of the enemy there would be nothing left but to make the best and speediest terms that might be obtained. The situation was desperate.

¹ Meteren, Bentivoglio, Grotius, ubi sup. Fleming, 172.

² Fleming, 171-188. Meteren, 460.

Sir Francis called his principal officers together, announced his resolve not to submit to the humiliation of a surrender after all their efforts, if there was a possibility of escape from their dilemma, reminded them that reinforcements might be expected to arrive at any moment, and that with even a few hundred additional soldiers the outer works might still be manned and the city saved. The officers, English, Dutch, and French, listened respectfully to his remarks, but, without any suggestions on their own part, called on him as their Alexander to untie the Gordian knot.¹ Alexander solved it, not with the sword, but with a trick which he hoped might prove sharper than a sword. He announced his intention of proposing at once to treat, and to protract the negotiations as long as possible, until the wished-for sails should be discerned in the offing, when he would at once break faith with them, resume hostilities, and so make fools of the besiegers.

This was a device worthy of a modern Alexander whose surname was Farnese. Even in that loose age such cynical trifling with the sacredness of trumpets of truce and offers of capitulation was deemed far from creditable among soldiers and statesmen, yet the council of war highly applauded² the scheme, and importuned the general to carry it at once into effect.

When it came, however, to selecting the hostages

¹ Fleming, *ubi sup.* It is expressly stated by Fleming that there was a regular council of war on this subject, so that Meteren, Grotius, and, after them, Wagenaer and others, are mistaken in saying that Vere was alone responsible for the stratagem. Bentivoglio does not seem aware that it was a trick. See Meteren, 455-460; Bentivoglio, p. iii. 505-509; Grotii Hist., lib. x.

² Fleming, 178: "Die van de vergaderinge sijne intentie ghehoort hebbende wert by haer lieder hoochlich ghelaudeert," etc.

necessary for the proposed negotiations, they became less ardent and were all disposed to recede. At last, after much discussion, the matter was settled, and before nightfall a drummer was set upon the external parapet of the Porcupine, who forthwith began to beat vigorously for a parley. The rattle was a welcome sound in the ears of the weary besiegers, just drawn up in column for a desperate assault, and the tidings were at once communicated to the archduke in Fort St. Albert. The prince manifested at first some unwillingness to forego the glory of the attack, from which he confidently expected a crowning victory, but yielding to the representations of his chief generals that it was better to have his town without further bloodshed, he consented to treat. Hostages were expeditiously appointed on both sides, and Captains Ogle and Fairfax were sent that same evening to the headquarters of the besieging army. It was at once agreed as a preliminary that the empty outer works of the place should remain unmolested. The English officers were received with much courtesy. The archduke lifted his hat as they were presented, asked them of what nation they were, and then inquired whether they were authorized to agree upon terms of capitulation. They answered in the negative, adding that the whole business would be in the hands of commissioners to be immediately sent by his Highness, as it was supposed, into the town. Albert then expressed the hope that there was no fraudulent intention in the proposition just made to negotiate. The officers professed themselves entirely ignorant of any contemplated deception, although Captain Ogle had been one of the council, had heard every syllable of Vere's stratagem, and had heartily approved of the

whole plot. The Englishmen were then committed to the care of a Spanish nobleman of the duke's staff, and were treated with perfect politeness and hospitality.¹

Meantime no time was lost in despatching hostages, who should be at the same time commissioners, to Ostend. The quartermaster-general of the army, Don Matteo Antonio, and Matteo Serrano, governor of Sluis, but serving among the besiegers, were selected for this important business, as personages of ability, discretion, and distinction.²

They reached the town, coming in, of course, from the western side, as expeditiously as possible, but after night-fall. Before they arrived at headquarters there suddenly arose, from some unknown cause, a great alarm and beating to arms on the opposite or eastern side of the city. They were entirely innocent of any participation in this uproar and ignorant of its cause, but when they reached the presence of Sir Francis Vere they found that warrior in a towering passion. There was cheating going on, he exclaimed. The Spaniards, he cried, were taking advantage, by dishonorable stratagem, of these negotiations, and were about to assault the town.

Astounded, indignant, but utterly embarrassed, the grave Spaniards knew not how to reply. They were still more amazed when the general, rising to a still higher degree of exasperation, absolutely declined to exchange another word with them, but ordered Captains Carpenter and Saint-Hilaire, by whom they had been escorted to his quarters, to conduct them out of the town again by

¹ Meteren, Bentivoglio, Grotius, *ubi sup.* ; but Fleming (170-188) is by far the best authority, his diary recording every minute incident.

² Fleming.

the same road which had brought them there. There was nothing for it but to comply, and to smother their resentment at such extraordinary treatment as best they could.¹ When they got to the old harbor on the western side the tide had risen so high that it was impossible to cross. Nobody knew better than Vere, when he gave the order, that this would be the case; so that when the escorting officers returned to state the fact, he simply ordered them to take the Spaniards back by the Gullet, or eastern side. The strangers were not very young men, and being much fatigued with wandering to and fro in the darkness over the muddy roads, they begged permission to remain all night in Ostend, if it were only in a guard-house. But Vere was inexorable, after the duplicity which he affected to have discovered on the part of the enemy. So the quartermaster-general and the governor of Sluis, much to the detriment of their dignity, were forced once more to tramp through the muddy streets. And obeying their secret instructions, the escort led them round and round through the most miry and forlorn parts of the town, so that, sinking knee-deep at every step into sloughs and quicksands, and plunging about through the mist and sleet of a dreary December's night, they at last reached the precincts of the Spanish Half-moon on the Gullet, bedraggled from head to foot and in a most dismal and exhausted condition.

"Ah, the villainous town of Ostend!" exclaimed Serrano,² ruefully contemplating his muddy boots and imploring at least a pipe of tobacco. He was informed, however, that no such medical drugs were kept in the

¹ Fleming.

² Ibid., 181: "Ah la mechante ville d'Oostende," etc.

fort,¹ but that a draught of good English ale was much at their service.² The beer was brought in four foaming flagons, and, a little refreshed by this hospitality, the Spaniards were put in a boat and rowed under the guns of the fort across the Gullet, and delivered to their own sentries on the outposts of Bucquoy's intrenchments. By this time it was midnight, so that it was necessary for them to remain for the night in the eastern encampment before reporting themselves at Fort St. Albert.

Thus far Vere's comedy had been eminently successful, and by taking advantage of the accidental alarm and so adroitly lashing himself into a fictitious frenzy, the general had gained nearly twenty-four additional hours of precious time on which he had not reckoned.

Next morning, after Serrano and Antonio had reported to the archduke, it was decided, notwithstanding the very inhospitable treatment which they had received, that those commissioners should return to their labors. Ogle and Fairfax still remained as hostages in camp, and of course professed entire ignorance of these extraordinary proceedings, attributing them to some inexplicable misunderstanding. So on Monday, 24th December, the quartermaster and the governor again repaired to Ostend, with orders to bring about the capitulation of the place as soon as possible. The same sergeant-major was again appointed by Vere to escort the strangers, and on asking by what way he should bring them in, was informed by Sir Francis that it would never do to allow those gentle-

¹ Fleming, 181: "Gelijck t' selfe quartier beter met bier dan met medicinale drooghen." It is interesting to know that two centuries and a half ago a pipe of tobacco was considered as medicine by Dutchmen.

² Ibid.

men, whose feet were accustomed to the soft sand of the sea-beach and downs, to bruise themselves upon the hard paving-stones of Ostend, but that the softest and muddiest road must be carefully selected for them.¹ These reasons accordingly were stated with perfect gravity to the two Spaniards, who, in spite of their solemn remonstrances, were made to repeat a portion of their experiences and to accept it as an act of special courtesy from the English general.² Thus so much time had been spent in preliminaries and so much more upon the road that the short winter's day was drawing to a close before they were again introduced to the presence of Vere.

They found that fiery personage on this occasion all smiles and blandishments. The Spaniards were received with most dignified courtesy, to which they gravely responded; and the general then proceeded to make excuses for the misunderstanding of the preceding day, with its uncomfortable consequences. Thereupon arose much animated discussion as to the causes and the nature of the alarm on the east side which had created such excitement. Much time was ingeniously consumed in this utterly superfluous discussion; but at last the commissioners of the archduke insisted on making allusion to the business which had brought them to the town. "What terms of negotiation do you propose?" they asked Sir Francis. "His Highness has only to withdraw from before Ostend," coolly replied the general, "and leave us, his poor neighbors, in peace and quietness. This would be the most satisfactory negotiation possible and the one most easily made."

Serrano and Antonio found it difficult to see the mat-

¹ Fleming, 182.

² Ibid.

ter in that cheerful light, and assured Sir Francis that they had not been commissioned by the archduke to treat for his own withdrawal, but for the surrender of the town. Hereupon high words and fierce discussion very naturally arose, and at last, when a good deal of time had been spent in the sharp encounter of wits, Vere proposed an adjournment of the discussion until after supper, politely expressing the hope that the Spanish gentlemen would be his guests.

The conversation had been from the beginning in French, as Vere, although a master of the Spanish language, was desirous that the rest of the company present should understand everything said at the interview.¹

The invitation to table was graciously accepted, and the Christmas eve passed off more merrily than the preceding night had done, so far as Vere's two guests were concerned. Several distinguished officers were present at the festive board: Captain Montesquieu de Roquette, Sir Horace Vere, Captains Saint-Hilaire, Meetkerken, De Ryck, and others among them.² As it was strict fast for the Catholics that evening, while, on the other hand, the English, still reckoning according to the Old Style, would not keep Christmas until ten days later, the banquet consisted mainly of eggs and fish, and the like meager articles, in compliment to the guests. It was, however, as well furnished as could be expected in a beleaguered town, out of whose harbor a winter gale had been for many weeks blowing and preventing all ingress. There was at least no lack of excellent Bordeaux wine, while the servants waiting upon the table did not fail to observe that Governor Serrano was not in all respects a model of the temperance usually charac-

¹ Fleming, 170-188.

² Ibid.

teristic of his race. They carefully counted and afterward related with admiration, not unmingled with horror, that the veteran Spaniard drank fifty-two goblets of claret, and was emptying his glass as fast as filled, although by no means neglecting the beer, the quality of which he had tested the night before at the Half-moon.¹ Yet there seemed to be no perceptible effect produced upon him, save perhaps that he grew a shade more grave and dignified with each succeeding draught.² For while the banquet proceeded in this very genial manner business was by no means neglected, the negotiations for the surrender of the city³ being conducted on both sides with a fuddled solemnity very edifying for the attendants to contemplate.

Vere complained that the archduke was unreasonable, for he claimed nothing less from his antagonists than their all. The commissioners replied that all was no more than his own property. It certainly could not be thought unjust of him to demand his own, and all Flanders was his by legal donation from his Majesty of Spain. Vere replied that he had never studied jurisprudence and was not versed at all in that science, but he had always heard in England that possession was nine points of the law. Now, it so happened that they, and not his Highness, were in possession of Ostend, and it would be unreasonable to expect them to make a present of it to any one. The besiegers, he urged, had gained much honor by their steady persistence amid so many dangers, difficulties, and losses; but winter had come, the weather was very bad, not a step of progress had been made, and he was bold enough to express his opinion that it would be far more sensible on the part of his Highness, after

¹ Fleming, 183.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

such deeds of valor, to withdraw his diminished forces out of the freezing and pestilential swamps before Ostend and go into comfortable winter quarters at Ghent or Bruges. Enough had been done for glory, and it must certainly now be manifest that he had no chance of taking the city.

Serrano retorted that it was no secret to the besiegers that the garrison had dwindled to a handful; that it was quite impossible for them to defend their outer works any longer; that with the loss of the external boulevard the defense of the place would be impossible, and that, on the contrary, it was for the republicans to resign themselves to their fate. They, too, had done enough for glory, and had nothing for it but to retire into the center of their ruined little nest, where they must burrow until the enemy should have leisure to entirely unearth them, which would be a piece of work very easily and rapidly accomplished.¹

This was called negotiation; and thus the winter's evening wore away, until the Spaniards, heavy with fatigue and wine, were without much difficulty persuaded to seek the couches prepared for them.²

Next day the concourse of people around the city was wonderful to behold. The rumor had spread through the provinces, and was on the wing to all foreign countries, that Ostend had capitulated, and that the commissioners were at that moment arranging the details. The cardinal archduke, in complete Milanese armor, with a splendid feather-bush waving from his casque, and surrounded by his brilliant body-guard, galloped to and fro outside the intrenchments, expecting every moment a deputation to come forth bearing the keys of

¹ Fleming, 181 seq.

² Ibid.

the town. The Infanta, too, magnificent in ruff and farthingale and brocaded petticoat, and attended by a cavalcade of ladies of honor in gorgeous attire, pranced impatiently about, awaiting the dramatic termination of a leaguer which was becoming wearisome to besieger and besieged.¹ Not even on the famous 2d of July of the previous year, when that princess was pleasing herself with imaginations as to the deportment of Maurice of Nassau as a captive, had her soul been so full of anticipated triumph as on this Christmas morning.

Such a festive scene as was now presented in the neighborhood of Ostend had not been exhibited for many a long year in Flanders. From the whole countryside came the peasants and burghers, men, women, and children, in holiday attire. It was like a kermess, or provincial fair.² Three thousand people, at least, were roaming about in all directions, gaping with wonder at the fortifications of the besieging army, so soon to be superfluous, sliding, skating, waltzing on the ice, admiring jugglers, dancing bears, puppet-shows, and merry-go-rounds, singing, and carousing upon herrings, sausages, waffles, with mighty draughts of Flemish ale, manifesting their exuberant joy that the thorn was nearly extracted from the lion's paw, and awaiting with delight a blessed relief from that operation.³ Never was a merrier Christmas morning in Flanders. There should be an end now to the forays through the country of those red-coated English pikemen, those hard-riding, hard-drinking troopers of Germany and Holland, with the French and Scotch harquebusmen, and terrible Zealand sailors who had for years swept out of Ostend, at

¹ Fleming, 181 seq. Compare Bentivoglio, Meteren, Grotius, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

any convenient opportunity, to harry the whole province. And great was the joy in Flanders.

Meantime within the city a different scene was enacting. Those dignified Spaniards, Governor Serrano and Don Matteo Antonio, having slept off their carouse, were prepared after breakfast next morning to resume the interrupted negotiations. But affairs were now to take an unexpected turn. In the night the wind had changed, and in the course of the forenoon three Dutch vessels of war were descried in the offing, and soon calmly sailed into the mouth of the Gullet. The news was at once brought to Vere's headquarters. That general's plans had been crowned with success even sooner than he expected. There was no further object in continuing the comedy of negotiation, for the ships now arriving seemed crowded with troops. Sir Francis accordingly threw off the mask, and assuring his guests with extreme politeness that it had given him great pleasure to make the acquaintance of such distinguished personages, he thanked them cordially for their visit, but regretted that it would be no longer in his power to entertain any propositions of a pacific nature. The necessary reinforcements, which he had been so long expecting, had at last reached him, and it would not yet be necessary for him to retire into his ruined nest. Military honor therefore would not allow him to detain them any longer. Should he ever be so hard pressed again he felt sure that so magnanimous a prince as his Highness would extend to him all due clemency and consideration.¹

The Spaniards, digesting as they best could the sauce of contumely with which the gross treachery of the

¹ Fleming.

transaction was now seasoned, solemnly withdrew, disdainingly to express their spleen in words of idle menace.

They were escorted back through the lines, and at once made their report at headquarters. The festival had been dismally interrupted before it was well begun. The vessels were soon observed by friend and foe making their way triumphantly up to the town, where they soon dropped anchor at the wharf of the inner Gullet, having only a couple of sailors wounded, despite all the furious discharges of Bucquoy's batteries. The holiday-makers dispersed, much discomfited, the English hostages returned to the town, and the archduke shut himself up, growling and furious. His generals and councilors, who had recommended the abandonment of his carefully prepared assault, and acceptance of the perfidious propositions to negotiate, by which so much golden time had been squandered, were for several days excluded from his presence.¹

Meantime the army, disappointed, discontented, half starved, unpaid, passed their days and nights, as before, in the sloppy trenches, while deep and earnest were the complaints and the curses which succeeded to the momentary exultation of Christmas eve. The soldiers were more than ever embittered against their august commander-in-chief, for they had just enjoyed a signal opportunity of comparing the luxury and comfortable magnificence of his Highness and the Infanta, and of contrasting it with their own misery. Moreover, it had long been exciting much indignation in the ranks that veteran generals and colonels, in whom all men had confidence, had been in great numbers superseded in

¹ Fleming. Compare Bentivoglio, Meteren, Grotius, ubi sup., et mult. al.

order to make place for court favorites, utterly without experience or talent.¹ Thus the veterans, murmuring in the wet trenches. The archduke meanwhile, in his sullen retirement, brooded over a tragedy to follow the very successful comedy of his antagonist.

It was not long delayed. The assault which had been postponed in the latter days of December was to be renewed before the end of the first week of the new year. Vere, through scouts and deserters, was aware of the impending storm, and had made his arrangements in accordance with the very minute information which he had thus received. The reinforcements so opportunely sent by the states were not numerous,—only six hundred in all,—but they were an earnest of fresh comrades to follow. Meantime they sufficed to fill the gaps in the ranks, and to enable Vere to keep possession of the external line of fortifications, including the all-important Porcupine. Moreover, during the fictitious negotiations, while the general had thus been holding, as he expressed it, the wolf by both ears, the labor of repairing damages in dike, moat, and wall had not been for an instant neglected.

The morning of the 7th January, 1602, opened with a vigorous cannonade from all the archduke's batteries, east, west, and south. Auditor Fleming, councilor and secretary of the city, aide-de-camp and right hand of the commander-in-chief, a grim, grizzled, leathern-faced man of fifty, steady under fire as a veteran harquebusier, ready with his pen as a counting-house clerk, and as fertile in resource as the most experienced campaigner,

¹ Fleming gives more than one scurrilous letter found in the pockets of dead Spanish soldiers, in which very opprobrious epithets are applied to the sovereign of the obedient Netherlands. See, in particular, p. 164.

was ever at the general's side. At his suggestion several houses had been demolished, to furnish materials in wood and iron to stop the gaps as soon as made. Especially about the Sand Hill fort and the Porcupine a plentiful supply was collected, no time having been lost in throwing up stockades, palisades, and every other possible obstruction to the expected assailants. Knowing perfectly well where the brunt of the battle was to be, Vere had placed his brother Sir Horace at the head of twelve picked companies of diverse nations in the Sand Hill. Four of the very best companies of the garrison were stationed in the Porcupine, and ten more of the choicest in Fort Hell's Mouth, under Colonel Meetkerken. It must be recollected that the first of these three works was the key to the fortifications of the old or outer town. The other two were very near it, and were the principal redouts which defended the most exposed and vulnerable portion of the new town on the western side. The Sand Hill, as its name imported, was the only existing relic within the city's verge of the chain of downs once encircling the whole place. It had, however, been cannonaded so steadily during the six months' siege as to have become almost iron-clad, a mass of metal gradually accumulating from the enemy's guns. With the curtain extending from it toward east and west it protected the old town quite up to the little ancient brick church, one of the only two in Ostend.¹

All day long the cannon thundered—a bombardment such as had never before been dreamed of in those days,

¹ Fleming's diary (187-199) is by far the best authority for this assault. He gives many plans, diagrams, and pictures. Compare Grotii Hist., lib. xi. 595-597; Meteren, 460^{vo}; Bentivoglio, 510; Wagenaer, ix. 114, 115.

two thousand shots having been distinctly counted by the burghers. There was but languid response from the besieged, who were reserving their strength. At last to the brief winter's day succeeded a pitch-dark evening. It was dead low tide at seven. At that hour the drums suddenly beat alarm along the whole line of fortifications from the Gullet on the east to the old harbor on the west, while through the murky atmosphere sounded the trumpets of the assault, the shouts of the Spanish and Italian commanders, and the fierce responsive yells of their troops. Sir Francis, having visited every portion of the works, and satisfied himself that every man in the garrison was under arms and that all his arrangements had been fulfilled, now sat on horseback, motionless as a statue, within the Sand Hill. Among the many serious and fictitious attacks now making he waited calmly for the one great assault, even allowing some of the enemy to scale the distant counterscarp of the external works toward the south, which he had by design left insufficiently guarded. It was but a brief suspense, for in a few moments two thousand men had rushed through the bed of the old harbor, out of which the tide had ebbed, and were vigorously assailing the Sand Hill and the whole length of its curtain. The impenetrable darkness made it impossible to count, but the noise and the surging fury of the advance rendered it obvious that the critical moment had arrived. Suddenly a vivid illumination burst forth. Great pine torches, piles of tar-barrels, and heaps of other inflammable material, which had been carefully arranged in Fort Porcupine, were now all at once lighted by Vere's command.¹ As the lurid blaze flashed far and wide

¹ Fleming, *ubi sup.*

there started out of the gloom not only the long lines of yellow-jerkined pikemen and harquebusiers, with their storm-hoods and scaling-ladders, rushing swiftly toward the forts, but beyond the broken sea-dike the reserved masses supporting the attack, drawn up in solid clumps of spears, with their gay standards waving above them, and with a strong force of cavalry in iron corselet and morion stationed in the rear to urge on the infantry and prevent their faltering in the night's work, became visible, phantom-like, but perfectly distinct.

At least four thousand men were engaged in this chief attack, and the light now permitted the besieged to direct their fire from cannon, demi-cannon, culverin, and snaphance, with fatal effect. The assailants, thinned, straggling, but undismayed, closed up their ranks, and still came fiercely on. Never had Spaniards, Walloons, or Italians manifested greater contempt of death than on this occasion. They knew that the archduke and the Infanta were waiting breathlessly in Fort St. Albert for the news of that victory of which the feigned negotiations had defrauded them at Christmas, and they felt perfectly confident of ending both the siege and the forty years' war this January night. But they had reckoned without their wily English host. As they came nearer, van, and at last reserve, they dropped in great heaps under the steady fire of the musketry,—as Philip Fleming, looking on, exclaimed,—like apples when the autumn wind blows through the orchard. And as the foremost still pressed nearer and nearer, striving to clamber up the shattered counterscarp and through every practicable breach, the English, Hollanders, and Zealanders met them in the gap, not only at push of pike, but with their long daggers and with flam-

ing pitch-hoops, and hurled them down to instant death.

And thus around the Sand Hill, the Porcupine, and Hell's Mouth the battle raged nearly two hours long, without an inch of ground being gained by the assailants. The dead and dying were piled beneath the walls, while still the reserves, goaded up to the mark by the cavalry, mounted upon the bodies of their fallen comrades and strove to plant their ladders.¹ But now the tide was on the flood, the harbor was filling, and cool Auditor Fleming, whom nothing escaped, quietly asked the general's permission to open the western sluice. It was obvious, he observed, that the fury of the attack was over, and that the enemy would soon be effecting a retreat before the water should have risen too high. He even pointed out many stragglers attempting to escape through the already deepening shallows. Vere's consent was at once given, the flood-gate was opened, and the assailants,—such as still survived,—panic-stricken in a moment, rushed wildly back through the old harbor toward their camp. It was too late. The waters were out, and the contending currents whirled the fugitives up and down through the submerged land and beyond the broken dike, until great numbers of them were miserably drowned in the haven, while others were washed out to sea. Horses and riders were borne off toward the Zealand coast, and several of their corpses were picked up days afterward in the neighborhood of Flushing.²

¹ Fleming, *ubi sup.*

² The historians Bentivoglio, Grotius, and many others give Vere, as a matter of course, the credit of this feat. But these are the words of Auditor Fleming himself, a man whom I should judge incapable of falsehood: "Hebbe my vervordert den Generael te bidden dat hy my gheliefde te autoriseren ende

Meantime those who had effected a lodgment in the Polder, the Square, and the other southern forts found, after the chief assault had failed, that they had gained nothing by their temporary triumph but the certainty of being butchered. Retreat was impossible, and no quarter was given. Count Imbec, a noble of great wealth, offered his weight in gold for his ransom,¹ but was killed by a private soldier, who preferred his blood, or doubted his solvency. Durango, marshal of the camp, Don Alvarez de Suarez, and Don Matteo Antonio, sergeant-major and quartermaster-general, whose adventures as a hostage within the town on Christmas eve have so recently been related, were also slain.

On the eastern side Bucquoy's attack was an entire failure. His arrangements were too slowly made, and before he could bring his men to the assault the water was so high in the Gullet that they refused to lay their pontoons and march to certain death. Only at lowest ebb, and with most exquisite skill in fording, would it have been possible to effect anything like an earnest demonstration or a surprise. Moreover, some of the garrison, giving themselves out as deserters, stole out of the Spanish Half-moon, which had been purposely almost denuded of its defenders, toward the enemy's intrenchments, and offered to lead a body of Spaniards into

West Sluyse te doen openen hem remonstrerende gelijk den Vyand sijn voornemen tot ghenen goeden effecte conde gebrenghen als oock dat sijn volck van den furieusen aenval begosten den moet te verliesen, haer lieder retraicte wederom door die onde West haven soude moeten nemen ende dat alsdan die spoelinghe vant water haer lieder inde Zee soude drijven waer over den voornoemden Generael my gheauthoriseert heeft die sluysen te doen openen" (195, 196).

¹ Haestens, 199.

that ravelin. Bucquoy fell into the trap, so that the detachment, after a victory as easily effected as that in the southern forts, found themselves, when the fight was over, not the captors, but the caught. A few attempted to escape and were driven into the sea; the rest were massacred.

Fifteen hundred of the enemy's dead were counted and registered by Auditor Fleming.¹ The whole number of the slain and drowned was reckoned as high as two thousand, which was at least a quarter of the whole besieging army. And so ended this winter night's assault, by which the archduke had fondly hoped to avenge himself for Vere's perfidy and to terminate the war at a blow. Only sixty of the garrison were killed, and Sir Horace Vere was wounded.²

The winter now set in with severe sleet and snow and rain, and furious tempests lashing the sea over the works of besieger and besieged, and for weeks together paralyzing all efforts of either army. Eight weary months the siege had lasted, the men in town and hostile camp, exposed to the inclemency of the wintry trenches, sinking faster before the pestilence which now swept impartially through all ranks than the soldiers of the archduke had fallen at Nieupoort or in the recent assault on the Sand Hill. Of seven thousand hardly three thousand now remained in the garrison.³

Yet still the weary sausage-making and wooden-castle building went on along the Gullet and around the old town. The Breedene dike crept on inch by inch, but the steady ships of the Republic came and went unharmed by

¹ Fleming, 197.

² Ibid., 187-199. Compare Bentivoglio, Grotius, Meteren, Wagenaer, *ubi sup.*

³ Grotius, xi. 590.

the batteries with which Bucquoy hoped to shut up the new harbor. The archduke's works were pushed up nearer on the west, but as yet not one practical advantage had been gained, and the siege had scarcely advanced a hair's-breadth since the 5th of July of the preceding year, when the armies had first sat down before the place.

The stormy month of March had come, and Vere, being called to service in the field for the coming season, transferred the command at Ostend to Frederick van Dorp, a rugged, hard-headed, ill-favored, stout-hearted Zealand colonel, with the face of a bull-dog, and with the tenacious grip of one.¹

¹ Fleming, 212, 215.

CHAPTER XL

Protraction of the siege of Ostend—Spanish invasion of Ireland—Prince Maurice again on the march—Siege of Grave—State of the archduke's army—Formidable mutiny—State of Europe—Portuguese expedition to Java—Foundation there of the first Batavian trading settlement—Exploits of Jacob Heemskerk—Capture of a Lisbon carack—Progress of Dutch commerce—Oriental and Germanic republics—Commercial embassy from the King of Atsgen, in Sumatra, to the Netherlands—Surrender of Grave—Privateer work of Frederick Spinola—Destruction of Spinola's fleet by English and Dutch cruisers—Continuation of the siege of Ostend—Fearful hurricane and its effects—The attack—Capture of external forts—Encounter between Spinola and a Dutch squadron—Execution of prisoners by the archduke—Philip Fleming and his diary—Continuation of operations before Ostend—Spanish veterans still mutinous—Their capital besieged by Van den Berg—Maurice marches to their relief—Convention between the prince and the mutineers—Great commercial progress of the Dutch—Opposition to international commerce—Organization of the Universal East India Company.

It would be desirable to concentrate the chief events of the siege of Ostend so that they might be presented to the reader's view in a single mass. But this is impossible. The siege was essentially the war, as already observed, and it was bidding fair to protract itself to such an extent that a respect for chronology requires the attention to be directed for a moment to other topics.

The invasion of Ireland under Aquila, so pompously

heralded as almost to suggest another grand armada, had sailed in the beginning of the winter, and an army of six thousand men had been landed at Kinsale. Rarely had there been a better opportunity for the Celt to strike for his independence. Shane MacNeil had an army on foot with which he felt confident of exterminating the Saxon oppressor even without the assistance of his Peninsular allies, while the queen's army, severely drawn upon as it had been for the exigencies of Vere and the states, might be supposed unable to cope with so formidable a combination. Yet Montjoy made short work of Aquila and Tyrone. The invaders, shut up in their meager conquest, became the besieged instead of the assailants. Tyrone made a feeble attempt to relieve his Spanish allies, but was soon driven into his swamps; the peasants would not rise, in spite of proclamations and golden mountains of promise, and Aquila was soon glad enough to sign a capitulation by which he saved a portion of his army. He then returned, in transports provided by the English general, a much-discomfited man, to Spain, instead of converting Ireland into a province of the universal empire.¹ He had not rescued Hibernia, as he stoutly proclaimed at the outset his intention of doing, from the jaws of the evil demon.²

The states, not much wiser after the experience of Nieuport, were again desirous that Maurice should march into Flanders, relieve Ostend, and sweep the archduke into the sea. As for Vere, he proposed that a great army of cavalry and infantry should be sent into Ostend, while another force equally powerful should take the field as soon as the season permitted. Where the men

¹ Meteren, 458 seq. Grotius, x. 593.

² Grotius, ubi sup.

were to be levied, and whence the funds for putting such formidable hosts in motion were to be derived, it was not easy to say. "'T is astonishing," said Louis William, "that the evils already suffered cannot open his eyes; but, after all, 't is no marvel. An old and good colonel, as I hold him to be, must go to school before he can become a general, and we must beware of committing any second folly, govern ourselves according to our means and the art of war, and leave the rest to God."¹

Prince Maurice, however, yielding as usual to the persuasions or importunities of those less sagacious than himself, and being also much influenced by the advice of the English queen and the French king, after reviewing the most splendid army that even he had ever equipped and set in the field, crossed the Waal at Nijmegen and the Meuse at Mook, and then moving leisurely along Meuse-side by way of Sambeek, Blitterswyck, and Maasyk, came past St. Truyden to the neighborhood of Thienen, in Brabant.² Here he stood, in the heart of the enemy's country, and within a day's march of Brussels. The sanguine portion of his countrymen and the more easily alarmed of the enemy already thought it would be an easy military promenade for the stadholder to march through Brabant and Flanders to the coast, defeat the Catholic forces before Ostend, raise the weary siege of that place, dictate peace to the archduke, and return in triumph to The Hague before the end of the summer.

But the experienced Maurice too well knew the empti-

¹ Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. ii. 111.

² Meteren, 469 seq. Van der Kemp, ii. 98, 99, and notes. Bentivoglio, p. iii. 517. Wagenaer, ix. 119 seq.

ness of such dreams. He had a splendid army, eighteen thousand foot and five thousand horse, of which Louis William commanded the battalia, Vere the right, and Count Ernest the left, with a train of two thousand baggage-wagons and a considerable force of sutlers and camp-followers. He moved so deliberately and with such excellent discipline that his two wings could with ease be expanded for blackmail or forage over a considerable extent of country, and again folded together in case of sudden military necessity. But he had no intention of marching through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges to the Flemish coast. His old antagonist, the admiral of Aragon, lay near Thienen in an intrenched camp, with a force of at least fifteen thousand men, while the archduke, leaving Rivas in command before Ostend, hovered in the neighborhood of Brussels, with as many troops as could be spared from the various Flemish garrisons, ready to support the admiral.¹

But Maurice tempted the admiral in vain with the chances of a general action. That warrior, remembering perhaps too distinctly his disasters at Nieuport, or feeling conscious that his military genius was more fitly displayed in burning towns and villages in neutral territory, robbing the peasantry, plundering gentlemen's castles and murdering the proprietors, than it was like to be in a pitched battle with the first general of the age, remained sullenly within his intrenchments. His position was too strong and his force far too numerous to warrant an attack by the stadholder upon his works. After satisfying himself, therefore, that there was no chance of an encounter in Brabant except at immense disadvantage, Maurice rapidly countermarched toward the lower

¹ Authorities last cited.

Meuse, and on the 18th July laid siege to Grave. The position and importance of this city have been thoroughly set before the reader in a former volume.¹ It is only necessary, therefore, to recall the fact that, besides being a vital possession for the Republic, the place was in law the private property of the Orange family, having been a portion of the estate of Count de Buren, afterward redeemed on payment of a considerable sum of money by his son-in-law, William the Silent, confirmed to him at the Pacification of Ghent, and only lost to his children by the disgraceful conduct of Captain Hemart, which had cost that officer his head. Maurice was determined at least that the place should not now slip through his fingers, and that the present siege should be a masterpiece. His forts, of which he had nearly fifty, were each regularly furnished with moat, drawbridge, and bulwark. His counterscarp and parapet, his galleries, covered ways, and mines, were as elaborate, massive, and artistically finished as if he were building a city instead of besieging one. Buzanval, the French envoy, amazed at the spectacle, protested that his works "were rather worthy of the grand Emperor of the Turks than of a little commonwealth which only existed through the disorder of its enemies and the assistance of its friends"; but he admitted the utility of the stadholder's proceedings to be very obvious.²

While the prince calmly sat before Grave, awaiting the inexorable hour for burghers and garrison to surrender, the great Francis Mendoza, Admiral of Aragon, had been completing the arrangements for his exchange. A prisoner after the Nieuport battle, he had been assigned

¹ See vol. ii. of this work, chap. ix.

² Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 153.

by Maurice, as will be recollected, to his cousin, young Louis Gunther, whose brilliant services as commander of the cavalry had so much contributed to the victory. The amount of ransom for so eminent a captive could not fail to be large, and accordingly the thrifty Louis William had congratulated his brother on being able, although so young, thus to repair the fortunes of the family by his military industry to a greater extent than had yet been accomplished by any of the race. Subsequently the admiral had been released on parole, the sum of his ransom having been fixed at nearly one hundred thousand Flemish crowns. By an agreement now made by the states, with consent of the Nassau family, the prisoner was definitely released, on condition of effecting the exchange of all prisoners of the Republic now held in durance by Spain in any part of the world.¹ This was in lieu of the hundred thousand crowns which were to be put into the impoverished coffers of Louis Gunther. It may be imagined, as the hapless prisoners afterward poured in,—not only from the Peninsula, but from more distant regions, whither they had been sent by their cruel taskmasters, some to relate their sufferings in the horrible dungeons of Spain, where they had long been expiating the crime of defending their fatherland, others to relate their experiences as chained galley-slaves in the naval service of their bitterest enemies, many with shorn heads and long beards like Turks, many with crippled limbs, worn out with chains and blows and the squalor of disease and filth,²—that the hatred for Spain and Rome did not glow any less fiercely within the Republic, nor the hereditary love for the Nassaus, to whose

¹ Meteren, 449^{vo}, 470. Grotius, xi. 528, 599.

² Grotius, *ubi sup.*

generosity these poor victims were indebted for their deliverance, become fainter, in consequence of these revelations. It was at first vehemently disputed by many that the admiral could be exchanged as a prisoner of war, in respect to the manifold murders and other crimes which would seem to authorize his trial and chastisement by the tribunals of the Republic. But it was decided by the states that the sacred ægis of military law must be held to protect even so blood-stained a criminal as he, and his release was accordingly effected.¹ Not long afterward he took his departure for Spain, where his reception was not enthusiastic.

From this epoch is to be dated a considerable reform in the laws regulating the exchange of prisoners of war.²

While Maurice was occupied with the siege of Grave, and thus not only menacing an important position, but spreading danger and dismay over all Brabant and Flanders, it was necessary for the archduke to detach so large a portion of his armies to observe his indefatigable and scientific enemy as to much weaken the vigor of the operations before Ostend. Moreover, the execrable administration of his finances, and the dismal delays and sufferings of that siege, had brought about another mutiny—on the whole, the most extensive, formidable, and methodical of all that had hitherto occurred in the Spanish armies.³

By midsummer at least three thousand five hundred veterans, including a thousand of excellent cavalry, the very best soldiers in the service, had seized the city of Hoogstraaten. Here they established themselves se-

¹ "Non visum Ordinibus in captivum belli jure munitum judicia exercere."—Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Bentivoglio, iii. 517. Meteren, 470–472. Grotius, xi. 604–606.

curely and strengthened the fortifications, levying contributions in corn, cattle, and every other necessary, besides wine, beer, and pocket-money, from the whole country round with exemplary regularity. As usual, disorder assumed the forms of absolute order. Anarchy became the best organized of governments, and it would have been difficult to find in the world, outside the Dutch commonwealth, a single community where justice appeared to be so promptly administered as in this temporary republic, founded upon rebellion and theft.

For, although a brotherhood of thieves, it rigorously punished such of its citizens as robbed for their own, not for the public good. The immense booty swept daily from the granges, castles, and villages of Flanders was divided with the simplicity of early Christians, while the success and steadiness of the operations paralyzed their sovereign and was of considerable advantage to the states.

Albert endeavored in vain to negotiate with the rebels. Nuncius Frangipani went to them in person, but was received with calm derision. Pious exhortations might turn the keys of paradise, but gold alone, he was informed, would unlock the gates of Hoogstraaten. In an evil hour the cardinal archduke was tempted to try the effect of sacerdotal thunder. The ex-Archbishop of Toledo could not doubt that the terrors of the Church would make those brown veterans tremble who could confront so tranquilly the spring tides of the North Sea and the batteries of Vere and Nassau. So he launched a manifesto, as highly spiced as a pamphlet of Marnix, and as severe as a sentence of Torquemada. Entirely against the advice of the States-General of the obedient provinces, he denounced the mutineers as outlaws and

accursed. He called on persons of every degree to kill any of them in any way, at any time, or in any place, promising that the slayer of a private soldier should receive a reward of ten crowns for each head brought in, while for a subaltern officer's head one hundred crowns were offered, for that of a superior officer two hundred, and for that of the *eletto*, or chief magistrate, five hundred crowns. Should the slayer be himself a member of the mutiny, his crime of rebellion was to be forgiven, and the price of murder duly paid. All judges, magistrates, and provost-marshals were ordered to make inventories of the goods, movable and immovable, of the mutineers, and of the clothing and other articles belonging to their wives and children, all which property was to be brought in and deposited in the hands of the proper functionaries of the archduke's camp, in order that it might be duly incorporated into the domains of his Highness.¹

The mutineers were not frightened. The ban was an anachronism. If those Spaniards and Italians had learned nothing by their much campaigning in the land of Calvinism, they had at least unlearned their faith in bell, book, and candle. It happened, too, that among their numbers were to be found pamphleteers as ready and as unscrupulous as the scribes of the archduke.

So there soon came forth and was published to the world, in the name of the *eletto* and council of Hoogstraaten, a formal answer to the ban.²

"If scolding and cursing be payment," said the magistrates of the mutiny, "then we might give a receipt in

¹ "Om alle de selve te doen incorporeren aen onse Domeynen."
—Meteren, 471.

² Meteren (470—472) gives the text.

full for our wages. The ban is sufficient in this respect; but as these curses give no food for our bellies nor clothes for our backs, not preventing us, therefore, who have been fighting so long for the honor and welfare of the archdukes, from starving with cold and hunger, we think a reply necessary in order to make manifest how much reason these archdukes have for thundering forth all this choler and fury, by which women and children may be frightened, but at which no soldier will feel alarm.

"When it is stated," continued the mutineers, "that we have deserted our banners just as an attempt was making by the archduke to relieve Grave, we can only reply that the assertion proves how impossible it is to practise arithmetic with disturbed brains. Passion is a bad schoolmistress for the memory, but, as good friends, we will recall to the recollection of your Highness that it was not your Highness, but the admiral of Aragon, that commanded the relieving force before that city.

"'T is very true that we summon your Highnesses and levy upon your provinces in order to obtain means of living; for in what other quarter should we make application? Your Highnesses give us nothing except promises; but soldiers are not chameleons, to live on such air. According to every principle of law, creditors have a lien on the property of their debtors.

"As to condemning to death as traitors and scoundrels those who don't desire to be killed, and who have the means of killing such as attempt to execute the sentence, this is hardly in accordance with the extraordinary wisdom which has always characterized your Highnesses.

"As to the confiscation of our goods, both movable

and immovable, we would simply make this observation :

“Our movable goods are our swords alone, and they can only be moved by ourselves. They are our immovable goods as well ; for should any one but ourselves undertake to move them, we assure your Highnesses that they will prove too heavy to be handled.

“As to the official register and deposit ordained of the money, clothing, and other property belonging to ourselves, our wives and children, the work may be done without clerks of inventory. Certainly, if the domains of your Highnesses have no other sources of revenue than the proceeds of this confiscation, wherewith to feed the ostrich-like digestions of those about you, 't is to be feared that ere long they will be in the same condition as were ours, when we were obliged to come together in Hoogstraaten to devise means to keep ourselves, our wives and children alive. And at that time we were an unbreeched people, like the Indians,—saving your Highnesses' reverence,—and the climate here is too cold for such costume. Your Highnesses, and your relatives the Emperor and King of Spain, will hardly make your royal heads greasy with the fat of such property as we possess. 'T will also be a remarkable spectacle, after you have stripped our wives and children stark naked for the benefit of your treasury, to see them sent in that condition, within three days afterward, out of the country, as the ban ordains.

“You order the ban to be executed against our children and our children's children, but your Highness never learned this in the Bible, when you were an archbishop, and when you expounded, or ought to have expounded, the Holy Scriptures to your flock. What

theology teaches your Highness to vent your wrath upon the innocent?

"Whenever the cause of discontent is taken away, the soldiers will become obedient and cheerful. All kings and princes may mirror themselves in the bad government of your Highness, and may see how they fare who try to carry on a war, while with their own hands they cut the sinews of war. The great leaders of old—Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio, Cæsar—were accustomed, not to starve, but to enrich their soldiers. What did Alexander when in an arid desert they brought him a helmet full of water? He threw it on the sand, saying that there was only enough for him, but not enough for his army.

"Your Highnesses have set ten crowns and one hundred and five hundred crowns upon our heads, but never could find five hundred mites nor ten mites to keep our souls and bodies together.

"Yet you have found means to live yourselves with pomp and luxury far exceeding that of the great Emperor Charles, and much surpassing the magnificence of your Highnesses' brothers, the emperor and the king."¹

Thus, and much more, the magistrates of the "Italian republic," answering their master's denunciations of vengeance, both in this world and the next, with a humorous scorn very refreshing in that age of the world to contemplate. The expanding influence of the Dutch commonwealth was already making itself felt even in the ranks of its most determined foes.

The mutineers had also made an agreement with the States-General, by which they had secured permission, in case of need, to retire within the territory of the Re-

¹ Meteren, ubi sup.

public. Maurice had written to them from his camp before Grave, and at first they were disposed to treat him with as little courtesy as they had shown the nuncio; for they put the prince's letter on a staff, and fired at it as a mark, assuring the trumpeter who brought it that they would serve him in the same manner should he venture thither again.¹ Very soon afterward, however, the *eletto* and council, reproving the folly of their subordinates, opened negotiations with the stadholder, who, with the consent of the states, gave them preliminary permission to take refuge under the guns of Bergen-op-Zoom, should they by chance be hard pressed.²

Thus throughout Europe a singular equilibrium of contending forces seemed established. Before Ostend, where the chief struggle between imperialism and republicanism had been proceeding for more than a year with equal vigor, there seemed no possibility of a result. The sands drank up the blood of the combatants on both sides, month after month, in summer; the pestilence in town and camp mowed down Catholic and Protestant with perfect impartiality during the winter, while the remorseless ocean swept over all in its wrath, obliterating in an hour the patient toil of months.

In Spain, in England and Ireland, in Hungary, Germany, Sweden, and Poland, men wrought industriously, day by day and year by year, to destroy each other and to efface the products of human industry, and yet no progress could fairly be registered. The Turk was in Buda, on the right bank of the Danube, and the Christian in Pest, on the left, while the crescent, but lately

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 386.

² Meteren, Grotius, Bentivoglio, Van der Kemp, *ubi sup.* Wagenaer, ix. 120-122.

supplanted by the cross, again waved in triumph over Stuhlweissenburg, capital city of the Magyars. The great Marshal Biron, foiled in his stupendous treachery,¹ had laid down his head upon the block, the catastrophe following hard upon the madcap riot of Lord Essex in the Strand and his tragic end. The troublesome and restless favorites of Henry and of Elizabeth had closed their stormy career, but the designs of the great king and the great queen were growing wider and wilder, more false and more fantastic than ever, as the evening shadows of both were lengthening.

But it was not in Europe nor in Christendom alone,

¹ Henry knew quite as well as did the Most Catholic King the share of Spain in this vile intrigue. Villeroy avowed to the states' envoy that the king would be quite justified in resorting to arms to punish the treason of the Spanish governor, who, having employed such a servant as Biron to cut his master's throat and stir up his subjects to mutiny, had more grievously violated the peace than if he had simply seized the best province of his kingdom. Nevertheless, Aertsens felt sure, even as he had done the year before, that the king's rage against Spain and his caresses of the Republic were mere grimace. Henry was always horribly anxious lest the states should stop fighting, and at this moment of emotion in France he was especially suspicious of any appearance of treating between the archduke and the Republic.

It was to be seen, at a little later period, how great or how trifling would be the indignation of the British king at a wholesale attempt at murder devised, as it was suspected, in Spain. It may at least be counted among the signs of human progress that assassination is no longer one of the commonplace means employed by anointed sovereigns against each other, and against individuals obnoxious to royal displeasure.

Certainly it may be doubted whether the practice, if now attempted, would be looked upon with such lenity by the civilized world as in the reigns of the Philips, Elizabeth, James, and Henry. Meantime the shallow artifices by which it was attempted

during that twilight epoch of declining absolutism, regal and sacerdotal, and the coming glimmer of freedom, religious and commercial, that the contrast between the old and new civilizations was exhibiting itself.

The same fishermen and fighting men whom we have but lately seen sailing forth from Zeeland and Friesland to confront the dangers of either pole were now contending in the Indian seas with the Portuguese monopolists of the tropics.

A century long the generosity of the Roman pontiff in bestowing upon others what was not his property had guaranteed to the nation of Vasco da Gama one half at least of the valuable possessions which maritime genius, unflinching valor, and boundless cruelty had won and kept.¹ But the spirit of change was abroad in the world.

at the French court to veil the share of Spain in Biron's plot were pitiable. Excuses for Spain were made by the French government in order to conceal its own shame. "They don't consider," said Aertsens, "that the Spaniard will never change his designs, but will be ever seeking new opportunities. The sole result of the discovery of this conspiracy is that the king loses a good servant, and is obliged to show too clearly that he fears war, and therefore is seeking for peace. The pope pleads innocence, the king believes him, and Villeroy holds fast to his old maxim that the French crown can only prosper by keeping well with the pope.

"What fruit, then, shall we gather from the evil of this plot or the good of its discovery? The king says that the King of Spain is too good a brother, too devout, too inexperienced, to hatch this perfidy. 'T is all Fuentes and other ministers in combination with the Duke of Savoy. I have always observed that princes never avow mishaps, but are very forward about successes."—Van Deventer, ii. 294, 295, 324, 325.

¹ Borgia, Pope of Rome, had conscientiously divided something that was supposed to be a new world into two halves, for his two best children, the monarchs of Spain and Portugal—Catholic Majesty to take that portion lying west of a line drawn from north to

Potentates and merchants under the equator had been sedulously taught that there were no other white men on the planet but the Portuguese and their conquerors the Spaniards, and that the Dutch—of whom they had recently heard, and the portrait of whose great military chieftain they had seen after the news of the Nieupoort battle had made the circuit of the earth—were a mere mob of pirates and savages inhabiting the obscurest of dens. They were soon, however, to be enabled to judge for themselves as to the power and the merits of the various competitors for their trade.

Early in this year Andreas Hurtado de Mendoza, with a stately fleet of galleons and smaller vessels, more than five-and-twenty in all, was on his way toward the island of Java to inflict summary vengeance upon those Oriental rulers who had dared to trade with men forbidden by his Catholic Majesty and the pope.

The city of Bantam was the first spot marked out for destruction, and it so happened that a Dutch skipper, Wolfert Hermann by name, commanding five trading-vessels, in which were three hundred men, had just arrived in those seas to continue the illicit commerce which had aroused the ire of the Portuguese.¹ His whole force both of men and of guns was far inferior to that of the

south pole about a thousand miles beyond the Cape Verde Islands; Faithful Majesty the other slice. Subsequently, when Catholic Majesty, toward the end of the sixteenth century, swallowed Faithful Majesty, with all his kingdoms, he legally absorbed the East Indian possessions, and became proprietor of the whole new world, under the Borgian grant.

This was public law, religion, high politics, and common sense in those days, but the unsophisticated Hollanders could not be made to understand the theory.

¹ Grotius, ix. 688 seq.

flag-ship alone of Mendoza. But he resolved to make manifest to the Indians that the Batavians were not disposed to relinquish their promising commercial relations with them, nor to turn their backs upon their newly found friends in the hour of danger. To the profound astonishment of the Portuguese admiral, the Dutchman, with his five little trading-ships, made an attack on the pompous armada, intending to avert chastisement from the King of Bantam. It was not possible for Wolfert to cope at close quarters with his immensely superior adversary, but his skill and nautical experience enabled him to play at what was then considered long bowls with extraordinary effect. The greater lightness and mobility of his vessels made them more than a match, in this kind of encounter, for the clumsy, top-heavy, and sluggish marine castles in which Spain and Portugal then went forth to battle on the ocean. It seems almost like the irony of history, and yet it is the literal fact, that the Dutch galiot of that day,—hardly changed in two and a half centuries since,—“the bull-browed galiot butting through the stream,”¹ was then the model clipper, conspicuous among all ships for its rapid-sailing qualities and ease of handling. So much has the world moved, on sea and shore, since those simple but heroic days. And thus Wolfert’s swift-going galiots circled round and round the awkward, ponderous, and much-puzzled Portuguese fleet, until by well-directed shots and skilful manœuvring they had sunk several ships, taken two, run others into the shallows, and at last put the whole to confusion. After several days of such fighting Admiral Mendoza fairly turned his back upon his insignificant opponent, and abandoned his projects

¹ Oliver Wendell Holmes.

upon Java.¹ Bearing away for the island of Amboina with the remainder of his fleet, he laid waste several of its villages and odoriferous spice-fields, while Wolfert and his companions entered Bantam in triumph, and were hailed as deliverers.² And thus on the extreme western verge of this magnificent island was founded the first trading settlement of the Batavian Republic in the archipelago of the equator—the foundation-stone of a great commercial empire which was to encircle the earth. Not many years later, at the distance of a dozen leagues from Bantam, a congenial swamp was fortunately discovered in a land whose volcanic peaks rose two miles into the air, and here a town, duly laid out with canals and bridges, and trim gardens and stagnant pools, was baptized by the ancient and well-beloved name of Good Meadow, or Batavia, which it bears to this day.

Meantime Wolfert Hermann was not the only Hollander cruising in those seas able to convince the Oriental mind that all Europeans save the Portuguese were not pirates and savages, and that friendly intercourse with other foreigners might be as profitable as slavery to the Spanish crown.

Captain Nek made treaties of amity and commerce with the potentates of Ternate, Tidore, and other Molucca Islands. The King of Kandy, on the island of Ceylon, lord of the odoriferous fields of cassia which perfume those tropical seas, was glad to learn how to exchange the spices of the equator for the thousand fabrics and products of Western civilization which found their great emporium in Holland.³ Jacob Heemskerk, too, who had

¹ Grotius, xi. 608, 609. Meteren, 463–465. Wagenaer, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

³ Grotius, xi. 608–613.

so lately astonished the world by his exploits and discoveries during his famous winter in Nova Zembla, was now seeking adventures and carrying the flag and fame of the Republic along the Indian and Chinese coasts. The King of Johore, on the Malayan peninsula, entered into friendly relations with him, being well pleased, like so many of those petty rulers, to obtain protection against the Portuguese, whom he had so long hated and feared. He informed Heemskerk of the arrival in the Straits of Malacca of an immense Lisbon carack, laden with pearls and spices, brocades and precious stones, on its way to Europe, and suggested an attack. It is true that the roving Hollander merely commanded a couple of the smallest galiots, with about a hundred and thirty men in the two. But when was Jacob Heemskerk ever known to shrink from an encounter, whether from single-handed combat with a polar bear, or from leading a forlorn hope against a Spanish fort, or from assailing a Portuguese armada? The carack, more than one thousand tons burden, carried seventeen guns and at least eight times as many men as he commanded.¹ Nevertheless, after a combat of but brief duration Heemskerk was master of the carack. He spared the lives of his seven hundred prisoners, and set them on shore before they should have time to discover to what a handful of Dutchmen they had surrendered. Then dividing about a million florins' worth of booty among his men, who doubtless found such cruising among the Spice Islands more attractive than wintering at the north pole, he sailed in the carack for Macao, where he found no difficulty in convincing the authorities of the Celestial Empire that the friendship of the Dutch Republic was worth cultivat-

¹ Grotius, xi. 608-613.

ing.¹ There was soon to be work in other regions for the hardy Hollander, such as was to make the name of Heemskerk a word to conjure with down to the latest posterity. Meantime he returned to his own country to take part in the great industrial movements which were to make this year an epoch in commercial history.

The conquerors of Mendoza and deliverers of Bantam had, however, not paused in their work. From Java they sailed to Banda, and on those volcanic islands of nutmegs and cloves made, in the name of their commonwealth, a treaty with its republican antipodes. For there was no king to be found in that particular archipelago, and the two republics, the Oriental and the Germanic, dealt with each other with direct and becoming simplicity.² Their convention was in accordance with the commercial ideas of the day, which assumed monopoly as the true basis of national prosperity. It was agreed that none but Dutchmen should ever purchase the nutmegs of Banda, and that neither nation should harbor refugees from the other. Other articles, however, showed how much further the practice of political and religious liberty had advanced than had any theory of commercial freedom. It was settled that each nation should judge its own citizens according to its own laws, that neither should interfere by force with the other in regard to religious matters, but that God should be judge over them all.³ Here at least was progress beyond the system according to which the Holy Inquisition furnished the only enginery of civilization. The guardian-

¹ Grotius, *Meteren*, ubi sup.

² Grotius, xi. 609.

³ Ibid. : "Religionis ob causam molesti alii aliis ne essent sed Deo judici rem permetterent."

ship assumed by Holland over these children of the sun was at least an improvement on the tyranny which roasted them alive if they rejected religious dogmas which they could not comprehend, and which proclaimed with fire, sword, and gibbet that the Omnipotent especially forbade the nutmeg trade to all but the subjects of the Most Catholic King.

In Atsgen, or Achin, chief city of Sumatra, a treaty was likewise made with the government of the place, and it was arranged that the King of Atsgen should send over an embassy to the distant but friendly Republic. Thus he might judge whether the Hollanders were enemies of all the world, as had been represented to him, or only of Spain; whether their knowledge of the arts and sciences and their position among the Western nations entitled them to respect and made their friendship desirable; or whether they were only worthy of the contempt which their royal and aristocratic enemies delighted to heap upon their heads.¹ The envoys sailed from Sumatra on board the same little fleet which, under the command of Wolfert Hermann, had already done such signal service, and on their way to Europe they had an opportunity of seeing how these republican sailors could deal with their enemies on the ocean.

Off St. Helena an immense Portuguese carack, richly laden and powerfully armed, was met, attacked, and overpowered by the little merchantmen with their usual audacity and skill. A magnificent booty was equitably divided among the captors, the vanquished crew were set safely on shore, and the Hollanders then pursued their home voyage without further adventures.²

The ambassadors, with an Arab interpreter, were

¹ Meteren, Grotius, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

duly presented to Prince Maurice in the lines before the city of Grave.¹ Certainly no more favorable opportunity could have been offered them for contrasting the reality of military power, science, national vigor, and wealth, which made the Republic eminent among the nations, with the fiction of a horde of insignificant and blood-thirsty savages which her enemies had made so familiar at the antipodes. Not only were the intrenchments, bastions, galleries, batteries, the discipline and equipment of the troops, a miracle in the eyes of these newly arrived Oriental ambassadors, but they had awakened the astonishment of Europe, already accustomed to such spectacles. Evidently the amity of the stadholder and his commonwealth was a jewel of price, and the King of Achin would have been far more barbarous than he had ever deemed the Dutchmen to be had he not well heeded the lesson which he had sent so far to learn.

The chief of the legation, Abdulzamar, died in Zealand, and was buried with honorable obsequies at Middelburg, a monument being raised to his memory. The other envoys returned to Sumatra, fully determined to maintain close relations with the Republic.²

There had been other visitors in Maurice's lines before Grave at about the same period. Among others, Gaston Spinola, recently created by the archduke Count of Bruay, had obtained permission to make a visit to a wounded relative, then a captive in the republican camp, and was hospitably entertained at the stadholder's table. Maurice, with soldierly bluntness, ridiculed the floating batteries, the castles on wheels, the sausages, and other newly invented machines employed before Ostend, and characterized them as rather fit to catch birds with

¹ Meteren, Grotius, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

than to capture a city defended by mighty armies and fleets.

"If the archduke has set his heart upon it, he had far better try to buy Ostend," he observed.

"What is your price?" asked the Italian. "Will you take two hundred thousand ducats?"

"Certainly not less than a million and a half," was the reply, so highly did Maurice rate the position and advantages of the city. He would venture to prophesy, he added, that the siege of Ostend would last as long as the siege of Troy.

"Ostend is no Troy," said Spinola, with a courtly flourish, "although there are certainly not wanting an Austrian Agamemnon, a Dutch Hector, and an Italian Achilles."¹ The last allusion was to the speaker's namesake and kinsman, the Marquis Ambrose Spinola, of whom much was to be heard in the world from that time forth.

Meantime, although so little progress had been made at Ostend, Maurice had thoroughly done his work before Grave. On the 18th September the place surrendered, after sixty days' siege, upon the terms usually granted by the stadholder. The garrison was to go out with the honors of war. Those of the inhabitants who wished to leave were to leave; those who preferred staying were to stay, rendering due allegiance to the Republic, and abstaining in public from the rites of the Roman Church, without being exposed, however, to any inquiries as to their religious opinions, or any interference within their households.²

¹ Gallucci, ii. 109.

² Meteren, 470. Grotius, xi. 604. Van der Kemp, ii. 99 and notes. Wagenaer, ix. 120.

The work went slowly on before Ostend. Much effect had been produced, however, by the operations of the archduke's little naval force. The galley of that day, although a child's toy as compared with the wonders of naval architecture of our own time, was an effective machine enough to harass fishing- and coasting-vessels in creeks and estuaries, and along the shores of Holland and Zealand during tranquil weather.

The locomotive force of these vessels consisted of galley-slaves, in which respect the Spaniards had an advantage over other nations, for they had no scruples in putting prisoners of war into chains and upon the benches of the rowers. Humanity—"the law of Christian piety," in the words of the noble Grotius—forbade the Hollanders from reducing their captives to such horrible slavery,¹ and they were obliged to content themselves with condemned criminals, and with the few other wretches whom abject poverty and the impossibility of earning other wages could induce to accept the service. And as, in the maritime warfare of our own day, the machinery—engines, wheels, and boilers—is the especial aim of the enemy's artillery, so the chain-gang who rowed in the waist of the galley, the living enginery, without which the vessel became a useless tub, was as surely marked out for destruction whenever a sea-fight took place.

The Hollanders did not very much favor this species of war-craft, both by reason of the difficulty of procuring the gang, and because to a true lover of the ocean and of naval warfare the galley was about as clumsy and amphibious a production as could be hoped of human perverseness. High where it should be low, exposed, flat, and fragile where elevation and strength

¹ *Historia*, ix. 575.

were indispensable, encumbered and top-heavy where it should be level and compact, weak in the waist, broad at stem and stern, awkward in manœuver, helpless in rough weather, sluggish under sail, although possessing the single advantage of being able to crawl over a smooth sea when better and faster ships were made stationary by absolute calm, the galley was no match for the Dutch galiot, either at close quarters or in a breeze.

Nevertheless, for a long time there had been a certain awe produced by the possibility of some prodigious but unknown qualities in these outlandish vessels, and already the Hollanders had tried their hand at constructing them. On a late occasion a galley of considerable size, built at Dort, had rowed past the Spanish forts on the Schelde, gone up to Antwerp, and coolly cut out from the very wharves of the city a Spanish galley of the first class, besides seven war-vessels of lesser dimensions, at first gaining advantage by surprise, and then breaking down all opposition in a brilliant little fight. The noise of the encounter summoned the citizens and garrison to the walls, only to witness the triumph achieved by Dutch audacity, and to see the victors dropping rapidly down the river, laden with booty and followed by their prizes. Nor was the mortification of these unwilling spectators diminished when the clear notes of a bugle on board the Dutch galley brought to their ears the well-known melody of "Wilhelmus of Nassau," once so dear to every patriotic heart in Antwerp, and perhaps causing many a renegade cheek on this occasion to tingle with shame.¹

Frederick Spinola, a volunteer belonging to the great and wealthy Genoese family of that name, had been

¹ *Historia*, ix. 576.

performing a good deal of privateer work with a small force of galleys which he kept under his command at Sluis. He had succeeded in inflicting so much damage upon the smaller merchantmen of the Republic, and in maintaining so perpetual a panic in calm weather among the seafaring multitudes of those regions, that he was disposed to extend the scale of his operations. On a visit to Spain he had obtained permission from government to employ in this service eight great galleys recently built on the Guadalquiver for the royal navy. He was to man and equip them at his own expense, and was to be allowed the whole of the booty that might result from his enterprise. Early in the autumn he set forth with his eight galleys on the voyage to Flanders, but, off Cezimbra, on the Portuguese coast, unfortunately fell in with Sir Robert Mansell, who, with a compact little squadron of English frigates, was lying in wait for the homeward-bound India fleet on their entrance to Lisbon. An engagement took place, in which Spinola lost two of his galleys. His disaster might have been still greater had not an immense Indian carack, laden with the richest merchandise, just then hove in sight, to attract his conquerors with a hope of better prize-money than could be expected from the most complete victory over him and his fleet.¹

With the remainder of his vessels Spinola crept out of sight while the English were ransacking the carack. On the 3d of October he had entered the Channel with a force which, according to the ideas of that day, was still formidable. Each of his galleys was of two hundred and fifty slave-power, and carried, besides the chain-gang, four hundred fighting men. His flag-ship was called the

¹ Grotius, xi. 607, 608.

St. Louis, the names of the other vessels being the *St. Philip*, the *Morning Star*, the *St. John*, the *Hyacinth*, and the *Padilla*. The *Trinity* and the *Opportunity* had been destroyed off Cezimbra. Now, there happened to be cruising just then in the Channel Captain Peter Mol, master of the Dutch war-ship *Tiger*, and Captain Lubbertson, commanding the *Pelican*. These two espied the Spanish squadron paddling at about dusk toward the English coast, and quickly gave notice to Vice-Admiral John Kant, who, in the states' ship *Half-moon*, with three other war-galiots, was keeping watch in that neighborhood. It was dead calm as the night fell, and the galleys of Spinola, which had crept close up to the Dover cliffs, were endeavoring to row their way across in the darkness toward the Flemish coast, in the hope of putting unobserved into the Gut of Sluis.¹ All went well with Spinola till the moon rose, but with the moon sprang up a steady breeze, so that the galleys lost all their advantage. Nearly off Gravelines another states' ship, the *Mackerel*, came in sight, which forthwith attacked the *St. Philip*, pouring a broadside into her by which fifty men were killed. Drawing off from this assailant, the galley found herself close to the Dutch admiral in the *Half-moon*, who, with all sail set, bore straight down upon her, struck her amidships with a mighty crash, carrying off her mainmast and her poop, and then, extricating himself with difficulty from the wreck, sent a tremendous volley of cannon-shot and lesser missiles straight into the waist, where sat the chain-gang. A howl of pain and terror rang through the air, while oars and benches, arms, legs, and mutilated bodies,

¹ Fleming, 290-294. Bentivoglio, iii. 516. Grotius, ubi sup. Haestens, 232 seq. Meteren, 474.

chained inexorably together, floated on the moonlit waves. An instant later, and another galiot bore down to complete the work, striking with her iron prow the doomed *St. Philip* so straightly and surely that she went down like a stone, carrying with her galley-slaves, sailors, and soldiers, besides all the treasure brought by Spinola for the use of his fleet.

The *Morning Star* was the next galley attacked, Captain Sael, in a stout galiot, driving at her under full sail, with the same accuracy and solidity of shock as had been displayed in the encounter with the *St. Philip*, and with the same result. The miserable, top-heavy monster galley was struck between mainmast and stern, with a blow which carried away the assailant's own bowsprit and fore-bulwarks, but which completely demolished the stern of the galley and crushed out of existence the greater portion of the live machinery sitting chained and rowing on the benches. And again, as the first enemy hauled off from its victim, Admiral Kant came up once more in the *Half-moon*, steered straight at the floundering galley, and sent her with one crash to the bottom. It was not very scientific practice, perhaps. It was but simple butting, plain sailing, good steering, and the firing of cannon at short pistol-shot. But, after all, the work of those unsophisticated Dutch skippers was done very thoroughly, without flinching, and, as usual, at great odds of men and guns. Two more of the Spanish galleys were chased into the shallows near Gravelines, where they went to pieces. Another was wrecked near Calais. The galley which bore Frederick Spinola himself and his fortunes succeeded in reaching Dunkirk, whence he made his way discomfited, to tell the tale of his disaster to the archduke at Brussels.

During the fight the Dutch admiral's boats had been active in picking up such of the drowning crews, whether galley-slaves or soldiers, as it was possible to save. But not more than two hundred were thus rescued, while by far the greater proportion of those on board, probably three thousand in number, perished, and the whole fleet, by which so much injury was to have been inflicted on Dutch commerce, was, save one damaged galley, destroyed.¹ Yet scarcely any lives were lost by the Hollanders, and it is certain that the whole force in their fleet did not equal the crew of a single one of the enemy's ships. Neither Spinola nor the archduke seemed likely to make much out of the contract. Meantime the Genoese volunteer kept quiet in Sluis, brooding over schemes to repair his losses and to renew his forays on the indomitable Zealanders.

Another winter had now closed in upon Ostend, while still the siege had scarcely advanced an inch. During the ten months of Governor Dorp's administration four thousand men had died of wounds or malady within the town, and certainly twice as many in the trenches of the besieging force. Still the patient Bucquoy went on, day after day, night after night, month after month, planting his fagots and fascines, creeping forward almost imperceptibly with his dike, paying five florins each to the soldiers who volunteered to bring the materials, and a double ducat to each man employed in laying them. So close were they under the fire of the town that a life was almost laid down for every ducat; but the Gullet, which it was hoped to close, yawned as wide as ever, and the problem how to reduce a city open by sea to the whole world remained without solution. On the last

¹ Authorities last cited.

day of the year a splendid fleet of transports arrived in the town, laden with whole droves of beeves and flocks of sheep, besides wine and bread and beer enough to supply a considerable city, so that market provisions in the beleaguered town were cheaper than in any part of Europe.¹ Thus skilfully did the States-General and Prince Maurice watch from the outside over Ostend, while the audacious but phlegmatic sea-captains brought their cargoes unscathed through the Gullet, although Bucquoy's batteries had now advanced to within seventy yards of the shore.

On the west side the besiegers were slowly eating their way through the old harbor toward the heart of the place. Subterranean galleries, patiently drained of their water, were met by counter-galleries leading out from the town, and many were the desperate hand-to-hand encounters, by dim lanterns or in total darkness, beneath the ocean and beneath the earth; Hollander, Spaniard, German, Englishman, Walloon, digging and dying in the fatal trenches, as if there had been no graves at home. Those insatiable sand-banks seemed ready to absorb all the gold and all the life of Christendom. But the monotony of that misery it is useless to chronicle. Hardly an event of these dreary days has been left unrecorded by faithful diarists and industrious soldiers; but time has swept us far away from them, and the world has rolled on to fresher fields of carnage and ruin. All winter long those unwearied, intelligent, fierce, and cruel creatures toiled and fought in the stagnant waters and patiently burrowed in the earth. It seemed that if Ostend were ever lost it would be because at last entirely bitten away and consumed. When there

¹ Fleming, 321.

was no Ostend left, it might be that the archduke would triumph.

As there was always danger that the movements on the east side might be at last successful, it was the command of Maurice that the labors to construct still another harbor should go on, in case the Gullet should become useless, as the old haven had been since the beginning of the siege. And the working upon that newest harbor was as dangerous to the Hollanders as Bucquoy's dike-building to the Spaniards, for the pioneers and sappers were perpetually under fire from the batteries which the count had at last successfully established on the extremity of his work. It was a piteous sight to see those patient delvers lay down their spades and die, hour after hour, to be succeeded by their brethren only to share their fate. Yet still the harbor-building progressed; for the Republic was determined that the city should be open to the sea so long as the states had a stiver, or a ship, or a spade.

While this deadly industry went on, the more strictly military operations were not pretermitted day nor night. The Catholics were unwearied in watching for a chance of attack, and the Hollanders stood on the ramparts and in the trenches, straining eyes and ears through the perpetual icy mists of that black winter to catch the sight and sound of a coming foe. Especially the by-watches, as they were called, were enough to break down constitutions of iron; for, all day and night, men were stationed in the inundated regions, bound on pain of death to stand in the water and watch for a possible movement of the enemy, until the waves should rise so high as to make it necessary to swim. Then, until the tide fell again, there was brief repose.¹

¹ Fleming, 350.

And so the dreary winter faded away at last into chill and blustering spring. On the 13th of April, 1603, a hurricane, such as had not occurred since the siege began, raged across the ocean, deluging and shattering the devoted town.¹ The waters rose over dike and parapet, and the wind swept from the streets and ramparts every living thing. Not a soldier or sailor could keep his feet, the chief tower of the church was blown into the square, chimneys and windows crashed on all sides, and the elements had their holiday, as if to prove how helpless a thing was man, however fierce and determined, when the powers of nature arose in their strength. It was as if no siege existed, as if no hostile armies had been lying nearly two years long close to each other, and losing no opportunity to fly at each other's throats. The strife of wind and ocean gave a respite to human rage. It was but a brief respite. At nightfall there was a lull in the tempest, and the garrison crept again to the ramparts. Instantly the departing roar of the winds and waters was succeeded by fainter but still more threatening sounds, and the sentinels on duty had scarce time to give the alarm, and the drums and trumpets to rally the garrison, when the attack came. The sleepless Spaniards were already upon them. In the Porcupine fort a blaze of wicker-work and building-materials suddenly illuminated the gathering gloom of night, and the loud cries of the assailants, who had succeeded in kindling this fire by their missiles, proclaimed the fierceness of the attack. Governor Dorp was himself in the fort, straining every nerve to extinguish the flames and to hold this most important position. He was successful. After a brief

¹ Fleming, 351.

but bloody encounter the Spaniards were repulsed with heavy loss. All was quiet again, and the garrison in the Porcupine were congratulating themselves on their victory, when suddenly the ubiquitous Philip Fleming plunged, with a face of horror, into the governor's quarters, informing him that the attack on the redout had been a feint, and that the Spaniards were at that very moment swarming all over the three external forts, called the South Square, the West Square, and the Polder.¹ These points, which have been already described, were most essential to the protection of the place, as without them the whole counterscarp was in danger. It was to save those exposed but vital positions that Sir Francis Vere had resorted to the slippery device of the last Christmas eve but one.

Dorp refused to believe the intelligence. The squares were well guarded, the garrison ever alert. Spaniards were not birds of prey to fly up those perpendicular heights, and for beings without wings the thing was impossible. He followed Fleming through the darkness, and was soon convinced that the impossible was true. The precious squares were in the hands of the enemy. Nimble as monkeys, those yellow-jerkined Italians, Walloons, and Spaniards, storm-hats on their heads and swords in their teeth, had planted rope-ladders, swung themselves up the walls by hundreds upon hundreds, while the fight had been going on at the Porcupine, and were now rushing through the forts, grinning defiance, yelling and chattering with fierce triumph, and beating down all opposition. It was splendidly done. The discomfited Dorp met small bodies of his men, panic-stricken, reeling out from their stronghold,

¹ Fleming, 351-354.

wounded, bleeding, shrieking for help and for orders. It seemed as if the Spaniards had dropped from the clouds. The Dutch commandant did his best to rally the fugitives and to encourage those who had remained. All night long the furious battle raged, every inch of ground being contested; for both Catholics and Hollanders knew full well that this triumph was worth more than all that had been gained for the archduke in eighteen months of siege. Pike to pike, breast to breast, they fought through the dark April night; the last sobs of the hurricane dying unheard, the red lanterns flitting to and fro, the fireworks hissing in every direction of earth and air, the great wicker piles, heaped up with pitch and rosin, flaming over a scene more like a dance of goblins than a commonplace Christian massacre. At least fifteen hundred were killed, besiegers and besieged, during the storming of the forts and the determined but unsuccessful attempt of the Hollanders to retake them. And when at last the day had dawned, and the Spaniards could see the full extent of their victory, they set themselves with unusual alacrity to killing such of the wounded and prisoners as were in their hands, while, at the same time, they turned the guns of their newly acquired works upon the main counterscarp of the town.¹

Yet the besieged, discomfited but undismayed, lost not a moment in strengthening their inner works, and in doing their best, day after day, by sortie, cannonade, and every possible device, to prevent the foe from obtaining full advantage of his success. The triumph was merely a local one, and the patient Hollanders soon proved to the enemy that the town was not gained by

¹ Fleming, 351-354.

carrying the three squares, but that every inch of the place was to be contested as hotly as those little redoubts had been. Ostend, after standing nearly two years of siege, was not to be carried by storm. A goodly slice of it had been pared off that April night, and was now in possession of the archduke, but this was all.¹ Meantime the underground work was resumed on both sides.

Frederick Spinola, notwithstanding the stunning defeat sustained by him in the preceding October, had not lost heart while losing all his ships. On the contrary, he had been busy during the winter in building other galleys. Accordingly, one fine morning in May, Councilor Flooswyk, being on board a war-vessel convoying some empty transports from Ostend, observed signs of mischief brewing as he sailed past the Gut of Sluis, and forthwith gave notice of what he had seen to Admiral Joost de Moor, commanding the blockading squadron. The councilor was right. Frederick Spinola meant mischief. It was just before sunrise of a beautiful summer's day. The waves were smooth, not a breath of wind stirring, and De Moor, who had four little warships of Holland, and was supported besides by a famous vessel called the *Black Galley* of Zeeland, under Captain Jacob Michelzoon, soon observed a movement from Sluis.² Over the flat and glassy surface of the sea eight galleys of the largest size were seen crawling slowly, like vast reptiles, toward his position. Four lesser vessels followed in the wake of the great galleys. The sails of

¹ Fleming, 351-354.

² The best authorities for this encounter are Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 194; Fleming, 382-384; Meteren, 485, 486; Gallucci, xv. 96-98; Grotius, xii. 625, 626; Bentivoglio, iii. 519.

the admiral's little fleet flapped idly against the masts. He could only placidly await the onset. The *Black Galley*, however, moved forward according to her kind, and was soon vigorously attacked by two galleys of the enemy. With all the force that five hundred rowers could impart, these two huge vessels ran straight into the Zealand ship, and buried their iron prows in her sides. Yet the *Black Galley* was made of harder stuff than were those which had gone down in the Channel the previous autumn under the blows of John Kant. Those on board her, at least, were made of tougher material than were galley-slaves and land-soldiers. The ramming was certainly not like that of a thousand horsepower of steam, and there was no very great display of science in the encounter; yet Captain Jacob Michelzoon, with two enemy's ships thus stuck to his sides, might well have given himself up for lost. The disproportion of ships and men was monstrous. Besides the chain-gang, each of Spinola's ships was manned by two hundred soldiers,¹ while thirty-six musketeers² from the Flushing garrison were the only men-at-arms in De Moor's whole squadron. But those amphibious Zealanders and Hollanders, perfectly at home in the water, expert in handling vessels, and excellent cannoneers, were more than a match for twenty times their number of landmen. It was a very simple-minded, unsophisticated contest. The attempt to board the *Black Galley* was met with determined resistance, but the Zealand sailors clambered like cats upon the bowsprits of the Spanish galleys, fighting with cutlass and handspike, while a broadside or two was delivered with terrible effect into the benches of the chained and wretched

¹ Fleming, 383.

² Grotius, 626.

slaves. Captain Michelzoon was killed,¹ but his successor, Lieutenant Hart, although severely wounded, swore that he would blow up his ship with his own hands rather than surrender. The decks of all the vessels ran with blood, but at last the *Black Galley* succeeded in beating off her assailants; the Zealanders, by main force, breaking off the enemy's bowsprits, so that the two ships of Spinola were glad to sheer off, leaving their stings buried in the enemy's body.²

Next, four galleys attacked the stout little galiot of Captain Logier, and with a very similar result. Their prows stuck fast in the bulwarks of the ship, but the boarders soon found themselves the boarded, and, after a brief contest, again the iron bowsprits snapped like pipe-stems, and again the floundering and inexperienced Spaniards shrank away from the terrible encounter which they had provoked. Soon afterward Joost de Moor was assailed by three galleys. He received them, however, with cannonade and musketry so warmly that they willingly obeyed a summons from Spinola, and united with the flag-ship in one more tremendous onset upon the *Black Galley* of Zealand. And it might have gone hard with that devoted ship, already crippled in the previous encounter, had not Captain Logier fortunately drifted with the current near enough to give her assistance, while the other sailing-ships lay becalmed and idle spectators. At last Spinola, conspicuous by his armor and by magnificent recklessness of danger, fell upon the deck of his galley, torn to pieces with twenty-four wounds from a stone gun of the *Black Galley*, while at nearly the same moment a gentle breeze began in the

¹ Gallucci, 97. Fleming, 383.

² Authorities cited.

distance to ruffle the surface of the waters. More than a thousand men had fallen in Spinola's fleet, inclusive of the miserable slaves, who were tossed overboard as often as wounds made them a cumbrous part of the machinery; and the galleys, damaged, discomfited, laden with corpses and dripping with blood, rowed off into Sluis as speedily as they could move, without waiting until the coming wind should bring all the sailing-ships into the fight, together with such other vessels under Haultain as might be cruising in the distance. They succeeded in getting into the Gut of Sluis, and so up to their harbor of refuge.¹ Meantime, bald-headed, weather-beaten Joost de Moor, further pursuit being impossible, piped all hands on deck, where officers and men fell on their knees, shouting in pious triumph the Thirty-fourth Psalm: ² "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. . . . O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." So rang forth the notes of humble thanksgiving across the placid sea. And assuredly those hardy mariners, having gained a victory with their little vessels over twelve ships and three thousand men,—a numerical force of at least ten times their number,—such as few but Dutchmen could have achieved, had a right to give thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow.

Thus ended the career of Frederick Spinola, a wealthy, gallant, high-born, brilliant youth, who might have earned distinction and rendered infinitely better service to the cause of Spain and the archdukes had he not persuaded himself that he had a talent for seamanship. Certainly, never was a more misplaced ambition, a more unlucky

¹ Fleming, Meteren, Gallucci, Bentivoglio, Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² Meteren, 486.

career. Not even in that age of rash adventure, when grandees became admirals and field-m Marshals because they were grandees, had such incapacity been shown by any restless patrician. Frederick Spinola, at the age of thirty-two, a landsman and a volunteer, thinking to measure himself on blue water with such veterans as John Kant, Joost de Moor, and the other Dutchmen and Zealanders whom it was his fortune to meet, could hardly escape the doom which so rapidly befell him.

On board the *Black Galley* Captain Michelzoon, eleven of his officers, and fifteen of his men were killed; Admiral de Moor was slightly wounded, and had five of his men killed and twenty wounded; Captain Logier was wounded in the foot, and lost fifteen killed and twelve wounded.¹

The number of those killed in Spinola's fleet has been placed as high as fourteen hundred, including two hundred officers and gentlemen of quality, besides the crowds of galley-slaves thrown overboard.² This was perhaps an exaggeration. The losses were, however, sufficient to put a complete stop to the enterprise out of which the unfortunate Spinola had conceived such extravagant hopes of fame and fortune.

The herring-smacks and other coasters, besides the transports passing to and from Ostend, sailed thenceforth unmolested by any galleys from Sluis. One unfortunate sloop, however, in moving out from the beleaguered city, ran upon some shoals before getting

¹ Meteren, 486.

² Letter of Ernest Casimir, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 194. Grotius says three hundred killed and many wounded. Fleming (p. 384) says one thousand killed, besides the wounded and slaves uncounted.

out of the Gullet, and thus fell a prize to the besiegers. She was laden with nothing more precious than twelve wounded soldiers on their way to the hospitals at Flushing. These prisoners were immediately hanged, at the express command of the archduke,¹ because they had been taken on the sea, where, according to his Highness, there were no laws of war.²

The stadholder, against his will,—for Maurice was never cruel,—felt himself obliged to teach the cardinal better jurisprudence and better humanity for the future. In order to show him that there was but one belligerent law on sea and on land, he ordered two hundred Spanish prisoners within his lines to draw lots from an urn in which twelve of the tickets were inscribed with the fatal word “gibbet.” Eleven of the twelve thus marked by ill luck were at once executed. The twelfth, a comely youth, was pardoned at the intercession of a young girl.³ It is not stated whether or not she became his wife. It is also a fact worth mentioning, as illustrating the recklessness engendered by a soldier’s life, that the man who drew the first blank sold it to one of his comrades and plunged his hand again into the fatal urn.⁴ Whether he succeeded in drawing the gibbet at his second trial has not been recorded. When these executions had taken place in full view of the enemy’s camp, Maurice formally announced that for every prisoner thenceforth put to death by the archduke two captives from his own army should be hanged.⁵ These stern reprisals, as usual, put an end to the foul system of martial murder.

¹ Grotius, xii. 630.

² Ibid. : “Sed aqua captos ubi nulla forent belli foedera.”

³ Ibid. Meteren, 487. Van der Kemp, 107.

⁴ Grotius, ubi sup.

⁵ Grotius, Meteren, ubi sup.

Throughout the year the war continued to be exclusively the siege of Ostend. Yet the fierce operations recently recorded having been succeeded by a period of comparative languor, Governor Dorp at last obtained permission to depart to repair his broken health. He was succeeded in command of the forces within the town by Charles van der Noot, colonel of the Zealand regiment which had suffered so much in the first act of the battle of Nieuport. Previously to this exchange, however, a day of solemn thanksgiving and prayer was set apart on the anniversary of the beginning of the siege.¹ Since the 5th of July, 1601, two years had been spent by the whole power of the enemy in the attempt to reduce this miserable village, and the whole result thus far had been the capture of three little external forts. There seemed cause for thanksgiving.

Philip Fleming, too, obtained a four weeks' holiday, the first in eleven years, and went with his family outside the pestiferous and beleaguered town. He was soon to return to his multifarious duties as auditor, secretary, and chronicler of the city, and unattached aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, whoever that might be, and to perform his duty with the same patient courage and sagacity that had marked him from the beginning. "An unlucky cannon-ball of the enemy," as he observes, did some damage at this period to his diary, but it happened at a moment when comparatively little was doing, so that the chasm was of less consequence.²

"And so I, Philip Fleming, auditor to the council of war," he says with homely pathos, "have been so continually employed as not to have obtained leave in all these years to refresh for a few days, outside this town,

¹ Fleming, 397.

² Ibid., 399 seq.

my troubled spirit after such perpetual work, intolerable cares, and slavery, having had no other pleasure allotted me than with daily sadness, weeping eyes, and heavy yearnings to tread the ramparts, and, like a poor slave laden with fetters, to look at so many others sailing out of the harbor in order to feast their souls in other provinces with green fields and the goodly works of God. And thus it has been until it has nearly gone out of my memory how the fruits of the earth, growing trees, and dumb beasts appear to mortal eye."

He then, with whimsical indignation, alludes to a certain author who pleaded in excuse for the shortcomings of the history of the siege the damage done to his manuscripts by a cannon-ball. "Where the liar dreamed of or invented his cannon-ball," he says, "I cannot tell, inasmuch as he never saw the city of Ostend in his life; but the said cannon-ball, to my great sorrow, did come one afternoon through my office, shot from the enemy's great battery, which very much damaged, not his memoirs, but mine, taking off the legs and arms at the same time of three poor invalid soldiers seated in the sun before my door, and killing them on the spot, and just missing my wife, then great with child, who stood by me with faithfulness through all the sufferings of the bloody siege, and presented me twice during its continuance, by the help of Almighty God, with young amazons, or daughters of war."¹

And so honest Philip Fleming went out for a little time to look at the green trees and the dumb creatures feeding in the Dutch pastures. Meantime the two armies, outside and within Ostend, went moulting on in their monotonous work, steadily returning at intervals,

¹ Fleming, 399 seq.

as if by instinct, to repair the ruin which a superior power would often inflict in a half-hour on the results of laborious weeks.

In the open field the military operations were very trifling, the wager of battle being by common consent fought out on the sands of Ostend, and the necessities for attack and defense absorbing the resources of each combatant. France, England, and Spain were holding a perpetual diplomatic tournament, to which our eyes must presently turn, and the Sublime Realm of the Ottoman and the Holy Roman Empire were in the customary equilibrium of their eternal strife.

The mutiny of the veterans continued, the "Italian republic" giving the archduke almost as much trouble, despite his ban and edicts of outlawry, as the Dutch commonwealth itself. For more than a twelvemonth the best troops of the Spanish army had been thus established as a separate empire, levying blackmail on the obedient provinces, hanging such of their old officers as dared to remonstrate, and obeying their elected chief magistrates with exemplary docility.

They had become a force of five thousand strong, cavalry and infantry together, all steady, experienced veterans, the best and bravest soldiers of Europe. The least of them demanded two thousand florins as owed to him by the King of Spain and the archduke. The burghers of Bois-le-Duc and other neighboring towns in the obedient provinces kept watch and ward, not knowing how soon the Spaniards might be upon them to reward them for their obedience. Not a peasant with provisions was permitted by the mutineers to enter Bois-le-Duc, while the priests were summoned to pay one year's income of all their property, on pain of being

burned alive. "Very much amazed are the poor priests at these proceedings," said Ernest Nassau, "and there is a terrible quantity of the vile race within and around the city. I hope one day to have the plucking of some of their feathers myself."¹

The mutiny governed itself as a strict military democracy, and had caused an official seal to be engraved, representing seven snakes entwined in one, each thrusting forth a dangerous tongue, with the motto:

tutto in ore
E sua Eccellenza in nostro favore.²

"His Excellency" meant Maurice of Nassau, with whom formal articles of compact had been arranged. It had become necessary for the archduke, notwithstanding the steady drain of the siege of Ostend, to detach a considerable army against this republic and to besiege them in their capital of Hoogstraaten. With seven thousand foot and three thousand cavalry Frederick van den Berg took the field against them in the latter part of July. Maurice, with nine thousand five hundred infantry and three thousand horse, lay near Gertruydenberg. When united with the rebel "squadron," two thousand five hundred strong, he would dispose of a force of fifteen thousand veterans, and he moved at once to relieve the besieged mutineers.³ His cousin Frederick, however, had no desire to measure himself with the stadholder at such odds, and stole away from him in the dark without beat of drum.⁴ Maurice entered Hoogstraaten, was received with rapture by the Spanish

¹ Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 203.

² Meteren, 486.

³ Ibid., 486-488.

⁴ Van der Kemp, ii. 104 and notes.

and Italian veterans,¹ and excited the astonishment of all by the coolness with which he entered into the cage of these dangerous serpents, as they called themselves, handling them, caressing them, and being fondled by them in return. But the veterans knew a soldier when they saw one, and their hearts warmed to the prince, heretic though he were, more than they had ever done to the unfrocked bishop who, after starving them for years, had doomed them to destruction in this world and the next.

The stadholder was feasted and honored by the mutineers during his brief visit to Hoogstraaten, and concluded with them a convention, according to which that town was to be restored to him, while they were to take temporary possession of the city of Grave. They were likewise to assist with all their strength in his military operations until they should make peace on their own terms with the archduke. For two weeks after such treaty they were not to fight against the states, and meantime, though fighting on the republican side, they were to act as an independent corps and in no wise to be merged in the stadholder's forces.² So much and no more had resulted from the archduke's excommunication of the best part of his army. He had made a present of those troops to the enemy. He had also been employing a considerable portion of his remaining forces in campaigning against their own comrades. While at Grave, the mutineers, or the "squadron," as they were now called, were to be permitted to practise their own religious rites, without offering, however, any interference with the regular Protestant worship of the place. When they should give up Grave, Hoogstraaten was to

¹ Van der Kemp, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*

government, if only the king could be pope; not knowing, indeed, whether a Puritan or a Jesuit, whom he called a papist-Puritan,¹ should be deemed the more disgusting or dangerous animal; already preparing for his unfortunate successor a path to the scaffold, by employing all the pedantry, both theological and philosophical, at his command to bring parliaments into contempt and to place the royal prerogative on a level with Divinity; at the head of a most martial, dauntless, and practical nation, trembling, with unfortunate physical timidity, at the sight of a drawn sword; ever scribbling or haranguing in Latin, French, or broad Scotch,² when the world was arming, it must always be a special wonder that one who might have been a respectable, even a useful, pedagogue should by the caprice of destiny have been permitted, exactly at that epoch, to be one of the most contemptible and mischievous of kings.³

But he had a most effective and energetic minister. Even as in Spain and in France at the same period, the

non ha ricorso alla giustizia: intanto che li poveri cattolici sono costituiti in una condizione infelicissima, pretendendo con questa via il re e quelli che governano di andar a poco a poco costringendo e riducendo per dir così a niente la cattolica religione.—N. Molin, Relazione.

¹ “Aborrisce sopra tutti li padri Gesuiti . . . e compara appunto la loro dottrina di macchinar contro li Stati e vite dei principi con quelle dei puritani perciò li chiama puritani papisti.”—M. A. Correr, Relazione.

² “È pieno di eloquenza non solo nella propria sua lingua ma anco in diverse altre e nella francese e latina particolarmente.”—Francesco Contarini, Relazione.

³ “Ma molto più dispiace l’aver Sua Maestà abbandonato in tutto e per tutto il governo dei suoi regni, rimettendo il tutto al suo consiglio, non volendo egli nè trattar nè pensar ad altro che alla caccia. . . . Così il presente re resta piuttosto spregiato ed

administration of government was essentially in one pair of hands.

Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, ever since the termination of the splendid duumvirate of his father and Walsingham, had been in reality supreme.¹ The proud and terrible hunchback, who never forgave, nor forgot to destroy, his enemies,² had now triumphed over the last passion of the doting queen. Essex had gone to perdition.

Son of the great minister who had brought the mother of James to the scaffold, Salisbury had already extorted forgiveness for that execution from the feeble king. Before Elizabeth was in her grave he was already as much the favorite of her successor as of herself, governing Scotland as well as England, and being prime minister of Great Britain before Great Britain existed.³

Lord high treasurer and first secretary of state, he

odiato che altrimenti; essendo infine la natura di S. M. piuttosto inclinata a vivere ritiramento con otto o dieci dei suoi che viver alla libera, come è il costume del paese ed il desiderio del popolo.”—Francesco Contarini, Relazione.

¹ “L’ autorità del quale è così assoluta che con verità si può dire esser egli il re e governatore di quella monarchia.”—N. Molin, Relazione.

² “È astuto e sagace e persecutore acerrimo dei suoi nemici: il che si vede dall’ effetto perchè ne ha avuto molti e tutti li ha fatti precipitare ancorchè che fossero uomini eminentissimi . . . è amico de’ suoi amici e fa volentieri servizio: ma però è più inclinato alla vendetta che all’ amore: è uomo superbo e terribile.”—Ibid. Compare M. A. Correr, Relazione.

³ “Perche s’ insinuò nella grazia del presente re ajutandolo como S. M. medesima mi ha detto e occultamente in vita della regina e scopertamente dopo la merte. Così non solo gli è riuscito di cancellar dalla sua memoria la morte della madre della quale fu principalmente autore il padre di esso conte ma ha condotto la propria fortuna a quella tanta eminenza nella quale si trova al presente.”—M. A. Correr, Relazione.

was now all in all in the council. The other great lords, high-born and highly titled as they were, and served at their banquets by hosts of lackeys on their knees,¹—Nottinghams, Northamptons, Suffolks,²—were, after all, ciphers, or at best mere pensioners of Spain. For all the venality of Europe was not confined to the Continent.³ Spain spent at least one hundred and fifty thousand crowns⁴ annually among the leading courtiers of James, while his wife, Anne of Denmark, a papist at heart, whose private boudoir was filled with pictures and

¹ N. Molin, Relazione.

² "Il co: di Northampton custode del privato sigillo . . . il gran ammiraglio conte di Nottingham ed il conte di Suffolk gran ciambelano . . . tutti tre sono stati provisionati annualmente da Spagna con qualcheduno altro del consiglio regio."—M. A. Correr, Relazione.

³ "Nè vi essendo alcuno che o tardi o per tempo non sia necessitato di ricorrer al consiglio di qui è che ognuno procura di acquistarsi la grazia e la protezione di alcuno dei consiglieri il che non si può fare in quel paese con altri mezzi nè con altre vie che con presenti e donativi; li quali sono così ordinarij in quei paesi che chi più riceve è più stimato ed onorato ricevendo non solo da sudditi ma da stranieri e da ministri di principi ancora siccome si è veduto in diverse occasioni."—N. Molin, Relazione d' Inghilterra.

"Rimettere il tutto si suoi ministri li quali sono sì fattamente interessati che senza li modi che ordinariamente sogliono usar li Spagnoli non se ne può ricevere quel beneficio che si desidera."—Ibid. "Avendo molti di essi (ministri) pensioni da Spagna, altri son ben affetti verso la Francia e forse il minor numero e quello che mira al solo ben e servizio del regno e di S. M."—Francesco Contarini, Relazione. "La Spagna . . . usando alcuna volta con la Maestà sua l' esca de' matrimonii con li ministri quella delle pensioni e donativi."—M. A. Correr, Relazione.

⁴ "All' ambasciatore di Spagna residente alla corte d' Inghilterra sono mandati ogni anno 150,000 scudi, non per sua provizione ma per altri fini, e però impetra gran cose."—Francesco Contarini, Relazione.

images of the Madonna and the saints, had already received one hundred thousand dollars in solid cash from the Spanish court, besides much jewelry and other valuable things.¹ To negotiate with government in England was to bribe, even as at Paris or Madrid. Gold was the only pass-key to justice, to preferment, or to power.

Yet the foreign subsidies to the English court were, after all, of but little avail at that epoch.² No man had influence but Cecil, and he was too proud, too rich, too powerful to be bribed.³ Alone with clean fingers among courtiers and ministers, he had, however, accumulated a larger fortune than any. His annual income was estimated at two hundred thousand crowns, and he had a vast floating capital, always well employed. Among other investments, he had placed half a million on interest in Holland,⁴ and it was to be expected, therefore,

¹ N. Molin, *Relazione*, etc.; M. A. Correr, *Relazione*. "Vanno nutrendo le speranze di poter un giorno metter mano in quel regno (d'Inghilterra) e perciò col solito titolo di avvantaggiare la fede cattolica mantengono diversi collegi d'Inglesi per spargere con loro beneficio i soggetti che escono da quelli e dopo la pace hanno dispensati fra quella nazione molti denari fra quali la regina ha avuto in contanti più di cento mille scudi oltre diverse gioie e altre cose di molto valente."—F. Priuli, *Relazione di Spagna*, 1604–1608. N. Molin.

² "Pare che li Spagnuoli si sieno astenuti questi due ultimi anni per il poco frutto che ne cavano."—M. A. Correr, *Relazione*.

³ "Nè ha mai voluto accettar pensioni."—*Ibid*.

⁴ "Della sua ricchezza non voglio parlare perocchè è cosa che eccede il creder d'ognuno; ma quasi tutto ha in contanti in diverse piazze di Europa, ma sotto diversi nomi; e mi è stato affermato che in Olanda solamente abbia cinque cento mille scudi li quali gli rendono utili tali che se ne può contantare."—*Ibid*. "Essendo opinione che degli uffici della corona abbi cavato meglio di 200,000 scudi all'anno, onde ha comprato molta quantità di terreni e gira denari in diverse piazze specialmente gran somma in Olanda che

that he should favor the cause of the Republic, rebellious and upstart though it were.

The pygmy, as the late queen had been fond of nick-naming him, was the only giant in the government. Those crooked shoulders held up, without flinching, the whole burden of the state. Pale, handsome, anxious, suffering, and intellectual of visage, with his indomitable spirit, ready eloquence, and nervous energy, he easily asserted supremacy over all the intriguers, foreign and domestic, the stipendiaries, the generals, the admirals, the politicians, at court, as well as over the Scotch Solomon who sat on the throne.

But most certainly it was for the public good of Britain that Europe should be pacified. It is very true that the piratical interest would suffer, and this was a very considerable and influential branch of business. So long as war existed anywhere, the corsairs of England sailed with the utmost effrontery from English ports, to prey upon the commerce of friend and foe alike. After a career of successful plunder it was not difficult for the rovers to return to their native land, and with the proceeds of their industry to buy themselves positions of importance, both social and political. It was not the custom to consider too curiously the source of the wealth. If it was sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, it was pretty certain to prove the respectability of the owner.¹

profittano più che mediocremente, cosa che lo tiene affezionato ed obbligato agli interessi di quelle provincie.—M. A. Correr, *Relazione*.

¹ “Per assicurar questi mari dai bertoni inglesi che hanno apportato e tuttora apportano tanto danno alle navi e sudditi di Vostra Serenità che trafficano in levante: perchè non è dubbio per la informazione che ne ho avuto che molti vascelli partono d’Inghilterra sotto il nome di mercanti con qualche poco di carico

It was in vain that the envoys of the Dutch and Venetian republics sought redress for the enormous damage inflicted on their commerce by English pirates, and invoked the protection of public law. It was always easy for learned jurisconsults to prove such depredations to be consistent with international usage and with sound morality. Even at that period, although England was in population and in wealth so insignificant, it possessed a lofty insular contempt for the opinions and the doc-

per il viaggio di levante ma il loro fine è principalmente di far qualche preda se la occasione si presenta; onde partendo con questo nome di mercanti viene levata l'occasione ai rappresentanti di Vostra Serenità di opporsi alla loro uscita; ma in effetto secondo l'occasione esercitano l'ufficio di corsari e quando loro riesce di far qualche preda si contentano di restare esuli e privi della patria per qualche spazio di tempo e con qualche donativo unico remedio in quel paese per superar tutte le difficoltà di poter ripatriare e godersi la guadagnata preda."—N. Molin, Relazione.

"Perchè con la pace viene loro levato il modo di andar in corso con che molti si sono arricchiti perchè sotto pretesto di andar contro i nemici depredavano anco le navi degli amici come è pur troppo manifesto a V. S."—Ibid.

"Sono gli Inglesi sopra tutti gli uomini dediti al corseggiare, ne facevano particolar professione in tempo della regina Elizabetta la quale la permetteva contro gli Spagnuoli ed animava li suoi sudditi ad applicarvisi . . . di quà sono procedute ricchezze grandi nelli particolari, accrescimenti delli dazii pubblici e sperienza e gloria nelli cittadini ed augumento di forze considerabilissime a tutto il regno. Ora queste depredazioni che vietate dalla pace contro Spagnuoli si sono indifferentemente voltate sopra tutti vengono più d' ogni tristizia odiate dal re . . . non di meno come non si trova officio di tanta santità e giustizia che l'avarizia degli uomini non la soglia guastar e corromper; così è opinione che quelli medesimi che hanno principal carico di perseguitare questi scellerati li abbino spesse volte favoriti e protetti."—Marc Antonio Correr, ambasc. appresso Giacomo I., 1611, in Barozzi and Berchet, ser. iv. vol. unico.

trines of other nations, and expected with perfect calmness that her own principles should be not only admitted, but spontaneously adored.¹

Yet the piratical interest was no longer the controlling one. That city on the Thames, which already numbered more than three hundred thousand inhabitants,² had discovered that more wealth was to be accumulated by her bustling shopkeepers in the paths of legitimate industry than by a horde of rovers over the seas, however adventurous and however protected by government.

As for France, she was already defending herself against piracy by what at the period seemed a masterpiece of internal improvement. The Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone were soon to be united in one chain of communication. Thus merchandise might be water-borne from the Channel to the Mediterranean without risking the five or six months' voyage by sea then required from Havre to Marseilles, and exposure along the whole coast to attack from the corsairs of England, Spain, and Barbary.³

¹ "Essendo l'Inglese per natura superbo crede che ognuno per natura sia obbligato di accarezzarlo non solo ma di adorarlo."—M. A. Correr, *Relazione*. N. Molin, *Relazione*.

² Molin.

³ Angelo Badoer, ambasc. in Francia, *Relazione* in Barozzi and Berchet, ser. ii. vol. unico: "Ma finito questo taglio che si lavora per far entrare la Loira nella Senna come ho detto s'è risolto di farne un altro per far entrare il Rodano che passa Lione nella Loira essendo già il disegno fatto con che s'andrebbe da un mare all'altro sempre per i fiumi senza aver mai a smontare in terra e quando questo resti effettuato, come ponendovisi le mani egli resterebbe in non lunghi anni mentre continui la pace nella Francia con più brevità con più sicurezza e con grand'utile a quel regno si manderebbero le merci dal Mediterraneo sempre per acqua sino nell'Oceano senza averle a mandare per tanto mare

The envoys of the States-General had a brief audience of the new sovereign, in which little more than phrases of compliment were pronounced.

"We are here," said Barneveldt, "between grief and joy. We have lost her whose benefits to us we can never describe in words, but we have found a successor who is heir not only to her kingdom but to all her virtues."¹ And with this exordium the great advocate plunged at once into the depths of his subject, so far as was possible in an address of ceremony. He besought the king not to permit Spain, standing on the neck of the provinces, to grasp from that elevation at other empires. He reminded James of his duty to save those of his own religion from the clutch of a sanguinary superstition, to drive away those lurking satellites of the Roman pontiff who considered Britain their lawful prey. He implored him to complete the work so worthily begun by Elizabeth. If all those bound by one interest should now, he urged, unite their efforts, the Spaniard, deprived not only of the Netherlands, but, if he were not wise in time, banished from the ocean and stripped of all his transmarine possessions, would be obliged to consent to a peace founded on the only secure basis, equality of strength. The envoy concluded by beseeching the king for assistance to Ostend, now besieged for two years long.²

But James manifested small disposition to melt in the fervor of the advocate's eloquence. He answered with a *come si fa ora che le navi hanno a circondare tutta la Spagna per arrivare in quelle parti con tanto rischio di venti e di corsari oltre il tempo di cinque o sei mesi che alle volte consumano nel viaggio.*"

¹ Grotius, xii. 619. Meteren, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

few cold commonplaces. Benignant but extremely cautious, he professed good will enough to the states, but quite as much for Spain, a power with which, he observed, he had never quarreled, and from which he had received the most friendly offices. The archdukes, too, he asserted, had never been hostile to the realm, but only to the Queen of England. In brief, he was new to English affairs, required time to look about him, but would not disguise that his genius was literary, studious, and tranquil, and much more inclined to peace than to war.¹

In truth, James had cause to look very sharply about him. It required an acute brain and steady nerves to understand and to control the whirl of parties and the conflict of interests and intrigues, the chameleon shiftings of character and color, at this memorable epoch of transition in the realm which he had just inherited. There was a Scotch party, favorable on the whole to France; there was a Spanish party, there was an English party, and, more busy than all, there was a party, not Scotch, nor French, nor English, nor Spanish, that undying party in all commonwealths or kingdoms which ever fights for itself and for the spoils.

France and Spain had made peace with each other at Vervins five years before, and had been at war ever since.

Nothing could be plainer nor more cynical than the language exchanged between the French monarch and the representative of Spain. That Philip III.—as the Spanish government by a convenient fiction was always called—was the head and front of the great Savoy-Biron conspiracy to take Henry's life and dismember his kingdom was hardly a stage secret. Yet diplomatic rela-

¹ Grotius, xii, 619. Meteren, ubi sup.

tions were still preserved between the two countries, and wonderful diplomatic interviews had certainly been taking place in Paris.

Ambassador Tassis had walked with lofty port into Henry's cabinet, disdaining to salute any of the princes of the blood or high functionaries of state in the apartments through which he passed, and with insolent defiance had called Henry to account for his dealing with the Dutch rebels.

"Sire, the king my master finds it very strange," he said, "that you still continue to assist his rebels in Holland, and that you shoot at his troops on their way to the Netherlands. If you don't abstain from such infractions of his rights he prefers open war to being cheated by such a pretended peace. Hereupon I demand your reply."

"Mr. Ambassador," replied the king, "I find it still more strange that your master is so impudent as to dare to make such complaints—he who is daily making attempts upon my life and upon this state. Even if I do assist the Hollanders, what wrong is that to him? It is an organized commonwealth, powerful, neighborly, acknowledging no subjection to him. But your master is stirring up rebellion in my own kingdom, addressing himself to the princes of my blood and my most notable officers, so that I have been obliged to cut off the head of one of the most beloved of them all. By these unchristian proceedings he has obliged me to take sides with the Hollanders, whom I know to be devoted to me; nor have I done anything for them except to pay the debts I owed them. I know perfectly well that the king your master is the head of this conspiracy, and that the troops of Naples were meditating an attack upon my

kingdom. I have two letters written by the hand of your master to Marshal Biron, telling him to trust Fuentes as if it were himself, and it is notorious that Fuentes has projected and managed all the attempts to assassinate me. Do you think you have a child to deal with? The late King of Spain knew me pretty well. If this one thinks himself wiser I shall let him see who I am. Do you want peace or war? I am ready for either."

The ambassador, whose head had thus been so vigorously washed,—as Henry expressed it in recounting the interview afterward to the Dutch envoy, Dr. Aertsens,—stammered some unintelligible excuses, and humbly begged his Majesty not to be offended. He then retired quite crestfallen, and took leave most politely of everybody as he went, down even to the very grooms of the chambers.

"You must show your teeth to the Spaniards," said Henry to Aertsens, "if you wish for a quiet life."

Here was unsophisticated diplomacy; for the politic Henry, who could forgive assassins and conspirators, crowned or otherwise, when it suited his purpose to be lenient, knew that it was on this occasion very prudent to use the gift of language, not in order to conceal, but to express his thoughts.

"I left the king as red as a turkey-cock," said Tassis, as soon as he got home that morning, "and I was another turkey-cock. We have been talking a little bit of truth to each other."¹

¹ "Ik weet doen Taxis t' huys quam dat hy seÿde, ik hebbe den Coninck root als een callichoen gelaeten ende ik ben een ander. Wy hebben malcanderen wat waerheyt gesëyt," etc.—Aertsens to the States-General, October 4, 1602, Hague Archives MS.

Henry recounted these conversations with his own lips to Dr.

In truth, it was impossible, as the world was then constituted, that France and Spain, in spite of many secret sympathies, should not be enemies; that France, England, and the Dutch commonwealth, although cordially disliking each other, should not be allies.

Even before the death of Elizabeth a very remarkable interview had taken place at Dover, in which the queen had secretly disclosed the great thoughts with which that most imperial brain was filled just before its boundless activity was to cease forever.

She had wished for a personal interview with the French king, whose wit and valor she had always heartily admired. Henry, on his part, while unmercifully ridiculing that preterhuman vanity which he fed with fantastic adulation, never failed to do justice to her genius, and had been for a moment disposed to cross the Channel, or even to hold counsel with her on board ship midway between the two countries.¹ It was, however, found impracticable to arrange any such meeting, and the gossips of the day hinted that the great Henry, whose delight was in battle, and who had never been known to shrink from danger on dry land, was appalled at the idea of seasickness, and even dreaded the chance of being kidnapped by the English pirates.²

The corsairs who drove so profitable a business at that period by plundering the merchantmen of their enemy, of their Dutch and French allies, and of their own na-

Aertsens, who communicated them to the States-General in his secret letters. I have read them in the *Fransche Depêchen*, A° 1602-1607, Royal Archives of The Hague MS. See especially Aertsens to the States-General, October 4 and 18, 1602.

¹ *Mémoires de Sully*, iv. 34-36, anno 1601.

² *Ibid.*

tion, would assuredly have been pleased with such a prize.

The queen had confided to De Béthune that she had something to say to the king which she could never reveal to other ears than his, but when the proposed visit of Henry was abandoned it was decided that his confidential minister should slip across the Channel before Elizabeth returned to her palace at Greenwich.

De Béthune accordingly came incognito from Calais to Dover, in which port he had a long and most confidential interview with the queen. Then and there the woman, nearly seventy years of age, who governed despotically the half of a small island, while the other half was in the possession of a man whose mother she had slain, and of a people who hated the English more than they hated the Spaniards or the French,—a queen with some three millions of loyal but most turbulent subjects in one island, and with about half a million ferocious rebels in another requiring usually an army of twenty thousand disciplined soldiers to keep them in a kind of subjugation, with a revenue fluctuating between eight hundred thousand pounds sterling and the half of that sum, and with a navy of a hundred privateersmen,—disclosed to the French envoy a vast plan for regulating the polity and the religion of the civilized world and for remodeling the map of Europe.¹

There should be three religions, said Elizabeth—not counting the dispensation from Mecca, about which Turk and Hun might be permitted to continue their struggle on the crepuscular limits of civilization. Everywhere else there should be toleration only for the churches of Peter, of Luther, and of Calvin. The

¹ *Mémoires de Sully*, iv. 34–36, anno 1601.

house of Austria was to be humbled—the one branch driven back to Spain and kept there, the other branch to be deprived of the imperial crown, which was to be disposed of, as in times past, by the votes of the princely electors. There should be two republics, the Swiss and the Dutch, each of those commonwealths to be protected by France and England, and each to receive considerable parings out of the possessions of Spain and the empire.

Finally, all Christendom was to be divided off into a certain number of powers, almost exactly equal to each other, the weighing, measuring, and counting necessary to obtain this international equilibrium being of course the duty of the king and queen when they should sit some day together at table.

Thus there were five points, sovereigns and politicians having always a fondness for a neat summary in five or six points: number one, to remodel the electoral system of the Holy Roman Empire; number two, to establish the Republic of the United Provinces; number three, to do as much for Switzerland; number four, to partition Europe; number five, to reduce all religions to three.¹ Nothing could be more majestic, no plan fuller fraught with tranquillity for the rulers of mankind and their subjects. Thrice happy the people having thus a couple of heads with crowns upon them and brains within them to prescribe what was to be done in this world and believed as to the next!

The illustrious successor of that great queen now stretches her benignant scepter over two hundred millions of subjects, and the political revenues of her empire are more than a hundredfold those of Elizabeth; yet it would hardly now be thought great statesmanship

¹ *Mémoires de Sully*, iv. 34–36, anno 1601.

or sound imperial policy for a British sovereign even to imagine the possibility of the five points which filled the royal English mind at Dover.

But Henry was as much convinced as Elizabeth of the necessity and the possibility of establishing the five points, and De Béthune had been astonished at the exact similarity of the conclusion which those two sovereign intellects had reached even before they had been placed in communion with each other. The death of the queen had not caused any change in the far-reaching designs of which the king now remained the sole executor, and his first thought on the accession of James was accordingly to despatch De Béthune, now created Marquis de Rosny, as ambassador extraordinary to England, in order that the new sovereign might be secretly but thoroughly instructed as to the scheme for remodeling Christendom.¹

As Rosny was also charged with the duty of formally congratulating King James, he proceeded upon his journey with remarkable pomp. He was accompanied by two hundred gentlemen of quality, specially attached to his embassy,—young city fops, as he himself described them, who were out of their element whenever they left the pavement of Paris,—and by an equal number of valets, grooms, and cooks.² Such a retinue was indispensable to enable an ambassador to transact the public business and to maintain the public dignity in those days, unproductive consumption being accounted most sagacious and noble.

Before reaching the English shore the marquis was involved in trouble. Accepting the offer of the English vice-admiral lying off Calais, he embarked with his suite in two English vessels, much to the dissatisfaction of De

¹ *Mémoires de Sully*, iv. 260 seq.

² *Ibid.*, iv. 268; v. 21.

Vic, vice-admiral of France, who was anxious to convey the French ambassador in the war-ships of his country. There had been suspicion afloat as to the good understanding between England and Spain, caused by the great courtesy recently shown to the Count of Aremberg, and there was intense irritation among all the seafaring people of France on account of the exploits of the English corsairs upon their coast.¹ Rosny thought it best to begin his embassy by an act of conciliation, but soon had cause to repent his decision.

In mid-Channel they were met by De Vic's vessels with the French banner displayed, at which sight the English commander was so wroth that he forthwith ordered a broadside to be poured into the audacious foreigner, swearing with mighty oaths that none but the English flag should be shown in those waters. And thus, while conveying a French ambassador and two hundred Frenchmen on a sacred mission to the British sovereign, this redoubtable mariner of England prepared to do battle with the ships of France. It was with much difficulty and some prevarication that Rosny appeased the strife, representing that the French flag had only been raised in order that it might be dipped in honor of the French ambassador as the ships passed each other. The full-shotted broadside was fired from fifty guns, but the English commander consented, at De Rosny's representations, that it should be discharged wide of the mark.² A few shots, however, struck the side of one of the French vessels, and at the same time, as Cardinal Richelieu afterward remarked, pierced the heart of every patriotic Frenchman.³

¹ *Mémoires de Sully*, iv. 272.

² *Ibid.*, iv. 273-276.

³ *Ibid.*, iv. 273-276 and notes.

be restored to them if still in possession of the states, and they were to enter into no negotiations with the archduke except with full knowledge of the stadholder.

There were no further military operations of moment during the rest of the year.

Much more important, however, than siege, battle, or mutiny, to human civilization, were the steady movements of the Dutch skippers and merchants at this period. The ears of Europe were stunned with the clatter of destruction going on all over Christendom, and seeming the only reasonable occupation of Christians; but the little Republic, while fighting so heroically against the concentrated powers of despotism in the West, was most industriously building up a great empire in the East. In the new era just dawning, production was to become almost as honorable and potent a principle as destruction.

The voyages among the spicy regions of the equator, so recently wrested from their Catholic and Faithful Majesties by Dutch citizens who did not believe in Borgia, and the little treaties made with petty princes and commonwealths, who for the first time were learning that there were other white men in the world besides the Portuguese, had already led to considerable results. Before the close of the previous year that great commercial corporation had been founded,—an empire within an empire, a republic beneath a republic,—a counting-house company which was to organize armies, conquer kingdoms, build forts and cities, make war and peace, disseminate and exchange among the nations of the earth the various products of civilization more perfectly than any agency hitherto known, and bring the farthest disjoined branches of the human family into

closer connection than had ever existed before. That it was a monopoly, offensive to true commercial principles, illiberal, unjust, tyrannical, ignorant of the very rudiments of mercantile philosophy, is plain enough. For the sages of the world were but as clowns, at that period, in economic science.

Was not the great financier of the age, Maximilian de Béthune, at that very moment exhausting his intellect in devices for the prevention of *all* international commerce even in Europe? "The kingdom of France," he groaned, "is stuffed full of the manufactures of our neighbors, and it is incredible what a curse to us are these wares. The import of all foreign goods has now been forbidden under very great penalties." As a necessary corollary to this madhouse legislation an edict was issued prohibiting the export of gold and silver from France, on pain not only of confiscation of those precious metals, but of the whole fortune of such as engaged in or winked at the traffic. The king took a public oath never to exempt the culprits from the punishment thus imposed, and as the thrifty Sully had obtained from the great king a private grant of all those confiscations, and as he judiciously promised twenty-five per cent. thereof to the informer, no doubt he filled his own purse while impoverishing the exchequer.¹

¹ Mémoires de Sully, iv. 8-10 (ed. Londres, 1748). The great minister adds, with diverting simplicity: "I found a remedy, shorter and less violent than chastisements and confiscations, to prevent the export of specie; that was to raise the value of it." Accordingly, the crown of sixty sous was declared to be worth sixty-five sous, and the crown of gold or pistolet of fifty-eight sous was put at sixty-two sous, and so with the other coins in proportion (ibid., 184).

Nothing was wanting but to declare that the three-hooped pot

The United States, not enjoying the blessings of a paternal government, against which they had been fighting almost half a century, could not be expected to rival the stupendous folly of such political economy, although certainly not emancipated from all the delusions of the age.

Nor are we to forget how very recently, and even dimly, the idea of freedom in commerce has dawned upon nations the freest of all in polity and religion. Certainly the vices and shortcomings of the commercial system now inaugurated by the Republic may be justly charged in great part to the epoch, while her vast share in the expanding and upward movement which civilization, under the auspices of self-government, self-help, political freedom, free thought, and unshackled science, was then to undertake—nevermore, perhaps, to be permanently checked—must be justly ascribed to herself.

It was considered accordingly that the existence of so many private companies and copartnerships trading to the East was injurious to the interests of commerce. Merchants arriving at the different Indian ports would often find that their own countrymen had been too quick for them and that other fleets had got the wind out of their sails, that the Eastern markets had been stripped and that prices had gone up to a ruinous height,¹ while, on the other hand, in the Dutch cities, nutmegs and cinnamon, brocades and indigo, were as plentiful as red herrings. It was hardly to be expected at that day to find this very triumph of successful traffic considered

should have ten hoops, that seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny, and to make it felony to drink small beer—according to the system of an earlier financial reformer.

¹ Wagenaer, ix. 147-150.

otherwise than as a grave misfortune, demanding interference on the part of the only free government then existing in the world. That already free competition and individual enterprise had made such progress in enriching the Hollanders and the Javanese respectively with a superfluity of useful or agreeable things brought from the farthest ends of the earth seemed to the eyes of that day a condition of things likely to end in a general catastrophe. With a simplicity amazing only to those who are inclined to be vain of a superior wisdom, —not their own, but that of their wisest contemporaries, —one of the chief reasons for establishing the East India Company was stated to be the necessity of providing against low prices of Oriental productions in Europe.

But national instinct is often wiser than what is supposed to be high national statesmanship, and there can be no doubt that the true foundation of the East India Company was the simple recognition of an iron necessity. Every merchant in Holland knew full well that the Portuguese and Spaniards could never be driven out of their commercial strongholds under the equator except by a concentration of the private strength and wealth of the mercantile community. The government had enough on its hands in disputing, inch by inch, at so prodigious an expenditure of blood and treasure, the meager territory with which nature had endowed the little commonwealth. Private organization, self-help, union of individual purses and individual brains, were to conquer an empire at the antipodes, if it were to be won at all. By so doing, the wealth of the nation and its power to maintain the great conflict with the spirit of the past might be indefinitely increased, and the resources of Spanish despotism proportionally diminished. It was not to

be expected of Jacob Heemskerk, Wolfert Hermann, or Joris van Spilberg, indomitable skippers though they were, that each, acting on his own responsibility or on that of his supercargo, would succeed every day in conquering a whole Spanish fleet and dividing a million or two of prize-money among a few dozen sailors. Better things even than this might be done by wholesome and practical concentration on a more extended scale.

So the States-General granted a patent or charter to one great company with what, for the time, was an enormous paid-up capital, in order that the India trade might be made secure and the Spaniards steadily confronted in what they had considered their most impregnable possessions. All former trading companies were invited to merge themselves in the Universal East India Company, which for twenty-one years should alone have the right to trade to the east of the Cape of Good Hope and to sail through the Straits of Magellan.¹

The charter had been signed on 20th March, 1602, and was mainly to the following effect:

The company was to pay twenty-five thousand florins to the States-General for its privilege. The whole capital was to be six million six hundred thousand florins. The chamber of Amsterdam was to have one half of the whole interest; the chamber of Zealand one fourth; the chambers of the Meuse, namely, Delft, Rotterdam, and the north quarter, that is to say, Hoorn and Enkhuizen, each a sixteenth. All the chambers were to be governed by the directors then serving, who, however, were to be allowed to die out, down to the number of twenty for Amsterdam, twelve for Zealand, and seven for each of

¹ Wagenaer, *ubi sup.* Meteren, 466 and *vo.* Grotius, xi. 612, 613.

the other chambers. To fill a vacancy occurring among the directors, the remaining members of the board were to nominate three candidates, from whom the estates of the province should choose one. Each director was obliged to have an interest in the company amounting to at least six thousand florins, except the directors for Hoorn and Enkhuizen, of whom only three thousand should be required. The general assembly of these chambers should consist of seventeen directors, eight for Amsterdam, four for Zealand, two for the Meuse, and two for the north quarter, the seventeenth being added by turns from the chambers of Zealand, the Meuse, and the north quarter. This assembly was to be held six years at Amsterdam, and then two years in Zealand. The ships were always to return to the port from which they had sailed. All the inhabitants of the provinces had the right, within a certain time, to take shares in the company. Any province or city subscribing for forty thousand florins or upward might appoint an agent to look after its affairs.

The company might make treaties with the Indian powers, in the name of the States-General of the United Netherlands or of the supreme authorities of the same, might build fortresses, appoint generals, and levy troops, provided such troops took oaths of fidelity to the states, or to the supreme authority, and to the company. No ships, artillery, or other munitions of war belonging to the company were to be used in service of the country without permission of the company. The admiralty was to have a certain proportion of the prizes conquered from the enemy.

The directors should not be liable in property or person for the debts of the company. The generals of

fleets returning home were to make reports on the state of India to the states.¹

Notification of the union of all India companies with this great corporation was duly sent to the fleets cruising in those regions, where it arrived in the course of the year 1603.²

Meantime the first fleet of the company, consisting of fourteen vessels under command of Admiral Wybrand van Warwyk, sailed before the end of 1602, and was followed toward the close of 1603 by thirteen other ships, under Stephen van der Hagen.³

The equipment of these two fleets cost two million two hundred thousand florins.⁴

¹ Meteren, Grotius, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

CHAPTER XLI

Death of Queen Elizabeth—Condition of Spain—Legations to James I.—Union of England and Scotland—Characteristics of the new monarch—The English court and government—Piratical practices of the English—Audience of the states' envoy with King James—Queen Elizabeth's scheme for remodeling Europe—Ambassador extraordinary from Henry IV. to James—De Rosny's strictures on the English people—Private interview of De Rosny with the states' envoy—De Rosny's audience of the king—Objects of his mission—Insinuations of the Duke of Northumberland—Invitation of the embassy to Greenwich—Promise of James to protect the Netherlands against Spain—Misgivings of Barneveldt—Conference at Arundel House—Its unsatisfactory termination—Contempt of De Rosny for the English councilors—Political aspect of Europe—De Rosny's disclosure to the king of the secret object of his mission—Agreement of James to the proposals of De Rosny—Ratification of the treaty of alliance—Return of De Rosny and suite to France—Arrival of the Spanish ambassador.

ON the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, having nearly completed her seventieth year.¹ The two halves of the little island of Britain were at last politically adjoined to each other by the personal union of the two crowns.

A foreigner, son of the woman executed by Elizabeth, succeeded to Elizabeth's throne. It was most natural that the Dutch Republic and the French king, the arch-dukes and his Catholic Majesty, should be filled with

¹ Meteren, 484. Camden, 661.

anxiety as to the probable effect of this change of individuals upon the fortunes of the war.

For this Dutch war of independence was the one absorbing and controlling interest in Christendom. Upon that vast, central, and, as men thought, baleful constellation the fates of humanity were dependent. Around it lesser political events were forced to gravitate, and, in accordance to their relation to it, were bright or obscure. It was inevitable that those whose vocation it was to ponder the aspects of the political firmament, the sages and high priests who assumed to direct human action and to foretell human destiny, should now be more than ever perplexed.

Spain, since the accession of Philip III. to his father's throne, although rapidly declining in vital energy, had not yet disclosed its decrepitude to the world. Its boundless ambition survived as a political tradition rather than a real passion, while contemporaries still trembled at the vision of universal monarchy in which the successor of Charlemagne and of Charles V. was supposed to indulge.

Meantime no feebler nor more insignificant mortal existed on earth than this dreaded sovereign.

Scarcely a hair-dresser or lemonade-dealer in all Spain was less cognizant of the political affairs of the kingdom than was its monarch, for Philip's first care upon assuming the crown was virtually to abdicate in favor of the man soon afterward known as the Duke of Lerma.

It is therefore only by courtesy and for convenience that history recognizes his existence at all, as surely no human being in the reign of Philip III. requires less mention than Philip III. himself.

I reserve for a subsequent chapter such rapid glances

at the interior condition of that kingdom, with which it seemed the destiny of the Dutch Republic to be perpetually at war, as may be necessary to illustrate the leading characteristics of the third Philip's reign.

Meantime, as the great queen was no more, who was always too sagacious to doubt that the Dutch cause was her own, however disposed she might be to browbeat the Dutchmen, it seemed possible to Spain that the Republic might at last be deprived of its only remaining ally. Tassis was despatched as chief of a legation, precursory to a more stately embassy to be confided to the Duke of Frias. The archdukes sent the Prince of Aremberg, while from the United States came young Henry of Nassau, associated with John of Olden-Barneveldt, Falck, Brederode, and other prominent statesmen of the commonwealth.¹ Ministers from Denmark and Sweden, from the Palatinate and from numerous other powers, small and great, were also collected to greet the rising sun in united Britain, while the awkward Scotchman who was now called upon to play that prominent part in the world's tragicomedy which had been so long and so majestically sustained by the "Virgin Queen" already began to tremble at the plaudits and the bustle which announced how much was expected of the new performer.

There was indeed a new sovereign upon the throne. That most regal spirit which had well expressed so many of the highest characteristics of the nation had fled. Mankind has long been familiar with the dark closing hours of the illustrious reign. The great queen, moody, despairing, dying, wrapped in profoundest thought, with eyes fixed upon the ground or already gazing into infin-

¹ Meteren, ubi sup.

ity, was besought by the councilors around her to name the man to whom she chose that the crown should devolve.

"Not to a Rough," said Elizabeth, sententiously and grimly.¹

When the King of France was named, she shook her head. When Philip III. was suggested, she made a still more significant sign of dissent. When the King of Scots was mentioned, she nodded her approval, and again relapsed into silent meditation.²

She died, and James was King of Great Britain and Ireland. Cecil had become his prime minister long before the queen's eyes were closed. The hard-featured, rickety, fidgety, shambling, learned, most preposterous Scotchman hastened to take possession of the throne. Never could there have been a more unfit place or unfit hour for such a man.

England, although so small in dimensions, so meager in population, so deficient, compared to the leading nations of Europe, in material and financial strength, had already her great future swelling in her heart. Intellectually and morally she was taking the lead among the

¹ "Poichè avvicinatisi all' ultima ora de' suoi giorni e ricercata da quei signori del consiglio che quasi tutti la assistevano quale fosse la volontà sua ed a chi raccomandava il regno disse ella queste sole parole: no ad un *Rough* che in lingua inglese significa persona bassa e vile, ma ad una, ed accenando con la mano perchè perdè la parola, che portass ecorona. Le fu dimandato se al re di Francia ed ella con la testa mostrò che no, fu dimandata se a quel di Spagna e fece il medesimo atto, nominatole poi quello di Scozia diede segno questo essere il desiderio suo e poche ore dopo passò da questa vita con universal dispiacere."

² Ibid. The particulars of Elizabeth's death are narrated in despatch, April 7, 1603, of Secretary Scaramelli, Senato iii., Secreta, A. V. G. See N. Barozzi, note, p. 45 of ser. iv. vol. unico.

nations. Even at that day she had produced much which neither she herself nor any other nation seemed destined to surpass.

Yet this most redoubtable folk only numbered about three millions, one tenth of them inhabiting London.¹ With the Scots and Irish added they amounted to less than five millions of souls,² hardly a third as many as the homogeneous and martial people of that dangerous neighbor, France.

Ireland was always rebellious, a mere conquered province, hating her tyrant England's laws, religion, and people; loving Spain, and believing herself closely allied by blood as well as sympathy to that most Catholic land.

Scotland, on the accession of James, hastened to take possession of England. Never in history had two races detested each other more fervently.³ The leeches and

¹ Niccolo Molin, ambassador from Venice to James I., puts the population of London in 1607 at more than 300,000. (*Relazione in Barozzi and Berchet*, ser. iv. vol. unico.)

² Antonio Foscarini, Venetian ambassador in England in 1618 (*Relazione in Barozzi and Berchet*, ser. iv. vol. unico), estimates the whole population of the empire at 5,200,000 souls, of which number 3,560,000 are assigned to England, a little more than 1,000,000 to Scotland, and 500,000 to Ireland.

The total revenue he states as three million scudi [£750,000 sterling], almost entirely derived from England, — "Perchè la Scozia con fatica dà ottanta mila [£80,000] scudi l' anno," — and Ireland, producing a less sum than that, to which money had to be added from England for current expenses.

³ "Essendosi il regno della Scozia unito a quello dell' Inghilterra solamente nella persona del presente re, tuttavia per la divisione e contrarietà degli animi che passa fra Scozzesi ed Inglesi non solo viene giudicato che la potenza di quel regno non sia cresciuta ma diminuita piuttosto: poichè l' odio fra di loro è passato tant' oltre che s' insidiano la vita l' un l' altro con maniere molto stravaganti. Onde molti Scozzesi e de' più principali per salvezza delle

locusts of the north,¹ as they were universally designated in England, would soon have been swept forth from the country, or have left it of their own accord, had not the king employed all that he had of royal authority or of eloquent persuasion to retain them on the soil. Of union, save the personal union of the scepter, there was no thought. As in Ireland there was hatred to England and adoration for Spain, so in Scotland France was beloved quite as much as England was abhorred. Who could have foretold, or even hoped, that atoms so mutually repulsive would ever have coalesced into a sympathetic and indissoluble whole?

Even the virtues of James were his worst enemies. As generous as the day, he gave away with reckless profusion anything and everything that he could lay his hands upon. It was soon to appear that the great queen's most unlovely characteristic, her avarice, was a more blessed quality to the nation she ruled than the ridiculous prodigality of James.

Two thousand gowns, of the most expensive material, adorned with gold, pearls, and other bravery,—for Elizabeth was very generous to herself,—were found in the queen's wardrobe after death. These magnificent and costly robes, not one of which had she vouchsafed to bestow upon or to bequeath to any of her ladies of honor, were now presented by her successor to a needy Scotch lord, who certainly did not intend to adorn his

loro vite pensano di ritirarsi alle proprie case; e se non fosse la violenza per dire così che loro fa il re per fermarli di già tutti ne se sariano andati.—N. Molin, Relazione.

¹ "Li (gli Scozzesi) chiamano locuste e sanguisughe d' Inghilterra, affermano che hanno trovato in quel regno le minere d' oro che dicono aver altre volte perduto in Scozia."—Marc Antonio Correr, Relazione.

own person therewith.¹ "The hat was ever held out," said a splenetic observer, "and it was filled in overflowing measure by the new monarch."²

In a very short period he had given away, mainly to Scotchmen, at least two millions of crowns, in various articles of personal property.³ Yet England was very poor.

The empire, if so it could be called, hardly boasted a regular revenue of more than two millions of dollars a year⁴—less than that of a fortunate individual or two, in our own epoch, both in Europe and America, and not one-fifth part of the contemporary income of France. The hundred thousand dollars of Scotland's annual

¹ "E per natura per educazione e per abito liberalissimo ed è tale la sua liberalità che quando fu assunto alla corona d' Inghilterra donò ad un Signor Scozzese tutte le vesti della regina Elisabetta ch' erano intorno due mille e d' un valor inestimabile essendo parte di esse fregiate d' oro, di perle e tutte richissime."—Francesco Contarini, *Relazione*.

² "Di una gran parte delle gioie della corona che valevano un tesoro fece mercede à diversiempiendosi di esse le mani senza alcun riguardo al valor loro e gettandole nel cappello di questo e di quello," etc.—*Ibid*.

³ N. Molin, *Relazione*: "Essendo comune opinione che fra danari, gioie e beni stabili abbia donato il re più di due milioni la maggior parte a Scozzesi."

⁴ N. Molin, *Relazione*. The ambassador puts the income of the crown domains at £125,000 sterling, or about \$500,000 (scudi). Taxes and customs he reckons at \$700,000, and income from miscellaneous sources at \$100,000. To this total of \$1,300,000 he adds an annual parliamentary subsidy of \$600,000 (according to the average in Elizabeth's reign, although in 1607 James had not yet had one), and thus makes a general budget of \$1,900,000, or somewhat less than £500,000. Marc Antonio Correr, ambassador in 1611, gives nearly the same figures. The envoys of ten years later, Correr and F. Contarini, make the total revenue \$3,000,000.

JAMES I.
Painting by P. van Somer, National
Portrait Gallery, London.

budget¹ did not suffice to pay its expenses, and Ireland was a constant charge upon the imperial exchequer.²

It is astounding, however, to reflect upon the pomp, extravagance, and inordinate pride which characterized the government and the court.

The expenses of James's household were at least five hundred thousand crowns,³ or about one quarter of the whole revenue of the empire. Henry IV., with all his extravagance, did not spend more than one tenth of the public income of France upon himself and his court.

Certainly if England were destined to grow great it would be in despite of its new monarch. Hating the People; most intolerant in religion; believing intensely in royal prerogative; thoroughly convinced of his regal as well as his personal infallibility; loathing that inductive method of thought which was already leading the English nation so proudly on the road of intellectual advancement; shrinking from the love of free inquiry, of free action, of daring adventure, which was to be the real informing spirit of the great British nation; abhorring the Puritans,—that is to say, one third of his subjects,⁴—

¹ N. Molin.

² “Il regno poi d’Irlanda non solo non apporta beneficio ma spesa piuttosto.”—N. Molin. “Gli altri due regni di Scozia e d’Irlanda apportano seco più speso che rendite.”—M. A. Correr, *Relazione*.

³ N. Molin, *Relazione*: “E prima nel viver della sua casa si consuma un anno per l’altro 500,000 scudi.” “Ha un milione e mezzo d’entrata [ducats, four to the pound, subsidies not counted] . . . la spesa della sua casa arriva a ducati 500,000 l’anno.”—Francesco Contarini, amb. app. Giacomo I., *Relazione in Barozzi and Berchet*, ser. i. vol. unico. “Nelle spese della casa eccede senz’alcuna comparazione tutti gli altri re cristiani.”—*Ibid*.

⁴ “Tre sono le religioni che universalmente sono abbracciate da quei popoli: la cattolica ed apostolica romana, la protestante e

in whose harsh but lofty nature he felt instinctively that popular freedom was infolded, even as the overshadowing tree in the rigid husk, and sending them forth into the far-distant wilderness to wrestle with wild beasts and with savages more ferocious than beasts; fearing and hating the Catholics as the sworn enemies of his realm, his race, and himself, trampling on them as much as he dared, forcing them into hypocrisy to save themselves from persecution or at least pecuniary ruin if they would worship God according to their conscience;¹ at deadly feud, therefore, on religious grounds, with much more than half his subjects, Puritans or papists, and yet himself a Puritan in dogma and a papist in church

la puritana : questa oltre il danno e la rovina delle anime tende a quella di principati e di monarchie ancora poichè è dirizzata tutta alla libertà ed al governo popolare ; e perchè questo nome di libertà è molto dolce e grato ad ognuno è però molto facilmente abbracciata ; onde si crede che il terzo di quei popoli sieno puritani ancorchè il rè e li suoi usino ogni arte por distruggerla.”—M. A. Correr, Relazione.

“Sua Maestà odia questi puritani altre tanto quanto teme de’ cattolici.”—Ibid.

¹ “Dirò questo solo che un cattolico recusante che s’ intende quello che ricusa di andare alle loro chiese e prediche se ha il modo è obbligato a pagare 80 scudi al mese ; se non ha da pagar tanto perde due terzi delli suoi beni ; sicchè uno che averrà 600 ducati d’ entrata ne perde 400 ; se è povero od artifice che non abbia beni stabili ogni mese da’ ministri gli viene visitata la casa e levato gli si può dir ogni cosa poichè gli portano via sino il letto ; se uno sarà convinto di avere udito messe, di avere tenuto un prete o gesuita in casa, anzi di avergli solamente parlato s’ intende incorso in delitto di lesa Maestà onde senz’ altro perde la roba e la vita. Un cattolico s’ intende privo della protezione delle leggi in tanto che se sarà egli creditore di alcuno non potrà esercitar la sua azione contro il debitore perchè dalla giustizia non sarà abbracciata ; se il cattolico sarà oltraggiato in parole o in fatti

The ambassador made a sign, which De Vic understood, to lower his flag and to refrain from answering the fire.¹ Thus a battle between allies, amid the most amazing circumstances, was avoided, but it may well be imagined how long and how deeply the poison of the insult festered.

Such an incident could hardly predispose the ambassador in favor of the nation he was about to visit, or strengthen his hope of laying not only the foundation of a perpetual friendship between the two crowns, but of effecting the palingenesis of Europe. Yet no doubt Sully—as the world has so long learned to call him—was actuated by lofty sentiments in many respects in advance of his age. Although a brilliant and successful campaigner in his youth, he detested war, and looked down with contempt at political systems which had not yet invented anything better than gunpowder for the arbitrament of international disputes. Instead of war being an occasional method of obtaining peace, it pained him to think that peace seemed only a process for arriving at war. Surely it was no epigram in those days, but the simplest statement of commonplace fact, that war was the normal condition of Christians. Alas! will it be maintained that in the two and a half centuries which have since elapsed the world has made much progress in a higher direction? Is there yet any appeal among the most civilized nations except to the logic of the largest battalions and the eloquence of the biggest guns?

De Rosny came to be the harbinger of a political millennium, and he heartily despised war. The schemes, nevertheless, which were as much his own as his master's, and which he was instructed to lay before the English

¹ Mémoires de Sully, iv. 273–276 and notes.

monarch as exclusively his own, would have required thirty years of successful and tremendous warfare before they could have a beginning of development.

It is not surprising that so philosophical a mind as his, while still inclining to pacific designs, should have been led by what met his eyes and ears to some rather severe generalizations.

“It is certain that the English hate us,” he said, “and with a hatred so strong and so general that one is tempted to place it among the natural dispositions of this people. Yet it is rather the effect of their pride and their presumption, since there is no nation in Europe more haughty, more disdainful, more besotted with the idea of its own excellence. If you were to take their word for it, mind and reason are only found with them; they adore all their opinions and despise those of all other nations; and it never occurs to them to listen to others or to doubt themselves. . . . Examine what are called with them maxims of state; you will find nothing but the laws of pride itself, adopted through arrogance or through indolence.”¹

“Placed by nature amidst the tempestuous and variable ocean,” he wrote to his sovereign, “they are as shifting, as impetuous, as changeable as its waves. So self-contradictory and so inconsistent are their actions almost in the same instant as to make it impossible that they should proceed from the same persons and the same mind. Agitated and urged by their pride and arrogance alone, they take all their imaginations and extravagances for truths and realities, the objects of their desires and affections for inevitable events, not balan-

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 291, 292. Compare the ambassador's letters in Vittorio Siri, vol. i.

cing and measuring those desires with the actual condition of things, nor with the character of the people with whom they have to deal.”¹

When the ambassador arrived in London he was lodged at Arundel Palace. He at once became the cynosure of all indigenous parties and of adventurous politicians from every part of Europe, few knowing how to shape their course since the great familiar luster had disappeared from the English sky.

Rosny found the Scotch lords sufficiently favorable to France, the English Catholic grandees, with all the Howards and the lord high admiral at their head, excessively inclined to Spain, and a great English party detesting both Spain and France with equal fervor and well enough disposed to the United Provinces, not as hating that commonwealth less, but the two great powers more.

The ambassador had arrived with the five points, not in his portfolio, but in his heart, and they might, after all, be concentrated in one phrase: Down with Austria, up with the Dutch Republic. On his first interview with Cecil, who came to arrange for his audience with the king, he found the secretary much disposed to conciliate both Spain and the empire, and to leave the provinces to shift for themselves. He spoke of Ostend as of a town not worth the pains taken to preserve it, and of the India trade as an advantage of which a true policy required that the United Provinces should be deprived.² Already the fine commercial instinct of England had scented a most formidable rival on the ocean.

¹ Rosny to the king, June 13, 1603, in Vittorio Siri, *Memorie Recondite*, i. 226.

² *Ibid*, 307.

As for the king, he had as yet declared himself for no party, while all parties were disputing among each other for mastery over him. James found himself, in truth, as much astray in English politics as he was a foreigner upon English earth. Suspecting every one, afraid of every one, he was in mortal awe, most of all, of his wife, who, being the daughter of one Protestant sovereign and wife of another, and queen of a united realm dependent for its very existence on antagonism to Spain and Rome, was naturally inclined to Spanish politics and the Catholic faith.

The turbulent and intriguing Anne of Denmark was not at the moment in London, but James was daily expecting and De Béthune dreading her arrival.

The ambassador knew very well that, although the king talked big in her absence about the forms which he intended to prescribe for her conduct, he would take orders from her as soon as she arrived, refuse her nothing, conceal nothing from her, and tremble before her as usual.¹

The king was not specially prejudiced in favor of the French monarch or his ambassador, for he had been told that Henry had occasionally spoken of him as captain of arts and doctor of arms, and that both the Marquis de Rosny and his brother were known to have used highly disrespectful language concerning him.

Before his audience De Rosny received a private visit from Barneveldt and the deputies of the States-General, and was informed that since his arrival they had been treated with more civility by the king. Previously he had refused to see them after the first official reception, had not been willing to grant Count Henry of Nassau a

¹ Despatches of Rosny, in Siri, i. 231.

private audience, and had spoken publicly of the states as seditious rebels.

On the 21st June Barneveldt had a long private interview with the ambassador at Arundel Palace, when he exerted all his eloquence to prove the absolute necessity of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and the United Provinces if the independence of the Republic were ever to be achieved. Unless a French army took the field at once, Ostend would certainly fall, he urged, and resistance to the Spaniards would soon afterward cease.¹

It is not probable that the advocate felt in his heart so much despair as his words indicated, but he was most anxious that Henry should openly declare himself the protector of the young commonwealth, and not indisposed, perhaps, to exaggerate the dangers, grave as they were without doubt, by which its existence was menaced.

The ambassador, however, begged the Hollander to renounce any such hopes, assuring him that the king had no intention of publicly and singly taking upon his shoulders the whole burden of war with Spain, the fruits of which would not be his to gather. Certainly before there had been time thoroughly to study the character and inclinations of the British monarch it would be impossible for De Rosny to hold out any encouragement in this regard. He then asked Barneveldt what he had been able to discover during his residence in London as to the personal sentiments of James.

The advocate replied that at first the king, yielding to his own natural tendencies and to the advice of his

¹ Despatches of Rosny, in Siri, i. 309, 310. Compare Rosny's letter to the king, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 206-210.

councilors, had refused the Dutch deputies every hope, but that subsequently, reflecting, as it would seem, that peace would cost England very dear if English inaction should cause the Hollanders to fall again under the dominion of the Catholic king or to find their only deliverance in the protection of France, and beginning to feel more acutely how much England had herself to fear from a power like Spain, he had seemed to awake out of a profound sleep, and promised to take these important affairs into consideration.

Subsequently he had fallen into a dreary abyss of indecision, where he still remained.¹ It was certain, however, that he would form no resolution without the concurrence of the King of France, whose ambassador he had been so impatiently expecting, and whose proposition to him of a double marriage between their respective children had given him much satisfaction.

De Rosny felt sure that the Dutch statesmen were far too adroit to put entire confidence in anything said by James, whether favorable or detrimental to their cause. He conjured Barneveldt, therefore, by the welfare of his country, to conceal nothing from him in regard to the most secret resolutions that might have been taken by the states in the event of their being abandoned by England, or in case of their being embarrassed by a sudden demand on the part of that power for the cautionary towns offered to Elizabeth.²

Barneveldt, thus pressed, and considering the ambassador as the confidential councilor of a sovereign who was the Republic's only friend, no longer hesitated. Making a merit to himself of imparting an important secret, he said that the state council of the commonwealth

¹ Letter of Rosny, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*, 318.

had resolved to elude at any cost the restoration of the cautionary towns.¹

The interview was then abruptly terminated by the arrival of the Venetian envoy.

The 22d of June arrived. The marquis had ordered mourning suits for his whole embassy and retinue, by particular command of his sovereign, who wished to pay this public tribute to the memory of the great queen.

To his surprise and somewhat to his indignation, he was, however, informed that no one, stranger or native, Scotchman or Englishman, had been permitted to present himself to the king in black, that his appearance there in mourning would be considered almost an affront, and that it was a strictly enforced rule at court to abstain from any mention of Queen Elizabeth and to affect an entire oblivion of her reign.²

At the last moment, and only because convinced that he might otherwise cause the impending negotiations utterly to fail, the ambassador consented to attire himself, the hundred and twenty gentlemen selected from his diplomatic family to accompany him on this occasion, and all his servants, in gala costume. The royal guards, with the Earl of Derby at their head, came early in the afternoon to Arundel House to escort him to the Thames, and were drawn up on the quay as the marquis and his followers embarked in the splendid royal barges provided to convey them to Greenwich.³

On arriving at their destination they were met at the landing by the Earl of Northumberland, and escorted with great pomp and through an infinite multitude of spectators to the palace. Such was the crowd, without

¹ Letter of Rosny, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*, 320, 321.

³ *Ibid.*, 323 seq.

and within, of courtiers and common people that it was a long time before the marquis, preceded by his hundred and twenty gentlemen, reached the hall of audience.

At last he arrived at the foot of the throne, when James arose and descended eagerly two steps of the dais in order to greet the ambassador. He would have descended them all had not one of the councilors plucked him by the sleeve, whispering that he had gone quite far enough.

"And if I honor this ambassador," cried James, in a loud voice, "more than is usual, I don't intend that it shall serve as a precedent for others. I esteem and love him particularly, because of the affection which I know he cherishes for me, of his firmness in our religion, and of his fidelity to his master."¹

Much more that was personally flattering to the marquis was said thus emphatically by James. To all this the ambassador replied, not by a set discourse, but only by a few words of compliment, expressing his sovereign's regrets at the death of Queen Elizabeth, and his joy at the accession of the new sovereign. He then delivered his letters of credence, and the complimentary conversation continued, the king declaring that he had not left behind him in Scotland his passion for the monarch of France, and that even had he found England at war with that country on his accession he would have instantly concluded a peace with a prince whom he so much venerated.

Thus talking, the king caused his guest to ascend with him to the uppermost steps of the dais, babbling on very rapidly and skipping abruptly from one subject to another. De Rosny took occasion to express his personal

¹ Letter of Rosny, Siri, vol. i. 324.

esteem and devotion, and was assured by the king in reply that the slanders in regard to him which had reached the royal ears had utterly failed of their effect. It was obvious that they were the invention of Spanish intriguers who wished to help that nation to universal monarchy. Then he launched forth into general and cordial abuse of Spain, much to the satisfaction of Count Henry of Nassau, who stood near enough to hear a good deal of the conversation, and of the other Dutch deputies, who were moving about, quite unknown, in the crowd. He denounced very vigorously the malignity of the Spaniards in lighting fires everywhere in their neighbors' possessions, protested that he would always oppose their wicked designs, but spoke contemptuously of their present king as too feeble of mind and body ever to comprehend or to carry out the projects of his predecessors.

Among other gossip, James asked the envoy if he went to hear the Protestant preaching in London. Being answered in the affirmative, he expressed surprise, having been told, he said, that it was Rosny's intention to repudiate his religion, as De Sancy had done, in order to secure his fortunes. The marquis protested that such a thought had never entered his head, but intimated that the reports might come from his familiar intercourse with the papal nuncio and many French ecclesiastics. The king asked if, when speaking with the nuncio, he called the pope his Holiness, as by so doing he would greatly offend God, in whom alone was holiness. Rosny replied that he commonly used the style prevalent at court, governing himself according to the rules adopted in regard to pretenders to crowns and kingdoms which they thought belonged to them, but the possession of which was in other hands, conceding to

them, in order not to offend them, the titles which they claimed.¹

James shook his head portentously, and changed the subject.

The general tone of the royal conversation was agreeable enough to the ambassador, who eagerly alluded to the perfidious conduct of a government which, ever since concluding the peace of Vervins with Henry, had been doing its best to promote sedition and territorial dismemberment in his kingdom, and to assist all his open and his secret enemies.

James assented very emphatically, and the marquis felt convinced that a resentment against Spain expressed so publicly and so violently by James could hardly fail to be sincere. He began seriously to hope that his negotiations would be successful, and was for soaring at once into the regions of high politics, when the king suddenly began to talk of hunting.

"And so you sent half the stag I sent you to Count Aremberg," said James; "but he is very angry about it, thinking that you did so to show how much more I make of you than I do of him. And so I do; for I know the difference between your king, my brother, and his masters, who have sent me an ambassador who can neither walk nor talk, and who asked me to give him audience in a garden because he cannot go up-stairs."²

The king then alluded to Tassis, chief courier of his Catholic Majesty and special envoy from Spain, asking whether the marquis had seen him on his passage through France.

¹ Despatches of Rosny, in Vittorio Siri, i. 231.

² Mémoires de Sully, iv. 331 seq. Despatches of Rosny, in Vittorio Siri, i.

"Spain sends me a postilion ambassador," said he, "that he may travel the faster and attend to business by post."¹

It was obvious that James took a sincere satisfaction in abusing everything relating to that country, from its sovereign and the Duke of Lerma downward;² but he knew very well that Velasco, constable of Castile, had been already designated as ambassador and would soon be on his way to England.

De Rosny, on the termination of his audience, was escorted in great state by the Earl of Northumberland to the barges.

A few days later the ambassador had another private audience, in which the king expressed himself with apparent candor concerning the balance of power.³ Christendom, in his opinion, should belong in three equal shares to the families of Stuart, Bourbon, and Hapsburg; but personal ambition and the force of events had given to the house of Austria more than its fair third. Sound policy therefore required a combination between France and England, in order to reduce their copartner within proper limits. This was satisfactory as far as it went, and the ambassador complimented the king on his wide views of policy and his lofty sentiments in regard to human rights.

Warming with the subject, James held language very similar to that which De Rosny and his master had used in their secret conferences, and took the ground unequivocally that the secret war levied by Spain against

¹ *Mémoires*, ubi sup.

² See especially the despatches of the ambassador to the king in the month of July, in Vittorio Siri, *Mem. Rec.*, i.

³ *Mémoires*, 355 seq.

France and England, as exemplified in the Biron conspiracy, the assault on Geneva, the aid of the Duke of Savoy, and in the perpetual fostering of Jesuit intrigues, plots of assassination, and other conspiracies in the British Islands, justified a secret war on the part of Henry and himself against Philip.

The ambassador would have been more deeply impressed with the royal language had he felt more confidence in the royal character.

Highly applauding the sentiments expressed, and desiring to excite still further the resentment of James against Spain, he painted a vivid picture of the progress of that aggressive power in the past century. She had devoured Flanders, Burgundy, Granada, Navarre, Portugal, the German Empire, Milan, Naples, and all the Indies. If she had not swallowed likewise both France and England those two crowns were indebted for their preservation, after the firmness of Elizabeth and Henry, to the *fortunate incident of the revolt of the Netherlands*.¹

De Rosny then proceeded to expound the necessity under which James would soon find himself of carrying on open war with Spain, and the expediency of mak-

¹ Mémoires, 359. And in thus speaking he expressed the firm conviction of the whole French court. "Provided the states remain at war," said Villeroy, "and the Spaniards have this bone to gnaw, it will always be in the power of the English to change their minds. If Spain could get this thorn out of her foot, which God has put there, and thus far has kept there so miraculously, with what bridle could her insolence be checked? The kingdoms of France and England being filled with discords in regard to religion as they are, how can they resist Spanish power and Spanish corruption? Even now they can hardly do it, occupied, diverted, and wearied as are the Spaniards with their war against the Netherlands."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 231, 232.

ing preparations for the great struggle without loss of time.

He therefore begged the king to concert with him some satisfactory measure for the preservation of the United Provinces.

"But," said James, "what better assistance could we give the Netherlanders than to divide their territory between the states and Spain, agreeing at the same time to drive the Spaniard out altogether if he violates the conditions which we should guarantee?"¹

This conclusion was not very satisfactory to De Rosny, who saw in the bold language of the king—followed thus by the indication of a policy that might last to the Greek calends, and permit Ostend, Dutch Flanders, and even the Republic to fall—nothing but that mixture of timidity, conceit, and procrastination which marked the royal character. He pointed out to him accordingly that Spanish statesmanship could beat the world in the art of delay and of plucking the fruits of delay, and that when the United Provinces had been once subjugated the turn of England would come. It would be then too late for him to hope to preserve himself by such measures as, taken now, would be most salutary.²

A few days later the king invited De Rosny and the two hundred members of his embassy to dine at Green-

¹ Mémoires, iv. 404 seq. Siri, ubi sup.

² Mémoires, iv. 363. "In truth," wrote the ambassador to his sovereign, "Spain wishes to honey you both [the Kings of France and England] in order to accomplish more easily the complete conquest of the Netherlands. When these are joined to her great and almost infinite power, she hopes to give the law to Christendom, to make herself formidable to all other princes, and to establish a universal monarchy. That is the bottom of their intentions. It is the regular covetousness and ambition of Spain,

wich, and the excursion down the Thames took place with the usual pomp.

The two hundred dined with the gentlemen of the court, while at the king's table, on an elevated platform in the same hall, were no guests but De Rosny and the special envoy of France, Count Beaumont.

The furniture and decorations of the table were sumptuous, and the attendants, to the surprise of the Frenchmen, went on their knees whenever they offered wine or dishes to the king. The conversation at first was on general topics, such as the heat of the weather, which happened to be remarkable, the pleasures of the chase, and the merits of the sermon which, as it was Sunday, De Rosny had been invited to hear before dinner in the royal chapel.

Soon afterward, however, some allusion being made to the late queen, James spoke of her with contempt. He went so far as to say that, for a long time before her death, he had governed the counsels of England, all her ministers obeying and serving him much better than they did herself.¹ He then called for wine, and stretching out his glass toward his two guests, drank to the health of the king and queen and royal family of France.

De Rosny replied by proposing the health of his august host, not forgetting the queen and their children, upon which the king, putting his lips close to the ambassador's ear, remarked that his next toast should be continued by the successors of Charles V. The two houses of Austria and of Spain being united, she has reached such an increase of power in less than one hundred years that the very imagination of it is terrific."—Sully to the king, in Groen v. Prinsterer, ii. 204, 205.

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 378.

in honor of the matrimonial union which was proposed between the families of Britain and France.¹

This was the first allusion made by James to the alliance, and the occasion did not strike the marquis as particularly appropriate to such a topic. He, however, replied in a whisper that he was rejoiced to hear this language from the king, having always believed that there would be no hesitation on his part between King Henry and the monarch of Spain, who, as he was aware, had made a similar proposition. James, expressing surprise that his guest was so well informed, avowed that he had in fact received the same offer of the Infanta for his son as had been made to his Christian Majesty for the Dauphin. What more convenient counters in the great game of state than an infant prince and princess in each of the three royal families to which Europe belonged! To how many grave political combinations were these unfortunate infants to give rise, and how distant the period when great nations might no longer be tied to the pinafores of children in the nursery!

After this little confidential interlude James expressed in a loud voice, so that all might hear, his determination never to permit the subjugation of the Netherlands by Spain. Measures should be taken the very next day, he promised, in concert with the ambassador, as to the aid to be given to the states. Upon the faith of this declaration De Rosny took from his pocket the plan of a treaty, and forthwith, in the presence of all the ministers, placed it in the hands of the king, who meantime had risen from table. The ambassador also took this occasion to speak publicly of the English pira-

¹ Mémoires, iv. 378.

cies upon French commerce while the two nations were at peace. The king, in reply, expressed his dissatisfaction at these depredations and at the English admiral, who attempted to defend what had been done.

He then took leave of his guests, and went off to bed, where it was his custom to pass his afternoons.¹

It was certain that the constable of Castile was now to arrive very soon, and the marquis had meantime obtained information, on which he relied, that this ambassador would come charged with very advantageous offers to the English court. Accounts had been got ready in council of all the moneys due to England by France and by the states, and it was thought that these sums, payment of which was to be at once insisted upon, together with the Spanish dollars set afloat in London, would prove sufficient to buy up all resistance to the Spanish alliance.²

Such being the nature of the information furnished to De Rosny, he did not look forward with very high hopes to the issue of the conference indicated by King James at the Greenwich dinner. As, after all, he would have to deal once more with Cecil, the master spirit of the Spanish party, it did not seem very probable that the king's whispered professions of affection for France, his very loud denunciations of Spanish ambition, and his promises of support to the struggling provinces would be brought into any substantial form for human nourishment. Whispers and big words, touching of glasses at splendid banquets, and proposing of royal toasts, would not go far to help those soldiers in Ostend, a few miles away, fighting two years long already for a

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 380.

² *Ibid.*, 375, 376. Despatches of Rosny, in Siri.

square half mile of barren sand, in which seemed centered the world's hopes of freedom.

Barneveldt was inclined to take an even more gloomy view than that entertained by the French ambassador. He had, in truth, no reason to be sanguine. The honest republican envoys had brought no babies to offer in marriage. Their little commonwealth had only the merit of exchanging buffets forty years long with a power which, after subjugating the Netherlands, would have liked to annihilate France and England too, and which, during that period, had done its best to destroy and dismember both. It had only struggled as no nation in the world's history had ever done for the great principle upon which the power and happiness of England were ever to depend. It was therefore not to be expected that its representatives should be received with the distinction conferred upon royal envoys. Barneveldt and his colleagues accordingly were not invited, with two hundred noble hangers-on, to come down the Thames in gorgeous array and dine at Greenwich Palace; but they were permitted to mix in the gaping crowd of spectators, to see the fine folk, and to hear a few words at a distance which fell from august lips.¹ This was not very satisfactory, as Barneveldt could rarely gain admittance to James or his ministers. De Rosny, however, was always glad to confer with him, and was certainly capable of rendering justice both to his genius and to the sacredness of his cause. The advocate, in a long conference with the ambassador, thought it politic to paint the situation of the Republic in even more somber colors than seemed to De Rosny justifiable. He was, indeed, the more struck with Barneveldt's present

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 327.

despondency, because, at a previous conference, a few days before, he had spoken almost with contempt of the Spaniards, expressing the opinion that the mutinous and disorganized condition of the archduke's army rendered the conquest of Ostend improbable, and hinted at a plan, of which the world as yet knew nothing, which would save that place, or at any rate would secure such an advantage for the states as to more than counter-balance its possible loss.¹ This very sanguine demeanor had rather puzzled those who had conferred with the advocate, although they were ere long destined to understand his allusions, and it was certainly a contrast to his present gloom. He assured De Rosny that the Hollanders were becoming desperate, and that they were capable of abandoning their country in mass and seeking an asylum beyond the seas.² The menace was borrowed from the famous project conceived by William the Silent in darker days, and seemed to the ambassador a present anachronism. Obviously it was thought desirable to force the French policy to extreme lengths, and Barneveldt accordingly proposed that Henry should take the burden upon his shoulders of an open war with Spain, in the almost certain event that England would make peace with that power. De Rosny calmly intimated to the advocate that this was asking something entirely beyond his power to grant, as the special object of his mission was to form a plan of concerted action with England.³

¹ Mémoires, iv. 344, 345.

² Ibid., iv. 381.

³ The great object of Henry was to prevent a treaty between the Kings of Spain and Britain, and above all to exclude the United Provinces from any such arrangement. "You know how much interest I have in this," he said to his ambassador; "it is

The cautionary towns being next mentioned, Barneveldt stated that a demand had been made upon Envoy Caron by Cecil for the delivery of those places to the English government, as England had resolved to make peace with Spain. The advocate confided, however, to De Rosny that the states would interpose many difficulties, and that it would be long before the towns were delivered. This important information was given under the seal of strictest secrecy, and was coupled with an inference that a war between the Republic and Britain would be the probable result, in which case the states relied upon the alliance with France. The ambassador replied that in this untoward event the Republic would have the sympathy of his royal master, but that it would be out of the question for him to go to war with Spain and England at the same time.¹

On the same afternoon there was a conference at Arundel House between the Dutch deputies, the English councilors, and De Rosny, when Barneveldt drew a most

the most important affair of my reign. You must never forget what my interest requires, that these two kings shall never come to an agreement. I don't wish the states to enter into the treaty or to lay down their arms on any pretext. Nevertheless, I ought not to appear to have any wish to prevent a peace between the two kingdoms, nor the reconciliation of the provinces, both on account of my reputation and because any demonstration that I might make would rather increase than diminish the desire of the two kings to come to an understanding" (Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, ii. 224-226). These being the secret intentions of the monarch, candidly expressed, it was obviously a delicate matter for De Rosny, who knew that his master meant to remain at peace and yet reap the advantage of a successful war at the expense of his friends and enemies alike, to keep on good terms with all parties.

¹ Mémoires, iv. 383.

dismal picture of the situation, taking the ground that now or never was the time for driving the Spaniards entirely out of the Netherlands. Cecil said in a general way that his Majesty felt a deep interest in the cause of the provinces, and the French ambassador summoned the advocate, now that he was assured of the sympathy of two great kings, to furnish some plan by which that sympathy might be turned to account. Barneveldt, thinking figures more eloquent than rhetoric, replied that the states, besides garrisons, had fifteen thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry in the field, and fifty war-ships in commission, with artillery and munitions in proportion, and that it would be advisable for France and England to furnish an equal force, military and naval, to the common cause.¹

De Rosny smiled at the extravagance of the proposition. Cecil, again taking refuge in commonplaces, observed that his master was disposed to keep the peace with all his neighbors, but that, having due regard to the circumstances, he was willing to draw a line between the wishes of the states and his own, and would grant them a certain amount of succor underhand.

Thereupon the Dutch deputies withdrew to confer. De Rosny, who had no faith in Cecil's sincerity, the suggestion being essentially the one which he had himself desired, went meantime a little deeper into the subject, and soon found that England, according to the secretary of state, had no idea of ruining herself for the sake of the provinces, or of entering into any positive engagements in their behalf. In case Spain should make a direct attack upon the two kings who were to constitute themselves protectors of Dutch liberty, it

¹ Mémoires, iv. 383-395.

might be necessary to take up arms. The admission was on the whole superfluous, it not being probable that Britain, even under a Stuart, would be converted to the doctrine of non-resistance. Yet in this case it was suggested by Cecil that the chief reliance of his government would be on the debts owed by the Dutch and French respectively, which would then be forthwith collected.

De Rosny was now convinced that Cecil was trifling with him and evidently intending to break off all practical negotiations. He concealed his annoyance, however, as well as he could, and simply intimated that the first business of importance was to arrange for the relief of Ostend; that eventualities, such as the possible attack by Spain upon France and England, might for the moment be deferred, but that if England thought it a safe policy to ruin Henry by throwing on his shoulders the whole burden of a war with the common enemy, she would discover and deeply regret her fatal mistake. The time was a very ill-chosen one to summon France to pay old debts, and his Christian Majesty had given his ambassador no instructions contemplating such a liquidation. It was the intention to discharge the sum annually, little by little, but if England desired to exhaust the king by these peremptory demands, it was an odious conduct, and very different from any that France had ever pursued.

The English councilors were not abashed by this rebuke, but became, on the contrary, very indignant, avowing that if anything more was demanded of them England would entirely abandon the United Provinces. "Cecil made himself known to me in this conference," said De Rosny, "for exactly what he was. He made use only of double meanings and vague propositions, feeling

that reason was not on his side. He was forced to blush at his own self-contradictions, when, with a single word, I made him feel the absurdity of his language. Now, endeavoring to intimidate me, he exaggerated the strength of England, and again he enlarged upon the pretended offers made by Spain to that nation.”¹

The secretary, desirous to sow discord between the Dutch deputies and the ambassador, then observed that France ought to pay to England fifty thousand pounds upon the nail, which sum would be at once appropriated to the necessities of the states. “But what most enraged me,” said De Rosny, “was to see these ministers, who had come to me to state the intentions of their king, thus impudently substitute their own; for I knew that he had commanded them to do the very contrary to that which they did.”²

The conference ended with a suggestion by Cecil that, as France would only undertake a war in conjunction with England, and as England would only consent to this if paid by France and the states, the best thing for the two kings to do would be to do nothing, but to continue to live in friendship together, without troubling themselves about foreign complications.

This was the purpose toward which the English councilors had been steadily tending, and these last words of Cecil seemed to the ambassador the only sincere ones spoken by him in the whole conference.

“If I kept silence,” said the ambassador, “it was not because I acquiesced in their reasoning. On the contrary, the manner in which they had just revealed themselves, and avowed themselves in a certain sort liars and impostors, had given me the most profound contempt

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 391.

² *Ibid.*, iv. 392, 393.

for them. I thought, however, that by heating myself and contending with them, so far from causing them to abandon a resolution which they had taken in concert, I might even bring about a total rupture. On the other hand, matters remaining as they were, and a friendship existing between the two kings, which might perhaps be cemented by a double marriage, a more favorable occasion might present itself for negotiation. I did not yet despair of the success of my mission, because I believed that the king had no part in the designs which his councilors wished to carry out.”¹

That the councilors, then struggling for dominion over the new king and his kingdom, understood the character of their sovereign better than did the ambassador, future events were likely enough to prove. That they preferred peace to war, and the friendship of Spain to an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France in favor of a republic which they detested, is certain. It is difficult, however, to understand why they were “liars and impostors” because, in a conference with the representative of France, they endeavored to make their own opinions of public policy valid rather than content themselves simply with being the errand-bearers of the new king, whom they believed incapable of being stirred to an honorable action.

The whole political atmosphere of Europe was mephitic with falsehood, and certainly the gales which blew from the English court at the accession of James were not fragrant, but De Rosny had himself come over from France under false pretenses. He had been charged by his master to represent Henry’s childish scheme, which he thought so gigantic, for the regeneration of Europe,

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 394, 395.

as a project of his own, which he was determined to bring to execution, even at the risk of infidelity to his sovereign, and the first element in that whole policy was to carry on war underhand against a power with which his master had just sworn to preserve peace. In that age at least it was not safe for politicians to call each other hard names.

The very next day De Rosny had a long private interview with James at Greenwich. Being urged to speak without reserve, the ambassador depicted the privy councilors to the king as false to his instructions, traitors to the best interests of their country, the humble servants of Spain, and most desirous to make their royal master the slave of that power under the name of its ally. He expressed the opinion, accordingly, that James would do better in obeying only the promptings of his own superior wisdom, rather than the suggestions of the intriguers about him. The adroit De Rosny thus softly insinuated to the flattered monarch that the designs of France were the fresh emanations of his own royal intellect. It was the whim of James to imagine himself extremely like Henry of Bourbon in character, and he affected to take the wittiest, bravest, most adventurous, and most adroit knight errant that ever won and wore a crown as his perpetual model.

It was delightful, therefore, to find himself, in company with his royal brother, making and unmaking kings, destroying empires, altering the whole face of Christendom, and, better than all, settling then and forever the theology of the whole world, without the trouble of moving from his easy-chair or of incurring any personal danger.

He entered at once, with the natural tendency to sus-

picion of a timid man, into the views presented by De Rosny as to the perfidy of his councilors. He changed color and was visibly moved as the ambassador gave his version of the recent conference with Cecil and the other ministers, and being thus artfully stimulated, he was prepared to receive with much eagerness the portentous communications now to be made.

The ambassador, however, caused him to season his admiration until he had taken a most solemn oath, by the sacrament of the eucharist, never to reveal a syllable of what he was about to hear. This done, and the royal curiosity excited almost beyond endurance, De Rosny began to unfold the stupendous schemes which had been concerted between Elizabeth and Henry at Dover, and which formed the secret object of his present embassy. Feeling that the king was most malleable in the theological part of his structure, the wily envoy struck his first blows in that direction, telling him that his own interest in the religious condition of Europe, and especially in the firm establishment of the Protestant faith, far surpassed in his mind all considerations of fortune, country, or even of fidelity to his sovereign.¹ Thus far political considerations had kept Henry from joining in the great Catholic League, but it was possible that a change might occur in his system, and the Protestant form of worship, abandoned by its ancient protector, might disappear entirely from France and from Europe. De Rosny had, therefore, felt the necessity of a new patron for the Reformed religion in this great emergency, and had naturally fixed his eyes on the puissant and sagacious prince who now occupied the British throne. Now was the time, he urged, for James to immortalize his name

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 402.

by becoming the arbiter of the destiny of Europe. It would always seem his own design, although Henry was equally interested in it with himself. The plan was vast but simple, and perfectly easy of execution. There would be no difficulty in constructing an all-powerful league of sovereigns for the destruction of the house of Austria, the foundation-stones of which would of course be France, Great Britain, and the United Provinces. The double marriage between the Bourbon and Stuart families would indissolubly unite the two kingdoms, while interest and gratitude, a common hatred and a common love, would bind the Republic as firmly to the union. Denmark and Sweden were certainly to be relied upon, as well as all other Protestant princes. The ambitious and restless Duke of Savoy would be gained by the offer of Lombardy and a kingly crown, notwithstanding his matrimonial connection with Spain. As for the German princes, they would come greedily into the arrangement, as the league, rich in the spoils of the Austrian house, would have Hungary, Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, the archduchies, and other splendid provinces to divide among them.

The pope would be bought up by a present, in fee simple, of Naples and other comfortable bits of property, of which he was now only feudal lord. Sicily would be an excellent sop for the haughty republic of Venice. The Franche Comté, Alsace, Tyrol, were naturally to be annexed to Switzerland; Liège and the heritage of the Duke of Cleves and Juliers to the Dutch commonwealth.¹

The King of France, who, according to De Rosny's solemn assertions, was entirely ignorant of the whole scheme,² would, however, be sure to embrace it very

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 402.

² *Ibid.*

heartily when James should propose it to him, and would be far too disinterested to wish to keep any of the booty for himself. A similar self-denial was, of course, expected of James, the two great kings satisfying themselves with the proud consciousness of having saved society, rescued the world from the scepter of an Austrian universal monarchy, and regenerated European civilization for all future time.¹

The monarch listened with ravished ears, interposed here and there a question or a doubt, but devoured every detail of the scheme as the ambassador slowly placed it before him.

De Rosny showed that the Spanish faction was not in reality so powerful as the league which would be constructed for its overthrow. It was not so much a religious as a political frontier which separated the nations. He undertook to prove this, but, after all, was obliged to demonstrate that the defection of Henry from the Protestant cause had deprived him of his natural allies and given him no true friends in exchange for the old ones.

Essentially the Catholics were ranged upon one side, and the Protestants on the other, but both religions were necessary to Henry the Huguenot. The bold free-thinker adroitly balanced himself upon each creed. In making use of a stern and conscientious Calvinist, like Maximilian de Béthune, in his first assault upon the theological professor who now stood in Elizabeth's place, he showed the exquisite tact which never failed him. Toleration for the two religions which had political power, perfect intolerance for all others; despotic forms of polity, except for two little republics which were to be smothered with protection and never left out

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 404 seq.

of leading-strings, a thorough recasting of governments and races, a palingenesis of Europe, a nominal partition of its hegemony between France and England, which was to be in reality absorbed by France, and the annihilation of Austrian power east and west, these were the vast ideas with which that teeming Bourbon brain was filled. It is the instinct both of poetic and of servile minds to associate a sentiment of grandeur with such fantastic dreams, but usually on condition that the dreamer wears a crown. When the regenerator of society appears with a wisp of straw upon his head, unappreciative society is apt to send him back to his cell. There, at least, his capacity for mischief is limited.

If to do be as grand as to imagine what it were good to do, then the Dutchmen in Hell's Mouth and the Porcupine fighting Universal Monarchy inch by inch and pike to pike, or trying conclusions with the ice-bears of Nova Zembla, or capturing whole Portuguese fleets in the Moluccas, were effecting as great changes in the world, and doing perhaps as much for the advancement of civilization, as James of the two Britains and Henry of France and Navarre, in those his less heroic days, were likely to accomplish. History has long known the results.

The ambassador did his work admirably. The king embraced him in a transport of enthusiasm, vowed by all that was most sacred to accept the project in all its details, and exacted from the ambassador in his turn an oath on the eucharist never to reveal, except to his master, the mighty secrets of their conference.¹

The interview had lasted four hours. When it was concluded, James summoned Cecil, and in presence of

¹ Mémoires, iv. 417 seq. Despatches in Siri, vol. i.

the ambassador and of some of the councilors lectured him soundly on his presumption in disobeying the royal commands in his recent negotiations with De Rosny. He then announced his decision to ally himself strictly with France against Spain in consequence of the revelations just made to him, and of course to espouse the cause of the United Provinces. Telling the crestfallen secretary of state to make the proper official communications on the subject to the ambassadors of my lords the States-General,¹—thus giving the envoys from the Republic for the first time that pompous designation,—the king turned once more to the marquis with the exclamation, “Well, Mr. Ambassador, this time I hope that you are satisfied with me!”²

In the few days following De Rosny busied himself in drawing up a plan of a treaty embodying all that had been agreed upon between Henry and himself, and which he had just so faithfully rehearsed to James. He felt now some inconvenience from his own artfulness, and was in a measure caught in his own trap. Had he brought over a treaty in his pocket, James would have signed it on the spot, so eager was he for the regeneration of Europe. It was necessary, however, to continue the comedy a little longer, and the ambassador, having thought it necessary to express many doubts whether his master could be induced to join in the plot and to approve what was really his own most cherished plan, could now do no more than promise to use all his powers of persuasion unto that end.

The project of a convention, which James swore most solemnly to sign, whether it were sent to him in six weeks or six months, was accordingly rapidly reduced to

¹ *Mémoires*, iv. 420.

² *Ibid.*

writing and approved. It embodied, of course, most of the provisions discussed in the last secret interview at Greenwich. The most practical portion of it undoubtedly related to the United Provinces, and to the nature of assistance to be at once afforded to that commonwealth, the only ally of the two kingdoms expressly mentioned in the treaty. England was to furnish troops, the number of which was not specified, and France was to pay for them, partly out of her own funds, partly out of the amount due by her to England. It was, however, understood that this secret assistance should not be considered to infringe the treaty of peace which already existed between Henry and the Catholic king. Due and detailed arrangements were made as to the manner in which the allies were to assist each other in case Spain, not relishing this kind of neutrality, should think proper openly to attack either Great Britain or France, or both.¹

Unquestionably the Dutch Republic was the only portion of Europe likely to be substantially affected by these secret arrangements; for, after all, it had not been found very easy to embody the splendid visions of Henry, which had so dazzled the imagination of James, in the dry clauses of a protocol.

It was also characteristic enough of the crowned conspirators that the clause relating to the United Provinces provided that the allies would *either* assist them in the attainment of their independence, *or*,² if it should be considered expedient to restore them to the domination of Spain or the empire, would take such precautions and lay down such conditions as would procure perfect tranquillity for them and remove from the two

¹ Mémoires de Sully, v. 1-12.

² Ibid., v. 7, 8.

allied kings the fear of a too absolute government by the house of Austria in those provinces.

It would be difficult to imagine a more impotent conclusion. Those Dutch rebels had not been fighting for tranquillity. The tranquillity of the rock amid raging waves, according to the device of the father of the Republic, they had indeed maintained; but to exchange their turbulent and tragic existence, ever illumined by the great hope of freedom, for repose under one despot guaranteed to them by two others, was certainly not their aim. They lacked the breadth of vision enjoyed by the regenerators who sat upon mountain-tops.

They were fain to toil on in their own way. Perhaps, however, the future might show as large results from their work as from the schemes of those who were to begin the humiliation of the Austrian house by converting its ancient rebels into tranquil subjects.

The Marquis of Rosny, having distributed sixty thousand crowns among the leading politicians and distinguished personages at the English court, with ample promises of future largess if they remained true to his master,¹ took an affectionate farewell of King James, and returned with his noble two hundred to recount his triumphs to the impatient Henry. The treaty was soon afterward duly signed and ratified by the high contracting parties. It was, however, for future history to regis-

¹ Mémoires de Sully, v. 20, 35, 40: "L'objet du roy en faisant tant de riches présens dont même une bonne partie fut continuée aux seigneurs Anglois en forme de pension, étoit de les retenir et de les attacher de plus en plus à son parti. Je les fis sur ma propre connaissance et sur les recommandations de Beaumont, et ma principale attention fut de les distribuer de maniere qu'ils ne fissent naître aucune jalousie entre ces seigneurs Anglois et que le roy lui même n'en prît aucun soupçon," etc.

ter its results on the fate of pope, emperor, kings, potentes, and commonwealths, and to show the changes it would work in the geography, religion, and polity of the world.¹

The deputies from the States-General, satisfied with the practical assistance promised them, soon afterward took their departure with comparative cheerfulness, having previously obtained the royal consent to raise recruits in Scotland. Meantime the great constable of Castile, ambassador from his Catholic Majesty, had arrived in London, and was wroth at all that he saw and all that he suspected. He, too, began to scatter golden arguments with a lavish hand among the great lords and statesmen of Britain,² but found that the financier of France had, on the whole, got before him in the business and was skilfully maintaining his precedence from the other side of the Channel.

But the end of these great diplomatic manœuvres had not yet come.

¹ "Il multiplia le nombre de ses créatures parcequ'il fit des libéralités extraordinaires à tous ceux dont il crut avoir besoin," etc. —Mémoires de Sully, v. 35.

² "Et pour user de toutes sortes de contre-batteries contre les Espagnols qui faisoient des présens à toutes mains, on en fit aussi et même des pensions à tout ce qu'il y avoit d'Anglois distingués à la cour du Roi Jacques . . . c'est ainsi que l'Espagne se vit frustrée des brillantes esperances qu'elle avoit conçues contre nous de l'avènement du Roy d'Ecosse à la couronne d'Angleterre et qui estoit peut-estre le motif des armemens immenses qu'elle fit cette année."—Ibid., v. 40.

CHAPTER XLII

Siege of Ostend—The Marquis Spinola made commander-in-chief of the besieging army—Discontent of the troops—General aspect of the operations—Gradual encroachment of the enemy.

THE scene again shifts to Ostend. The Spanish cabinet, wearied of the slow progress of the siege and not entirely satisfied with the generals, now concluded, almost without consent of the archdukes, one of the most extraordinary jobs ever made, even in those jobbing days. The Marquis Spinola, elder brother of the ill-fated Frederick, and head of the illustrious Genoese family of that name, undertook to furnish a large sum of money, which the wealth of his house and its connection with the great money-lenders of Genoa enabled him to raise, on condition that he should have supreme command of the operations against Ostend and of the foreign armies in the Netherlands.¹ He was not a soldier, but he entered into a contract, by his own personal exertions both on the exchange and in the field, to reduce the city which had now resisted all the efforts of the archduke for more than two years. Certainly this was an experiment not often hazarded in warfare. The defense of Ostend was in the hands of the best and most seasoned fighting men in Europe. The operations were under the constant super-

¹ Gallucci, ii. lib. xvi. 109–137, 138. Bentivoglio, iii. 519. Grotius, xii. 633, 634. Wagenaer, ix. 162, 163.

vision of the foremost captain of the age; for Maurice, in consultation with the States-General, received almost daily reports from the garrison, and regularly furnished advice and instructions as to their proceedings. He was, moreover, ever ready to take the field for a relieving campaign. Nothing was known of Spinola save that he was a high-born and very wealthy patrician who had reached his thirty-fourth year without achieving personal distinction of any kind, and who, during the previous summer, like so many other nobles from all parts of Europe, had thought it worth his while to drawl through a campaign or two in the Low Countries. It was the mode to do this, and it was rather a stigma upon any young man of family not to have been an occasional looker-on at that perpetual military game. His brother Frederick, as already narrated, had tried his chance for fame and fortune in the naval service, and had lost his life in the adventure without achieving the one or the other. This was not a happy augury for the head of the family. Frederick had made an indifferent speculation. What could the brother hope by taking the field against Maurice of Nassau and Louis William and the Baxes and Meetkerkens? Nevertheless, the archduke eagerly accepted his services, while the Infanta, fully confident of his success before he had ordered a gun to be fired, protested that if Spinola did not take Ostend nobody would ever take it.¹ There was also, strangely enough, a general feeling through the republican ranks that the long-expected man had come.

Thus a raw volunteer, a man who had never drilled a hundred men, who had never held an officer's commission in any army in the world, became, as by the waving

¹ Gallucci, *ubi sup.*

of a wand, a field-marshal and commander-in-chief at a most critical moment in history, in the most conspicuous position in Christendom, and in a great war, now narrowed down to a single spot of earth, on which the eyes of the world were fixed, and the daily accounts from which were longed for with palpitating anxiety. What but failure and disaster could be expected from such astounding policy? Every soldier in the Catholic forces—from grizzled veterans of half a century who had commanded armies and achieved victories when this dainty young Italian was in his cradle, down to the simple musketeer or rider who had been campaigning for his daily bread ever since he could carry a piece or mount a horse—was furious with discontent or outraged pride.

Very naturally, too, it was said that the position of the archdukes had become preposterous. It was obvious, notwithstanding the pilgrimages of the Infanta to Our Lady of Hall,¹ to implore not only the fall of Ostend, but the birth of a successor to their sovereignty, that her marriage would forever remain barren. Spain was already acting upon this theory, it was said, for the contract with Spinola was made, not at Brussels, but at Madrid, and a foreign army of Spaniards and Italians, under the supreme command of a Genoese adventurer, was now to occupy indefinitely that Flanders which had been proclaimed an independent nation and duly bequeathed by its deceased proprietor to his daughter.

Ambrose Spinola, son of Philip, Marquis of Venafro, and his wife, Polyxena Grimaldi,² was not appalled by the murmurs of hardly suppressed anger or public criticism. A handsome, aristocratic personage, with an intellectual, sad, but sympathetic face, fair hair and beard,

¹ Meteren, 493^{vo}.

² Gallucci, *ubi sup*.

and imposing but attractive presence—the young volunteer, at the beginning of October, made his first visit of inspection in the lines before Ostend. After studying the situation of affairs very thoroughly, he decided that the operations on the Gullet or eastern side, including Bucquoy's dike, with Pompey Targone's perambulatory castles and floating batteries, were of secondary importance. He doubted the probability of closing up a harbor, now open to the whole world and protected by the fleets of the first naval power of Europe, with wicker-work, sausages, and bridges upon barrels. His attention was at once concentrated on the western side, and he was satisfied that only by hard fighting and steady delving could he hope to master the place. To gain Ostend he would be obliged to devour it piecemeal as he went on.

Whatever else might be said of the new commander-in-chief, it was soon apparent that, although a volunteer and a patrician, he was no milksop. If he had been accustomed all his life to beds of down, he was as ready now to lie in the trenches, with a cannon for his pillow, as the most iron-clad veteran in the ranks. He seemed to require neither sleep nor food, and his reckless habit of exposing himself to unnecessary danger was the subject of frequent animadversion on the part both of the archdukes and of the Spanish government.¹

It was, however, in his case a wise temerity. The veterans whom he commanded needed no encouragement to daring deeds, but they required conviction as to the valor and zeal of their new commander, and this was afforded them in overflowing measure.

It is difficult to decide, after such a lapse of years, as to how much of the long series of daily details out of

¹ Gallucci.

which this famous siege was compounded deserves to be recorded. It is not probable that for military history many of the incidents have retained vital importance. The world rang, at the beginning of the operations, with the skill and inventive talent of Targone, Giustianini, and other Italian engineers, artificers, and pyrotechnists, and there were great expectations conceived of the effects to be produced by their audacious and original devices. But time wore on. Pompey's famous floating battery would not float, his moving monster battery would not move. With the one the subtle Italian had intended to close up the Gullet to the states' fleets. It was to rest on the bottom at low water at the harbor's mouth, to rise majestically with the flood, and to be ever ready with a formidable broadside of fifty-pounders against all comers. But the wild waves and tempests of the North Sea soon swept the ponderous toy into space, before it had fired a gun. The gigantic chariot, on which a movable fort was constructed, was still more portentous upon paper than the battery. It was directed against that republican work, defending the Gullet, which was called in derision the Spanish Half-moon. It was to be drawn by forty horses, and armed with no man knew how many great guns, with a mast a hundred and fifty feet high in the center of the fort, up and down which played pulleys raising and lowering a drawbridge long enough to span the Gullet.

It was further provided with anchors, which were to be tossed over the parapet of the doomed redout, while the assailants, thus grappled to the enemy's work, were to dash over the bridge after having silenced the opposing fire by means of their own peripatetic battery.

Unfortunately for the fame of Pompey, one of his

many wheels was crushed on the first attempt to drag the chariot to the scene of anticipated triumph, and the whole structure remained embedded in the sand, very much askew; nor did all the mules and horses that could be harnessed to it ever succeed in removing it an inch out of a position which was anything but triumphant.¹

It seemed probable enough, therefore, that, so far as depended on the operations from the eastern side, the siege of Ostend, which had now lasted two years and three months, might be protracted for two years and three months longer. Indeed, Spinola at once perceived that, if the archduke was ever to be put in possession of the place for which he had professed himself ready to wait eighteen years, it would be well to leave Bucquoy and Targone to build dikes and chariots and bury them on the east at their leisure, while more energy was brought to bear upon the line of fortifications of the west than had hitherto been employed. There had been shooting enough, bloodshed enough, suffering enough, but it was amazing to see the slight progress made. The occupation of what were called the external squares has been described. This constituted the whole result of the twenty-seven months' work.

The town itself—the small and very insignificant kernel which lay inclosed in such a complicated series of wrappings and layers of defenses—seemed as far off as if it were suspended in the sky. The old haven or canal, no longer navigable for ships, still served as an admirable moat which the assailants had not yet succeeded in laying entirely dry. It protected the counter-scarp, and was itself protected by an exterior series of

¹ Meteren, 496, 497. Gallucci, lib. xvi., xvii., xviii. Bentivoglio, iii. 520–524. Fleming, 432, 433, et passim. Grotius, lib. xii., xiii.

works, while behind the counterscarp was still another ditch, not so broad nor deep as the canal, but a formidable obstacle even after the counterscarp should be gained. There were nearly fifty forts and redouts in these lines, of sufficient importance to have names which in those days became household words, not only in the Netherlands, but in Europe, the siege of Ostend being the one military event of Christendom, so long as it lasted. These names are of course as much forgotten now as those of the bastions before Nineveh. A very few of them will suffice to indicate the general aspect of the operations. On the extreme southwest of Ostend had been in peaceful times a polder,—the general term to designate a pasture out of which the sea-water had been pumped,—and the forts in that quarter were accordingly called by that name, as Polder Half-moon, Polder Ravelin, or great and little Polder Bulwark, as the case might be. Farther on toward the west, the northwest, and the north, and therefore toward the beach, were the West Ravelin, West Bulwark, Moses's Table, the Porcupine, the Hell's Mouth, the old church, and, last and most important of all, the Sand Hill. The last-named work was protected by the Porcupine and Hell's Mouth, was the key to the whole series of fortifications, and was connected by a curtain with the old church, which was in the heart of the old town.¹

Spinola had assumed command in October, but the winter was already closing in with its usual tempests and floods before there had been time for him to produce much effect. It seemed plain enough to the besieged that the object of the enemy would be to work his way through the Polder, and so gradually round to

¹ Fleming, Meteren, Bentivoglio, Grotius, ubi sup.

the Porcupine and the Sand Hill. Precisely in what directions his subterraneous passages might be tending, in what particular spot of the thin crust upon which they all stood an explosion might at any moment be expected, it was of course impossible to know. They were sure that the process of mining was steadily progressing, and Maurice sent orders to countermine under every bulwark and to secretly isolate every bastion, so that it would be necessary for Spinola to make his way fort by fort and inch by inch.¹

Thus they struggled drearily about underground, friend and foe, often as much bewildered as wanderers in the catacombs. To a dismal winter succeeded a ferocious spring. Both in February and March were westerly storms, such as had not been recorded even on that tempest-swept coast for twenty years, and so much damage was inflicted on the precious Sand Hill and its curtain that, had the enemy been aware of its plight, it is probable that one determined assault might have put him in possession of the place. But Ostend was in charge of a most watchful governor, Peter van Gieselles, who had succeeded Charles van der Noot at the close of the year 1603.² A plain, lantern-jawed Dutch colonel, with close-cropped hair, a long peaked beard, and an eye that looked as if it had never been shut, always dressed in a shabby old jerkin with tarnished flowers upon it, he took command with a stout but heavy heart, saying that the place should never be surrendered by him, but that he should never live to see the close of the siege.³ He lost no time in repairing the damages of the tempest, being ready to fight the west wind, the North Sea, and Spinola at any moment, singly or conjoined. He rebuilt

¹ Fleming.

² Ibid., 418.

³ Ibid.

the curtain of the Sand Hill, added fresh batteries to the Porcupine and Hell's Mouth, and amused and distracted the enemy with almost daily sorties and feints. His soldiers passed their days and nights up to the knees in mud and sludge and sea-water, but they saw that their commander never spared himself, and having a superfluity of food and drink, owing to the watchful care of the States-General, who sent in fleets laden with provisions faster than they could be consumed, they were cheerful and content.

On the 12th March there was a determined effort to carry the lesser Polder Bulwark. After a fierce and bloody action the place was taken by storm, and the first success in the game was registered for Spinola. The little fort was crammed full of dead, but such of the defenders as survived were at last driven out of it, and forced to take refuge in the next work.¹ Day after day the same bloody business was renewed, a mere monotony of assaults, repulses, sallies, in which hardly an inch of ground was gained on either side, except at the cost of a great pile of corpses. "Men will never know, nor can mortal pen ever describe," said one who saw it all, "the ferocity and the pertinacity of both besiegers and besieged."² On the 15th of March Colonel Catrice, an accomplished Walloon officer of engineers, commanding the approaches against the Polder, was killed.³ On the 21st March, as Peter Gieselles was taking his scrambling dinner in company with Philip Fleming, there was a report that the enemy was out again in force. A good deal of progress had been made during the previous weeks on the southwest and west, and more was suspected than was actually known. It was felt that the

¹ Fleming, 470, 471.² Ibid.³ Ibid., 473.

foe was steadily nibbling his way up to the counterscarp. Moreover, such was the emulation among the Germans, Walloons, Italians, and Spaniards for precedence in working across the canal¹ that a general assault and universal explosion were considered at any instant possible. The governor sent Fleming to see if all was right in the Porcupine, while he himself went to see if a new battery, which he had just established to check the approaches of the enemy toward the Polder Half-moon and Ravelin in a point very near the counterscarp, was doing its duty. Being, as usual, anxious to reconnoiter with his own eyes, he jumped upon the rampart. But there were sharp-shooters in the enemy's trenches, and they were familiar with the governor's rusty old doublet and haggard old face.² Hardly had he climbed upon the breastwork when a ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead without a groan.³ There was a shout of triumph from the outside, while the tidings soon spread sadness through the garrison, for all loved and venerated the man.⁴ Philip Fleming, so soon as he learned the heavy news, lost no time in unavailing regrets, but instantly sent a courier to Prince Maurice, meantime summoning a council of superior officers, by whom Colonel John van Loon was provisionally appointed commandant.⁵

A stately, handsome man, a good officer, but without extensive experience, he felt himself hardly equal to the immense responsibility of the post, but yielding to the persuasions of his comrades, proceeded to do his best. His first care was to secure the all-important Porcupine, toward which the enemy had been slowly crawling with his galleries and trenches. Four days after he had ac-

¹ Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

² Fleming, 479, 480.

⁵ Ibid., 479, 480.

cepted the command he was anxiously surveying that fortification and endeavoring to obtain a view of the enemy's works, when a cannon-ball struck him on the right leg, so that he died the next day.¹ Plainly the post of commandant of Ostend was no sinecure. He was temporarily succeeded by Sergeant-Major Jacques de Bievry, but the tumults and confusion incident upon this perpetual change of head were becoming alarming. The enemy gave the garrison no rest night nor day, and it had long become evident that the young volunteer whose name was so potent on the Genoa Exchange was not a man of straw nor a dawdler, however the superseded veterans might grumble. At any rate, the troops on either side were like to have their fill of work.

On the 2d April the Polder Ravelin was carried by storm. It was a most bloody action. Never were a few square feet of earth more recklessly assailed, more resolutely maintained. The garrison did not surrender the place, but they all laid down their lives in its defense. Scarcely an individual of them all escaped, and the foe, who paid dearly with heaps of dead and wounded for his prize, confessed that such serious work as this had scarce been known before in any part of that great slaughter-house, Flanders.²

A few days later, Colonel Bievry, provisional commandant, was desperately wounded in a sortie, and was carried off to Zealand.³ The States-General now appointed Jacques van der Meer, Baron of Berendrecht, to the post of honor and of danger.⁴ A noble of Flanders, always devoted to the republican cause; an experienced middle-aged officer, vigilant, energetic, nervous; a slight,

¹ Fleming, 487, 492.

² Ibid., 505.

³ Ibid., 501, 502.

⁴ Ibid., 510.

wiry man, with a wizened little face, large bright eyes, a meager yellow beard, and thin sandy hair flowing down upon his well-starched ruff, the new governor soon showed himself inferior to none of his predecessors in audacity and alertness. It is difficult to imagine a more irritating position in many respects than that of commander in such an extraordinary leaguer. It was not a formal siege. Famine, which ever impends over an invested place and sickens the soul with its nameless horrors, was not the great enemy to contend against here. Nor was there the hideous alternative between starving through obstinate resistance or massacre on submission, which had been the lot of so many Dutch garrisons in the earlier stages of the war. Retreat by sea was ever open to the Ostend garrison, and there was always an ample supply of the best provisions and of all munitions of war. But they had been unceasingly exposed to two tremendous enemies. During each winter and spring the ocean often smote their bastions and bulwarks in an hour of wrath till they fell together like children's toys, and it was always at work, night and day, steadily lapping at the fragile foundations on which all their structures stood. Nor was it easy to give the requisite attention to the devouring sea, because all the materials that could be accumulated seemed necessary to repair the hourly damages inflicted by their other restless foe.

Thus the day seemed to draw gradually but inexorably nearer when the place would be, not captured, but consumed. There was nothing for it, so long as the states were determined to hold the spot, but to meet the besieger at every point, above or below the earth, and sell every inch of that little morsel of space at the highest price that brave men could impose.

So Berendrecht, as vigilant and devoted as even Peter Gieselles had ever been, now succeeded to the care of the Polders and the Porcupines and the Hell's Mouths and all the other forts, whose quaint designations had served, as usually is the case among soldiers, to amuse the honest patriots in the midst of their toils and danger. On the 18th April the enemy assailed the great West Ravelin, and after a sanguinary hand-to-hand action, in which great numbers of officers and soldiers were lost on both sides, he carried the fort, the Spaniards, Italians, Germans, and Walloons vying with each other in deeds of extraordinary daring, and overcoming at last the resistance of the garrison.¹

This was an important success. The foe had now worked his way with galleries and ditches along the whole length of the counterscarp till he was nearly up with the Porcupine, and it was obvious that in a few days he would be master of the counterscarp itself.

A less resolute commander, at the head of less devoted troops, might have felt that when that inevitable event should arrive all that honor demanded would have been done, and that Spinola was entitled to his city. Berendrecht simply decided that if the old counterscarp could no longer be held it was time to build a new counterscarp. This, too, had been for some time the intention of Prince Maurice. A plan for this work had already been sent into the place, and a distinguished English engineer, Ralph Dexter by name, arrived with some able assistants to carry it into execution.² It having been estimated that the labor would take three weeks of time, without more ado the inner line was carefully drawn, cutting off with great nicety and precision about one

¹ Fleming, 515, 516.

² Ibid., 516-522.

half the whole place. Within this narrowed circle the same obstinate resistance was to be offered as before, and the bastions and redouts of the new intrenchment were to be baptized with the same uncouth names which two long years of terrible struggle had made so precious. The work was very laborious, for the line was drawn straight through the town, and whole streets had to be demolished and the houses to their very foundations shoveled away. Moreover, the men were forced to toil with spade in one hand and matchlock in the other, ever ready to ascend from the ancient dilapidated cellars in order to mount the deadly breach at any point in the whole circumference of the place.¹

It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to send a sufficient force of common workmen into the town to lighten the labors of the soldiers. Moreover, the thought, although whistled to the wind, would repeatedly recur, that, after all, there must be a limit to these operations, and that at last there would remain no longer any earth in which to find a refuge.

The work of the new intrenchment went slowly on, but it was steadily done. Meantime they were comforted by hearing that the stadholder had taken the field in Flanders, at the head of a considerable force, and they lived in daily expectation of relief. It will be necessary, at the proper moment, to indicate the nature of Prince Maurice's operations. For the present, it is better that the reader should confine his attention within the walls of Ostend.

By the 11th May the enemy had effected a lodgment in a corner of the Porcupine, and already from that point might threaten the new counterscarp before it

¹ Fleming, 516-522.

should be completed. At the same time he had gnawed through to the West Bulwark, and was busily mining under the Porcupine itself. In this fort friend and foe now lay together, packed like herrings, and profited by their proximity to each other to vary the monotony of pike and snaphance with an occasional encounter of epistolary wit.

Thus Spanish letters, tied to sticks, and tossed over into the next intrenchment, were replied to by others, composed in four languages by the literary man of Ostend, Auditor Fleming, and shot into the enemy's trenches on crossbow bolts.¹

On the 29th May a long-prepared mine was sprung beneath the Porcupine. It did its work effectively, and the assailants did theirs no less admirably, crowding into the breach with headlong ferocity, and after a long and sanguinary struggle, with immense loss on both sides, carrying the precious and long-coveted work by storm.² Inch by inch the defenders were thus slowly forced back toward their new intrenchment. On the same day, however, they inflicted a most bloody defeat upon the enemy in an attempt to carry the great Polder. He withdrew, leaving heaps of slain, so that the account current for the day would have balanced itself, but that the Porcupine, having changed hands, now bristled most formidably against its ancient masters.³ The daily slaughter had become sickening to behold. There were three thousand effective men in the garrison. More could have been sent in to supply the steady depletion in the ranks, but there was no room for more. There was scarce space enough for the living to stand to their work, or for the dead to lie in their graves. And this was an advantage

¹ Fleming, 528 seq.

² Ibid., 538.

³ Ibid.

which could not fail to tell. Of necessity the besiegers would always very far outnumber the garrison, so that the final success of their repeated assaults became daily more and more possible.

Yet on the 2d June the enemy met not only with another signal defeat, but also with a most bitter surprise. On that day the mine which he had been so long and so laboriously constructing beneath the great Polder Bulwark was sprung with magnificent effect. A breach forty feet wide was made in this last stronghold of the old defenses, and the soldiers leaped into the crater almost before it had ceased to blaze, expecting by one decisive storm to make themselves masters at last of all the fortifications, and therefore of the town itself. But as, emerging from the mine, they sprang exulting upon the shattered bulwark, a transformation, more like a sudden change in some holiday pantomime than a new fact in this three years' most tragic siege, presented itself to their astonished eyes. They had carried the last defense of the old counterscarp, and behold, a new one, which they had never dreamed of, bristling before their eyes, with a flanking battery turned directly upon them.¹ The musketeers and pikemen, protected by their new works, now thronged toward the assailants, giving them so hearty a welcome that they reeled back, discomfited, after a brief but severe struggle, from the spot of their anticipated triumph, leaving their dead and dying in the breach.²

Four days later, Berendrecht, with a picked party of English troops, stole out for a reconnaissance, not wishing to trust other eyes than his own in the imminent peril of the place.

¹ Fleming, 548.

² *Ibid.*

The expedition was successful. A few prisoners were taken, and valuable information was obtained, but these advantages were counterbalanced by a severe disaster. The vigilant and devoted little governor, before effecting his entrance into the sally-port, was picked off by a sharp-shooter, and died the next day.¹ This seemed the necessary fate of the commandants of Ostend, where the operations seemed more like a pitched battle lasting three years than an ordinary siege. Gieselles, Van Loon, Bievry, and now Berendrecht had successively fallen at the post of duty since the beginning of the year. Not one of them was more sincerely deplored than Berendrecht. His place was supplied by Colonel Uytenhoove, a stalwart, hirsute, hard-fighting Dutchman, the descendant of an ancient race, and seasoned in many a hard campaign.

The enemy now being occupied in escarping and furnishing with batteries the positions he had gained, with the obvious intention of attacking the new counterscarp, it was resolved to prepare for the possible loss of this line of fortifications by establishing another and still narrower one within it.

Half the little place had been shorn away by the first charge. Of the half which was still in possession of the besieged about one third was now set off, and in this little corner of earth, close against the new harbor, was set up their last refuge. They called the new citadel Little Troy, and announced, with pardonable bombast, that they would hold out there as long as the ancient Trojans had defended Ilium.² With perfect serenity the engineers set about their task with line, rule, and level, measuring out the bulwarks and bastions, the miniature

¹ Fleming, 546.

² Haestens, 272. Grotius, xiii. 645.

salients, half-moons, and ditches, as neatly and methodically as if there were no ceaseless cannonade in their ears, and as if the workmen were not at every moment summoned to repel assaults upon the outward wall. They sent careful drawings of Little Troy to Maurice and the states, and received every encouragement to persevere, together with promises of ultimate relief.¹

But there was one serious impediment to the contemplated construction of the new earthworks. They had no earth. Nearly everything solid had been already scooped away in the perpetual delving. The sea-dikes had been robbed of their material, so that the coming winter might find besiegers and besieged all washed together into the German Ocean, and it was hard digging and grubbing among the scanty cellarages of the dilapidated houses. But there were plenty of graves, filled with the results of three years' hard fighting. And now, not only were all the cemeteries within the precincts shoveled and carted in mass to the inner fortifications, but rewards being offered of ten stivers for each dead body, great heaps of disinterred soldiers were piled into the new ramparts.² Thus these warriors, after laying down their lives for the cause of freedom, were made to do duty after death. Whether it were just or no thus to disturb the repose—if repose it could be called—of the dead that they might once more protect the living, it can scarcely be doubted that they took ample revenge on the already sufficiently polluted atmosphere.

On the 17th June the foe sprang a mine under the West Bulwark, close to a countermine exploded by the garrison the day before. The assailants thronged as

¹ Fleming, 551 seq.

² Haestens, 272.

merrily as usual to the breach, and were met with customary resolution by the besieged, Governor Uytenhoove, clad in complete armor, leading his troops. The enemy, after an hour's combat, was repulsed with heavy loss, but the governor fell in the midst of the fight.¹ Instantly he was seized by the legs by a party of his own men, some English desperados among the number, who, shouting that the colonel was dead, were about to render him the last offices by plundering his body. The ubiquitous Fleming, observing the scene, flew to the rescue, and, with the assistance of a few officers, drove off these energetic friends, and taking off the governor's casque, discovered that he still breathed.² That he would soon have ceased to do so, had he been dragged much farther in his harness over that jagged and precipitous pile of rubbish, was certain.³ He was desperately wounded, and of course incapacitated for his post. Thus, in that year, before the summer solstice, a fifth commandant had fallen.

On the same day, simultaneously with this repulse in the West Bulwark, the enemy made himself at last completely master of the Polder. Here, too, was a savage hand-to-hand combat with broadswords and pikes, and, when the pikes were broken, with great clubs and stakes pulled from the fascines;⁴ but the besiegers were victorious, and the defenders sullenly withdrew with their wounded to the inner intrenchments.

On the 27th June Daniel de Hartaing, Lord of Marquette, was sent by the States-General to take command in Ostend.⁵ The colonel of the Walloon regiment which had rendered such good service on the famous field of

¹ Fleming, 555.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., 556.

⁵ Ibid., 560.

Nieuport, the new governor, with his broad, brown, cheerful face and his Milan armor, was a familiar figure enough to the campaigners on both sides in Flanders or Germany.

The stoutest heart might have sunk at the spectacle which the condition of the town presented at his first inspection. The States-General were resolved to hold the place at all hazards, and Marquette had come to do their bidding, but it was difficult to find anything that could be called a town. The great heaps of rubbish which had once been the outer walls were almost entirely in the possession of the foe, who had lodged himself in all that remained of the defiant Porcupine, the Hell's Mouth, and other redouts, and now pointed from them at least fifty great guns against their inner walls. The old town, with its fortifications, was completely honeycombed, riddled, knocked to pieces, and although the Sand Hill still held out, it was plain enough that its days were numbered unless help should soon arrive. In truth, it required a clear head and a practised eye to discover among those confused masses of prostrate masonry, piles of brick, upturned graves, and mounds of sand and rubbish, anything like order and regularity. Yet amid the chaos there was really form and meaning to those who could read aright, and Marquette saw, as well in the engineers' lines as in the indomitable spirit that looked out of the grim faces of the garrison, that Ostend, so long as anything of it existed in nature, could be held for the Republic. Their brethren had not been firmer when keeping their merry Christmas, seven years before, under the north pole, upon a pudding made of the gunner's cartridge-paste, or the Knights of the Invincible Lion in the horrid solitudes of Tierra del Fuego, than were the defenders of this sand-bank.

Whether the place were worth the cost or not, it was for my lords the States-General to decide, not for Governor Marquette. And the decision of those "high and mighty" magistrates, to whom even Maurice of Nassau bowed without a murmur, although often against his judgment, had been plainly enough announced.

And so ship-loads of deals and joists, bricks, nails, and fascines, with all other requisite building-materials, were sent daily in from Zealand,¹ in order that Little Troy might be completed; and with God's help, said the garrison, the Republic shall hold its own.

And now there were two months more of mining and countermining, of assaults and repulses, of cannonading and hand-to-hand fights with pikes and clubs. Nearer and nearer, day by day and inch by inch, the foe had crawled up to the verge of their last refuge, and the walls of Little Troy, founded upon fresh earth and dead men's bones and shifting sands, were beginning to quake under the guns of the inexorable volunteer from Genoa. Yet on the 27th August there was great rejoicing in the beleaguered town. Cannon thundered salutes, bonfires blazed, trumpets rang jubilant blasts, and if the church bells sounded no merry peals, it was because the only church in the place had been cut off in the last slicing away by the engineers. Hymns of thanksgiving ascended to heaven, and the whole garrison fell on their knees, praying fervently to Almighty God, with devout and grateful hearts.² It was not an ignoble spectacle to see those veterans kneeling where there was scarce room to kneel, amid ruin and desolation, to praise the Lord for his mercies. But to explain this general thanksgiving it is now necessary for a moment to go back.

Fleming.

² Ibid., 572.

CHAPTER XLIII

Policy of the King of France—Operations of Prince Maurice—Plans for a Flemish campaign—Passage into Flanders—Fort St. Catherine—Flight of its garrison, and occupation by Maurice—Surrender of Ysendyke and Aardenburg—Skirmish at Stamper's Hook—Siege of Sluis by Prince Maurice—Ineffectual attempt of Spinola to relieve the town—Its capitulation and restoration to the states—Death of Louis Gunther of Nassau—Operations at Ostend—Surrender of the garrison—Desolation of the scene after its evacuation.

THE States-General had begun to forget the severe lesson taught them in the Nieupoort campaign. Being determined to hold Ostend, they became very impatient, in the early part of the present year, that Maurice should once more invade Flanders, at the head of a relieving army, and drive the archdukes from before the town.

They were much influenced in this policy by the persistent advice of the French king. To the importunities of their envoy at Paris, Henry had, during the past eighteen months, replied by urging the states to invade Flanders and seize its ports. When they had thus something to place as pledges in his hands, he might accede to their clamor and declare war against Spain. But he scarcely concealed his intention, in such case, to annex both the obedient and the United Netherlands to his own dominions. Meantime, before getting into the saddle, he chose to be guaranteed against loss. "Assure

my lords the states that I love them," he said, "and shall always do my best for them."¹ His affection for the territory of my lords was even warmer than the sentiments he entertained for themselves. Moreover, he grudged the preliminary expenses which would be necessary even should he ultimately make himself sovereign of the whole country. Rosny assured the envoy that he was mistaken in expecting a declaration of war against Spain. "Not that he does not think it useful and necessary," said the minister, "but he wishes to have war and peace both at once—peace because he wishes to make no retrenchments in his pleasures of women, dogs, and buildings, and so war would be very inopportune. In three months he would be obliged to turn tail for want of means (to use his own words), although I would furnish him funds enough, if he would make the use of them that he ought."²

The Queen of England, who, with all her parsimony and false pretenses, never doubted in her heart that perpetual hostility to Spain was the chief bulwark of her throne, and that the Republic was fighting her battles as well as its own, had been ready to make such a lively war in conjunction with France as would drive the Spaniard out of all the Netherlands. But Henry was not to be moved. "I know that if I should take her at her word," said he, "she would at once begin to screw me for money. She has one object, I another." Villeroy had said plainly to Aertsens, in regard to the prevalent system of Englishmen, Spaniards, and Frenchmen being at war with each other, while the governments might be nominally at peace: "Let us take off our

¹ Aertsens to Olden-Barneveldt, in Van Deventer, ii. 333–335.

² Ibid.

masks. If the Spaniard has designs against our state, has he not cause? He knows the aid we are giving you, and resents it. If we should abstain, he would leave us in peace. If the Queen of England expects to draw us into a league, she is mistaken. Look to yourselves and be on your guard. Richardot is intriguing with Cecil. You give the queen securities, fortresses, seats in your council. The king asks nothing but communication of your projects.”¹

In short, all the comfort that Aertsens had been able to derive from his experiences at the French court in the autumn of 1602 was that the Republic could not be too suspicious both of England and France. Rosny especially he considered the most dangerous of all the politicians in France. His daughter was married to the Prince of Espinoy, whose fifty thousand livres a year would be safer the more the archduke was strengthened. “But for this he would be stiffer,” said Aertsens.² Nevertheless, there were strong motives at work pressing France toward the support of the states. There were strong political reasons, therefore, why they should carry the war into Flanders, in conformity with the wishes of the king.

The stadholder, after much argument, yielded as usual to the authority of the magistrates, without being convinced as to the sagacity of their plans. It was arranged that an army should make a descent upon the Flemish coast in the early spring, and make a demonstration upon Sluis. The effect of this movement, it was thought, would be to draw the enemy out of his intrenchments, in which case it would be in the power of Maurice to

¹ Aertsens to Olden-Barneveldt, in Van Deventer, ii. 333–335.

² Ibid.

put an end at once to the siege. It is unquestionable that the better alternative, in the judgment of the prince, was to take possession, if possible, of Sluis itself. His preparations were, however, made with a view to either event, and by the middle of April he had collected at Willemstad a force of fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse. As on the former memorable expedition, he now again insisted that a considerable deputation of the states and of the states' council should accompany the army.¹ His brother Henry and his cousins Louis William, Louis Gunther, and Ernest Casimir were likewise with him, as well as the Prince of Anhalt and other distinguished personages.

On the 25th April the army, having crossed the mouth of the West Schelde, from Zealand, in numberless vessels of all sizes and degrees, effected their debarkation on the island of Cadsand.²

In the course of two days they had taken possession of the little town and all the forts of that island, having made their entrance through what was called the Black Channel. Had they steered boldly through the Swint, or Sluis channel, at once, it is probable that they might have proceeded straight up to Sluis and taken the place by surprise. Maurice's habitual caution was, perhaps, on this occasion, a disadvantage to him, but he would have violated the rules of war and what seemed the dictates of common sense had he not secured a basis of operations and a possibility of retreat before plunging with his army into the heart of a hostile country. The Republic still shuddered at the possible catastrophe of

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 109 seq. and notes.

² Bentivoglio, iii. 525-529. Meteren, 494, 495. Grotius, xiii. 639-644. Fleming. Haestens.

four years before, when circumstances had forced him to take the heroic but dangerous resolution of sending off his ships from Nieuport. Before he had completed his arrangements for supplies on the island of Cadsand, he learned from scouts and reconnoitering parties that Spinola had sent a thousand infantry, besides five hundred cavalry, under Trivulzio, to guard the passage across the Swint. Maurice was thus on the wrong side of the great channel by which Sluis communicated with the sea.¹

The town of Sluis and its situation have been described in a former chapter.² As a port, it was in those days considered a commodious and important one, capable of holding five hundred ships. As a town, it was not so insignificant as geographical and historical changes have since made it, and was certainly far superior to Ostend, even if Ostend had not been almost battered out of existence. It had spacious streets and squares, and excellent fortifications in perfectly good condition. It was situate in a watery labyrinth, many slender streams from the interior and several salt-water creeks being complicated around it, and then flowing leisurely, in one deep sluggish channel, to the sea. The wrath of Leicester, when all his efforts to relieve the place had been baffled by the superior skill of Alexander Farnese, has been depicted, and during the seventeen years which had elapsed since its capture the Republic had not ceased to deplore that disaster. Obviously, if the present expedition could end in the restoration of Sluis to its rightful owners, it would be a remarkable success, even if Ostend should fall. Sluis and its adjacent domains formed a natural portion of the Zealand

¹ Fleming, 584-587.

² Vol. iii. chap. xvi.

archipelago, the geographical counterpart of Flushing. With both branches of the stately Schelde in its control, the Republic would command the coast, and might even dispense with Ostend, which, in the judgment of Maurice, was an isolated and therefore not a desirable military possession. The States-General were of a different opinion. They much desired to obtain Sluis, but they would not listen to the abandonment of Ostend. It was expected of the stadholder, therefore, that he should seize the one and protect the other. The task was a difficult one. A less mathematical brain than that of Maurice of Nassau would have reeled at the problem to be solved. To master such a plexus of canals, estuaries, and dikes, of passages through swamps, of fords at low water which were obliterated by flood-tide; to take possession of a series of redouts built on the only firm points of land, with nothing but quaking morass over which to manœuvre troops or plant batteries against them, would be a difficult study, even upon paper. To accomplish it in the presence of a vigilant and anxious foe seemed bewildering enough.

At first it was the intention of the stadholder, disappointed at learning the occupation of the Swint, to content himself with fortifying Cadsand, in view of future operations at some more favorable moment.¹ So meager a result would certainly not have given great satisfaction to the states, nor added much to the military reputation of Maurice. While he hesitated between plunging without a clue into the watery maze around him, and returning discomfited from the expedition on which such high hopes had been built, a Flemish boor presented himself. He offered to guide the army around

¹ Fleming, 585.

the east and south of Sluis, and to point out passages where it would be possible to cross the waters, which, through the care of Spinola, now seemed to forbid access to the place.¹ Maurice lingered no longer. On the 28th April, led by the friendly boor, he advanced toward Oostburg. Next morning a small force of the enemy's infantry and cavalry was seen, showing that there must be foothold in that direction. He sent out a few companies to skirmish with those troops, who fled after a very brief action, and, in flying, showed their pursuers the road. Maurice marched in force, straight through the waters, on the track of the retreating foe. They endeavored to rally at the fort of Coxie, which stood upon and commanded a dike; but the republicans were too quick for them, and drove them out of the place.² The stadholder, thus obtaining an unexpected passage into Flanders, conceived strong hopes of success, despite the broken nature of the ground. Continuing to feel his way cautiously through the wilderness of quagmire, he soon came upon a very formidable obstacle. The well-built and well-equipped redout of St. Catherine rose frowning before him, overshadowing his path, and completely prohibiting all further progress. Plainly it would be necessary to reduce this work at once, unless he were willing to abandon his enterprise. He sent back to Cadsand for artillery, but it was flood-tide, the waters were out, and it was not till late in the afternoon that nine pieces arrived. The stadholder ordered a cannonade, less with the hope of producing an impression by such inadequate means on so strong a work, than with the intention of showing the enemy that he had brought field-guns with him, and was not merely on an acciden-

¹ Fleming, 585. Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² Grotius, *ubi sup.*

tal foray. At the same time, having learned that the garrison, which was commanded by Trivulzio, was composed of only a few regular troops and a large force of guerrillas, he gave notice that such combatants were not entitled to quarter, and that if captured they would be all put to the sword. The reply to this threat was not evacuation, but defiance. Especially a volunteer ensign mounted upon a rampart and danced about, waving his flag gaily in the face of the assailants. Maurice bitterly remarked to his staff that such a man alone was enough to hold the fort.¹ As it was obvious that the place would require a siege in form, and that it would be almost impossible to establish batteries upon that quaking soil, where there was no dry land for cavalry or artillery to move, Maurice ordered the nine guns to be carried back to Cadsand that night, betaking himself, much disappointed, in the same direction.² Yet it so happened that the cannoneers, floundering through the bogs, made such an outcry, especially when one of their guns became so bemired that it was difficult for them to escape the disgrace of losing it, that the garrison, hearing a great tumult, which they could not understand, fell into one of those panics to which raw and irregular troops are liable.³ Nothing would convince them that fresh artillery had not arrived, that the terrible stadholder, with an immense force, was not creating invincible batteries, and that they should be all butchered in cold blood, according to proclamation, before the dawn of day. They therefore evacuated the place under cover of the night, so that this absurd accident absolutely placed Maurice in possession of the very fort—without striking a blow—which he was about to abandon in

¹ Fleming, 586.² Ibid., 587.³ Ibid.

despair, and which formed the first great obstacle to his advance.¹

Having occupied St. Catherine's, he moved forward to Ysendyke, a strongly fortified place three leagues to the eastward of Sluis, and invested it in form. Meantime a great danger was impending over him. A force of well-disciplined troops, to the number of two thousand, dropped down in boats from Sluis to Cadsand, for the purpose of surprising the force left to guard that important place. The expedition was partially successful. Six hundred landed, beating down all opposition. But a few Scotch companies held firm, and by hard fighting were able at last to drive the invaders back to their sloops, many of which were sunk in the affray, with all on board. The rest ignominiously retreated.² Had the enterprise been as well executed as it was safely planned, it would have gone hard with the stadholder and his army. It is difficult to see in what way he could have extricated himself from such a dilemma, being thus cut off from his supplies and his fleet, and therefore from all possibility of carrying out his design or effecting his escape to Zeeland. Certainly thus far fortune had favored his bold adventure.

He now sent his own trumpeter, Master Hans, to summon Ysendyke to a surrender. The answer was a bullet which went through the head of unfortunate Master Hans. Maurice, enraged at this barbarous violation of the laws of war, drew his lines closer. Next day the garrison, numbering six hundred, mostly Italians, capitulated, and gave up the musketeer who had murdered the trumpeter.³

¹ Fleming, 587.
Grotius, ubi sup.

² Ibid., 588. Grotius, ubi sup.

Two days later the army appeared before Aardenburg, a well-fortified town four miles south of Sluis. It surrendered disgracefully, without striking a blow. The place was a most important position for the investment of Sluis. Four or five miles farther toward the west, two nearly parallel streams, both navigable, called the Sweet and the Salt, ran from Dam to Sluis. It was a necessary but most delicate operation to tie up these two important arteries. An expedition despatched in this direction came upon Trivulzio with a strong force of cavalry, posted at a pass called Stamper's Hook, which controlled the first of these streams. The narrowness of the pathway gave the advantage to the Italian commander. A warm action took place, in which the republican cavalry were worsted, and Paul Bax severely wounded. Maurice, coming up with the infantry at a moment when the prospect was very black, turned defeat into victory and completely routed the enemy, who fled from the precious position with a loss of five hundred killed and three hundred prisoners, eleven officers among them.¹ The Sweet was now in the stadholder's possession. Next day he marched against the Salt, at a pass where fourteen hundred Spaniards were stationed. Making very ostentatious preparations for an attack upon this position, he suddenly fell backward down the stream to a point which he had discovered to be fordable at low water, and marched his whole army through the stream while the skirmishing was going on a few miles farther up. The Spaniards, discovering their error, and fearing to be cut off, scampered hastily away to Dam. Both streams were now in the control of the republican army, while the single fort of St. Joris was all that was

¹ Grotius, 591, 592. Bentivoglio, iii. 527, 528. Meteren, 494, 495.

now interposed between Maurice and the much-coveted Swint. This redout, armed with nine guns and provided with a competent garrison, was surrendered on the 23d May.¹

The Swint, or great sea-channel of Sluis, being now completely in the possession of the stadholder, he deliberately proceeded to lay out his lines, to make his intrenched camp, and to invest his city with the beautiful neatness which ever characterized his sieges. A groan came from the learned Lipsius as he looked from the orthodox shades of Louvain upon the progress of the heretic prince.

"Would that I were happier," he cried, "but things are not going on in Flanders as I could wish. How easy it would have been to save Sluis, which we are now trying so hard to do, had we turned our attention thither in time! But now we have permitted the enemy to intrench and fortify himself, and we are the less excusable because we know to our cost how felicitously he fights with the spade, and that he builds works like an ancient Roman. . . . Should we lose Sluis, which God forbid, how much strength and encouragement will be acquired by the foe and by all who secretly or openly favor him! Our neighbors are all straining their eyes, as from a watch-tower, eager to see the result of all these doings. But what if they too should begin to move? Where should we be? I pray God to have mercy on the Netherlanders, whom he has been so many years chastising with heavy whips."²

¹ Fleming, Bentivoglio, Meteren, ubi sup. Van der Kemp, ii. 110, 111, and notes.

² Letter to Heer de Vertering, in Haestens, 285, and Fleming, 289, 290.

It was very true. The man with the spade had been allowed to work too long at his felicitous vocation. There had been a successful effort made to introduce reinforcements to the garrison. Troops to the number of fifteen hundred had been added to those already shut up there, but the attempts to send in supplies were not so fortunate. Maurice had completely invested the town before the end of May, having undisputed possession of the harbor and of all the neighboring country. He was himself encamped on the west side of the Swint, Charles van der Noot lying on the south. The submerged meadows stretching all around in the vicinity of the haven he had planted thickly with gunboats. Scarcely a bird or a fish could go into or out of the place. Thus the stadholder exhibited to the Spaniards, who, fifteen miles off toward the west, had been pounding and burrowing three years long before Ostend without success, what he understood by a siege.

On the 22d of May a day of solemn prayer and fasting was, by command of Maurice, celebrated throughout the besieging camp. In order that the day should be strictly kept in penance, mortification, and thanksgiving, it was ordered, on severe penalties, that neither the commissaries nor sutlers should dispense any food whatever throughout the twenty-four hours.¹ Thus the commander-in-chief of the Republic prepared his troops for the work before them.

In the very last days of May the experiment was once more vigorously tried to send in supplies. A thousand galley-slaves, the remnant of Frederick Spinola's unlucky naval forces, whose services were not likely very soon to be required at sea, were sent out into the

¹ Fleming, 593.

drowned land, accompanied by five hundred infantry. Simultaneously Count Berlaymont, at the head of four thousand men, conveying a large supply of provisions and munitions, started from Dam. Maurice, apprised of the adventure, sallied forth with two thousand troops to meet them. Near Stamper's Hook he came upon a detachment of Berlaymont's force, routed them, and took a couple of hundred prisoners. Learning from them that Berlaymont himself, with the principal part of his force, had passed farther on, he started off in pursuit; but, unfortunately taking a different path through the watery wilderness from the one selected by the flying foe, he was not able to prevent his retreat by a circuitous route to Dam. From the prisoners, especially from the galley-slaves, who had no reason for disguising the condition of the place, he now learned that there were plenty of troops in Sluis, but that there was already a great lack of provisions. They had lost rather than gained by their success in introducing reinforcements without supplies.¹ Upon this information Maurice now resolved to sit quietly down and starve out the garrison. If Spinola, in consequence, should raise the siege of Ostend, in order to relieve a better town, he was prepared to give him battle. If the marquis held fast to his special work, Sluis was sure to surrender. This being the position of affairs, the deputies of the States-General took their leave of the stadholder and returned to The Hague.²

Two months passed. It was midsummer, and the famine in the beleaguered town had become horrible. The same hideous spectacle was exhibited as on all occa-

¹ Fleming, 592. Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

² Fleming, 592.

sions where thousands of human beings are penned together without food. They ate dogs, cats, and rats, the weeds from the churchyards, old saddles, and old shoes, and when all was gone they began to eat each other. The small children diminished rapidly in numbers,¹ while beacons and signals of distress were fired day and night, that the obdurate Spinola, only a few miles off, might at last move to their relief.

The archdukes, too, were beginning to doubt whether the bargain were a good one. To give a strong, new, well-fortified city, with the best of harbors, in exchange for a heap of rubbish which had once been Ostend, seemed unthrifty enough. Moreover, they had not got Ostend, while sure to lose Sluis. At least the cardinal could no longer afford to dispense with the service of his best corps of veterans, who had demanded their wages so insolently, and who had laughed at his offer of excommunication by way of payment so heartily. Flinging away his pride, he accordingly made a treaty with the mutinous "squadron" at Grave, granting an entire pardon for all their offenses, and promising full payment of their arrears. Until funds should be collected sufficient for this purpose, they were to receive twelve stivers a day each foot-soldier, and twenty-four stivers each cavalryman, and were to have the city of Roermond in pledge. The treaty was negotiated by Guerrera, commandant of Ghent citadel, and by the Archbishop of Roermond, while three distinguished hostages were placed in the keeping of the mutineers until the contract should be faithfully executed: Guerrera himself, Count Fontenoy, son of Marquis d'Havré, and Avalos, commander of a Spanish legion.² Thus, after

¹ Gallucci, ii. 176.

² Meteren, 495, 496.

making a present of the services of these veterans for a twelvemonth to the stadholder, and after employing a very important portion of his remaining forces in a vain attempt to reduce their revolt, the archduke had now been fain to purchase their submission by conceding all their demands. It would have been better economy, perhaps, to come to this conclusion at an earlier day.

It would likewise have been more judicious, according to the lamentations of Justus Lipsius, had the necessity of saving Sluis been thought of in time. Now that it was thoroughly inclosed, so that a mouse could scarce creep through the lines, the archduke was feverish to send in a thousand wagon-loads of provisions. Spinola, although in reality commander-in-chief of a Spanish army, and not strictly subject to the orders of the Flemish sovereigns, obeyed the appeal of the archduke, but he obeyed most reluctantly. Two thirds of Ostend had been effaced, and it was hard to turn even for a moment from the spot until all should have been destroyed.

Leaving Rivas and Bucquoy to guard the intrenchments and to keep steadily to the work, Spinola took the field with a large force of all arms, including the late mutineers and the troops of Count Trivulzio. On the 8th August he appeared in the neighborhood of the Salt and Sweet streams, and exchanged a few cannon-shots with the republicans. Next day he made a desperate assault with three thousand men and some companies of cavalry upon Louis William's quarters, where he had reason to believe the lines were weakest. He received from that most vigilant commander a hearty welcome, however, and after a long skirmish was obliged to withdraw, carrying off his dead and wounded, together with a few cart-horses which had been found grazing outside

the trenches. Not satisfied with these trophies or such results, he remained several days inactive, and then suddenly whirled around Aardenburg with his whole army, directly southward of Sluis, seized the forts of St. Catherine and St. Philip, which had been left with very small garrisons, and then made a furious attempt to break the lines at Oostburg, hoping to cross the fords at that place, and thus push his way into the isle of Cadsand. The resistance to his progress was obstinate, the result for a time doubtful. After severe fighting, however, he crossed the waters of Oostburg in the face of the enemy.¹ Maurice meantime had collected all his strength at the vital position of Cadsand, hoping to deal, or at least to parry, a mortal blow.

On the 17th, on Cadsand dike, between two redouts, Spinola again met Louis William, who had been transferred to that important position. A severe struggle ensued. The Spaniards were in superior force, and Louis William, commanding the advance only of the states' troops, was hard pressed. Moving always in the thickest of the fight, he would probably have that day laid down his life, as so many of his race had done before in the cause of the Republic, had not Colonel van Dorp come to his rescue, and so laid about him with a great broadsword that the dike was kept until Maurice arrived with Eytzinga's Frisian regiment and other reserves. Van Dorp then fell, covered with wounds. Here was the decisive combat. The two commanders-in-chief met face to face for the first time, and could Spinola have gained the position of Cadsand the fate of Maurice must have been sealed. But all his efforts were vain.

¹ Fleming, 593, 594. Bentivoglio, *ubi sup.* Meteren, 495. Grotius, xii. 640, 641.

The stadholder, by coolness and promptness, saved the day, and inflicted a bloody repulse upon the Catholics. Spinola had displayed excellent generalship, but it is not surprising that the young volunteer should have failed upon his first great field-day to defeat Maurice of Nassau and his cousin Louis William. He withdrew discomfited at last, leaving several hundred dead upon the field, definitely renouncing all hope of relieving Sluis, and retiring by way of Dam to his camp before Ostend.¹ Next day the town capitulated.² The garrison were allowed to depart with the honors of war, and the same terms were accorded to the inhabitants, both in secular and religious matters, as were usual when Maurice reoccupied any portion of the Republic. Between three and four thousand creatures, looking rather like ghosts from the churchyards than living soldiers, marched out with drums beating, colors displayed, matches lighted, and bullet in mouth. Sixty of them fell dead³ before the dismal procession had passed out of the gates. Besides these troops were nearly fifteen hundred galley-slaves, even more like shadows than the rest, as they had been regularly sent forth during the latter days of the siege to browse upon *soutenelle* in the submerged meadows, or to drown or starve if unable to find a sufficient supply of that weed. These unfortunate victims of Mohammedan and Christian tyranny were nearly all Turks, and by the care of the Dutch government were sent back by sea to their homes.⁴ A few of them entered the service of the states.

The evacuation of Sluis by Governor Serrano and his garrison was upon the 20th August. Next day the stad-

¹ Fleming, 594, 595. Bentivoglio, Meteren, Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Bentivoglio.

⁴ Meteren, 495.

holder took possession, bestowing the nominal government of the place upon his brother Frederick Henry. The atmosphere, naturally enough, was pestiferous, and young Count Louis Gunther of Nassau, who had so brilliantly led the cavalry on the famous day of Nieupoort, died of fever soon after entering the town,¹ infinitely regretted by every one who wished well to the Republic.

Thus an important portion of Zealand was restored to its natural owners. A seaport which in those days was an excellent one, and more than a compensation for the isolated fishing-village already beleaguered for upward of three years, had been captured in three months. The States-General congratulated their stadholder on such prompt and efficient work, while the garrison of Ostend, first learning the authentic news seven days afterward, although at a distance of only fourteen miles, had cause to go upon their knees and sing praises to the Most High.

The question now arose as to the relief of Ostend. Maurice was decidedly opposed to any such scheme.² He had got a better Ostend in Sluis, and he saw no motive for spending money and blood in any further attempt to gain possession of a ruin which, even if conquered, could only with extreme difficulty be held. The states were of a diametrically opposite opinion. They insisted that the stadholder, so soon as he could complete his preparations, should march straight upon Spinola's works and break up the siege, even at the risk of a general action.³ They were willing once more to take the terrible chance of a defeat in Flanders. Maurice, with a heavy heart, bowed to their decision, showing by his

¹ Meteren, 495. Fleming, 597.

² Van der Kemp, iii. and notes.

³ Ibid.

conduct the very spirit of a republican soldier, obeying the civil magistrate even when that obedience was like to bring disaster upon the commonwealth. But much was to be done before he could undertake this new adventure.

Meantime the garrison in Ostend were at their last gasp. On being asked by the States-General whether it was possible to hold out for twenty days longer, Marquette called a council of officers, who decided that they would do their best, but that it was impossible to fix a day or hour when resistance must cease. Obviously, however, the siege was in its extreme old age. The inevitable end was approaching.

Before the middle of September the enemy was thoroughly established in possession of the new Hell's Mouth, the new Porcupine, and all the other bastions of the new intrenchment. On the 13th of that month the last supreme effort was made, and the Sand Hill, that all-important redout, which during these three dismal years had triumphantly resisted every assault, was at last carried by storm.¹ The enemy had now gained possession of the whole town except Little Troy. The new harbor would be theirs in a few hours, and as for Troy itself, those hastily and flimsily constructed ramparts were not likely to justify the vaunts uttered when they were thrown up, nor to hold out many minutes before the whole artillery of Spinola. Plainly on this last morsel of the fatal sand-bank the word "Surrender" must be spoken, unless the advancing trumpets of Maurice should now be heard. But there was no such welcome sound in the air. The weather was so persistently rainy and stormy that the roads became impassable, and Maurice,

¹ Fleming, 574. Bentivoglio, iii. 530. Meteren, 497^{vo}, 498.

although ready and intending to march toward Spinola to offer him battle, was unable for some days to move.¹ Meantime a council, summoned by Marquette, of all the officers, decided that Ostend must be abandoned now that Ostend had ceased to exist.

On the 20th September the accord was signed with Spinola. The garrison were to march out with their arms. They were to carry off four cannon, but no powder. All clerical persons were to leave the place, with their goods and chattels. All prisoners taken on both sides during the siege were to be released. Burghers, sutlers, and others to go whither they would, undisturbed.² And thus the archdukes, after three years and seventy-seven days of siege, obtained their prize. Three thousand men, in good health, marched out of Little Troy with the honors of war. The officers were entertained by Spinola and his comrades at a magnificent banquet, in recognition of the unexampled heroism with which the town had been defended.³ Subsequently the whole force marched to the headquarters of the states' army in and about Sluis. They were received by Prince Maurice, who stood bareheaded and surrounded by his most distinguished officers, to greet them and to shake them warmly by the hand.⁴ Surely no defeated garrison ever deserved more respect from friend or foe.

The Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered the place in triumph, if triumph it could be called. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene.

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 461, note.

² Accord, in Fleming, Haestens, Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

³ Van der Kemp, ii. 111. Meteren, ubi sup.

⁴ Meteren, ubi sup.

The artillery of the first years of the seventeenth century was not the terrible enginery of destruction that it has become in the last third of the nineteenth, but a cannonade continued so steadily and so long had done its work. There were no churches, no houses, no redouts, no bastions, no walls, nothing but a vague and confused mass of ruin. Spinola conducted his imperial guests along the edge of extinct volcanoes, amid upturned cemeteries, through quagmires which once were moats, over huge mounds of sand and vast shapeless masses of bricks and masonry which had been forts. He endeavored to point out places where mines had been exploded, where ravelins had been stormed, where the assailants had been successful, and where they had been bloodily repulsed. But it was all loathsome, hideous rubbish. There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casemates. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. In every direction the dikes had burst, and the sullen wash of the liberated waves, bearing hither and thither the floating wreck of fascines and machinery, of planks and building-materials, sounded far and wide over what should have been dry land. The great ship-channel, with the unconquered Half-moon upon one side and the incomplete batteries and platforms of Bucquoy on the other, still defiantly opened its passage to the sea, and the retiring fleets of the garrison were white in the offing. All around was the gray expanse of stormy ocean, without a cape or a headland to break its monotony, as the surges rolled mournfully in upon a desolation more dreary than their own. The atmosphere was murky and surcharged with rain, for the wild equinoctial storm which had held Maurice spellbound had been

raging over land and sea for many days. At every step the unburied skulls of brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. Isabella wept at the sight.¹ She had cause to weep. Upon that miserable sand-bank more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives² by her decree, in order that she and her husband might at last take possession of a most barren prize. This insignificant fragment of a sovereignty which her wicked old father had presented to her on his death-bed—a sovereignty which he had no more moral right or actual power to confer than if it had been in the planet Saturn—had at last been appropriated at the cost of all this misery. It was of no great value, although its acquisition had caused the expenditure of at least eight millions of florins, divided in nearly equal proportions between the two belligerents. It was in vain that great immunities were offered to those who would remain, or who would consent to settle in the foul Golgotha. The original population left the place in mass. No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her para-

¹ Gallucci, ii. 485.

² The numbers of those who were killed or who died of disease in both armies during this memorable siege have been placed as high as 140,000 (Gallucci, *ubi sup.*). Meteren (498) says that on the body of a Spanish officer, who fell in one of the innumerable assaults, was found a list of all the officers and privates killed in the Catholic army up to that date (which he does not give), and the amount was 72,124. Another Spanish authority, Juan Ballono, puts the number of the besiegers who perished *in the last year* of the siege at 60,000—of course a ridiculous exaggeration. Such preposterous statistics show the impossibility of making anything like a correct estimate. Of the besieged the loss is supposed to have been as heavy as that of their antagonists, but no registers have been preserved.

mour, a journeyman blacksmith.¹ This unsavory couple, to whom entrance into the purer atmosphere of Zealand was denied, thenceforth shared with the carrion-crows the amenities of Ostend.

¹ Fleming, 580.

CHAPTER XLIV

Equation between the contending powers—Treaty of peace between King James and the archdukes and the King of Spain—Position of the provinces—States' envoy in England to be styled ambassador—Protest of the Spanish ambassador—Effect of James's peace treaty on the people of England—Public rejoicings for the victory at Sluis—Spinola appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces—Preparations for a campaign against the states—Seizure of Dutch cruisers—International discord—Destruction of Sarmiento's fleet by Admiral Haultain—Projected enterprise against Antwerp—Descent of Spinola on the Netherland frontier—Oldenzaal and Lingen taken—Movements of Prince Maurice—Encounter of the two armies—Panic of the Netherlanders—Consequent loss and disgrace—Wachtendonk and Cracow taken by Spinola—Spinola's reception in Spain—Effect of his victories—Results of the struggle between freedom and absolutism—Affairs in the East—Amboina taken by Van der Hagen—Contest for possession of the Clove Islands—Commercial treaty between the states and the King of Ternate—Hostilities between the Kings of Ternate and Tidore—Expulsion of the Portuguese from the Moluccas—Du Terrail's attempted assault on Bergen-op-Zoom—Attack on the Dunkirk pirate fleet—Practice of executing prisoners captured at sea.

I HAVE invited the reader's attention to the details of this famous siege because it was not an episode, but almost the sum total, of the great war during the period occupied by its events. The equation between the contending forces indicated the necessity of peace. That equation seemed for the time to have established itself

over all Europe. France had long since withdrawn from the actual strife, and kept its idle thunders in a concealed although ever-threatening hand. In the East the Pasha of Buda had become Pasha of Pest.¹ Even Gran was soon to fall before the Turk, whose advancing horse-tails might thus almost be descried from the walls of Vienna.² Stephen Botschkay meantime had made himself master of Transylvania, concluded peace with Ahmed, and laughed at the Emperor Rudolph for denouncing him as a rebel.³

Between Spain and England a far different result had been reached than the one foreshadowed in the portentous colloquies between King James and Maximilian de Béthune. Those conferences have been purposely described with some minuteness, in order that the difference often existing between vast projects and diametrically opposed and very insignificant conclusions might once more be exhibited.

In the summer of 1603 it had been firmly but mysteriously arranged between the monarchs of France and Great Britain that the house of Austria should be crushed, its territories parceled out at the discretion of those two potentates, the imperial crown taken from the Hapsburgs, the Spaniards driven out of the Netherlands, an alliance offensive and defensive made with the Dutch Republic, while the East and West Indies were to be wrested by main force of the allies from Spain, whose subjects were thenceforth to be forever excluded from those lucrative regions. As for the Jesuits, who were to James as loathsome as were the Puritans to Elizabeth, the British sovereign had implored the ambassador of his royal brother, almost with tears, never to allow

¹ Meteren, 502^{vo}.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

that pestilential brood to regain an entrance into his dominions.¹

In the summer of 1604 King James made a treaty of peace and amity with the archdukes and with the monarch of Spain, thus extending his friendly relations with the doomed house of Austria. The Republic of the Netherlands was left to fight her battles alone, her imaginary allies looking down upon her struggle with benevolent indifference. As for the Indies, not a syllable of allusion in the treaty was permitted by Spain to that sacred subject, the ambassador informing the British government that he gave them access to twelve kingdoms and two seas, while Spain acquired by the treaty access only to two kingdoms and one sea.² The new world, however, east or west, from the Antilles to the Moluccas, was the private and indefeasible property of his Catholic Majesty. On religious matters it was agreed that English residents in Spain should not be compelled to go to mass, but that they should kneel in the street to the host unless they could get out of the way.³ In regard to the Netherlands, it was agreed by the two contracting powers that one should never assist the rebels or enemies of the other. With regard to the cities and fortresses of Brill, Flushing, Rammekens, and other cautionary places, where English garrisons were maintained, and which King James was bound according to the contracts of Queen Elizabeth never to restore except to those who had pledged them to the English crown, the king would uphold those contracts. He would, however, endeavor to make an arrangement with the states by which they should agree within a certain period to make their peace

¹ Sully, v. 18.

² Meteren, 500.

³ Treaty in Meteren, ubi sup. Compare Grotius, xiii. 647, 648.

with Spain. Should they refuse or fail, he would then consider himself liberated from these previous engagements and free to act concerning those cities in an honorable and reasonable manner, as became a friendly king.¹ Meantime the garrisons should not in any way assist the Hollanders in their hostilities with Spain.² English subjects were forbidden to carry into Spain or the obedient Netherlands any property or merchandise belonging to the Hollanders,³ or to make use of Dutch vessels in their trade with Spain.⁴ Both parties agreed to do their best to bring about a pacification in the Netherlands.

No irony certainly could be more exquisite than this last-named article. This was the end of that magnificent conception, the great Anglo-French league against the house of Austria. King James would combine his efforts with King Philip to pacify the Netherlands. The wolf and the watch-dog would unite to bring back the erring flock to the fold. Meantime James would keep the cautionary towns in his clutches, not permitting their garrisons or any of his subjects to assist the rebels on sea or shore. As for the Jesuits, their triumphant reappearance in France, and the demolition of the pyramid raised to their dishonor on the site of the house where John Chastel, who had stabbed Henry IV., had resided, were events about to mark the opening year.⁵ Plainly enough Secretary Cecil had outgeneraled the French party.

The secret treaty of Hampton Court, the result of the efforts of Rosny and Olden-Barneveldt in July of the previous year, was not likely to be of much service in protecting the Republic. James meant to let the dead

¹ Article vii. of treaty.

² Article viii.

³ Article xii.

⁴ Article xviii.

⁵ Meteren, 502.

treaties bury their dead, to live in peace with all the world, and to marry his sons and daughters to Spanish infantes and infantas. Meantime, although he had sheathed the sword which Elizabeth had drawn against the common enemy, and had no idea of fighting or spending money for the states, he was willing that their diplomatic agent should be called ambassador. The faithful and much-experienced Noël de Caron coveted that distinction, and moved thereby the spleen of Henry's envoy at The Hague, Buzanval, who probably would not have objected to the title himself. "'T will be a folly," he said, "for him to present himself on the pavement as a prancing steed, and then be treated like a poor hack. He has been too long employed to put himself in such a plight. But there are lunatics everywhere and of all ages."¹

Never had the advocate seemed so much discouraged. Ostend had fallen, and the defection of the British sovereign was an offset for the conquest of Sluis. He was more urgent with the French government for assistance than he had ever been before. "A million florins a year from France," he said, "joined to two millions raised in the provinces, would enable them to carry on the war. The ship was in good condition," he added, "and fit for a long navigation without danger of shipwreck, if there were only biscuit enough on board."² Otherwise she was lost. Before that time came he should quit the helm, which he had been holding the more resolutely since the

¹ Buzanval to Villeroy, in Deventer, iii. 1-9. At the same epoch the French king asked Aertsens if he, too, was to have the rank of ambassador. That diplomatist replied that he hoped not, unless his salary was to be raised at the same time. (Ibid., 24.)

² Ibid.

peace of Vervins, because the king had told him, when concluding it, that if three years' respite should be given him he would enter into the game afresh, and take again upon his shoulders the burden which inevitable necessity had made him throw down. But," added Olden-Barneveldt, bitterly, "there is little hope of it now, after his neglect of the many admirable occasions during the siege of Ostend."¹

So soon as the Spanish ambassador learned that Caron was to be accepted into the same diplomatic rank as his own, he made an infinite disturbance, protested most loudly and passionately to the king at the indignity done to his master by this concession to the representative of a crew of traitors and rebels, and demanded in the name of the treaty just concluded that Caron should be excluded in such capacity from all access to court.²

As James was nearly forty years of age, as the Hollanders had been rebels ever since he was born, and as the King of Spain had exercised no sovereignty over them within his memory, this was naturally asking too much of him in the name of his new-born alliance with Spain. So he assumed a position of great dignity, notwithstanding the constable's clamor, and declared his purpose to give audience to the agents of the states by whatever title they presented themselves before him. In so doing he followed the example, he said, of others who (a strange admission on his part) were as wise as himself. It was not for him to censure the crimes and faults of the states, if such they had committed. He had not been the cause of their revolt from Spanish authority, and it was quite sufficient that he had stipulated to maintain neutrality between the two belliger-

¹ Meteren, 502.

² Ibid., 501.

ents.¹ And with this the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty, having obtained the substance of a very advantageous treaty, was fain to abandon opposition to the shadowy title by which James sought to indemnify the Republic for his perfidy.²

The treaty of peace with Spain gave no pleasure to the English public. There was immense enthusiasm in London at the almost simultaneous fall of Sluis, but it was impossible for the court to bring about a popular

¹ Meteren, 501.

² At the same time the republican agent, although recognized as ambassador, received but slender encouragement in his interviews with the British sovereign. "When I tell those on the other side," said James, "that you are not ready to treat with them, they will say that all wars must sooner or later come to an end. What reply shall I make to that?"

"Say that the king has long ago forfeited all right to these provinces," answered Caron; "that the sovereignty according to law has fallen into the bosom of my lords the states; that the Spaniard, having usurped so many other countries in the world, might leave us this little bit for the sake of living in peace."

James replied that kings never willingly gave up their provinces. "And the Netherlands are no longer the king's to give up," returned the ambassador. His Majesty expressed his intention, however, to do nothing more in the matter. He should maintain strict neutrality. At the same time, with amusing inconsistency, he warmly recognized the identity of the Dutch cause with his own. "In your preservation lies my own interest. Your ruin would be my great loss. Rather than it should go so far I will venture my own person and all that God has given me in this world, but I trust that God will never let it come so far as this. As to the assistance you ask of me, God is my witness if it be not my wish that I were able to grant it, but I have told you many times that I was principally moved to make peace by my necessities."

This statement of the king's financial plight might be true enough. It is certain that in order to obtain the means to make

demonstration of sympathy with the abandonment of the old ally and the new-born affection for the ancient enemy. "I can assure your Mightinesses," wrote Caron, "that no promulgation was ever received in London with more coolness, yes, with more sadness. No mortal has shown the least satisfaction in words or deeds, but, on the contrary, people have cried out openly, 'God save our good neighbors the states of Holland and Zealand, and grant them victory!' On Sunday almost all the preachers gave thanks from their pulpits for the

decent provision for the household at his accession it had been necessary to send jewelry and other valuable effects to Amsterdam as a pledge for a secret loan of twenty-five thousand pounds. But there were graver and far more dangerous causes at work in the English court to effect a pacification and even an alliance with Spain than a temporary financial embarrassment.

It could also scarcely console the states' envoy to be told that in case of uttermost need the king meant to lay down his life for the Republic. The spectacle of James leading a forlorn hope against Spain was not an inspiring one, especially as the martial sovereign of France had turned his face away from his old friends. "Had the Spaniard given me as much cause of quarrel as he has to the Most Christian King," said James, "I should certainly have broken with him. Not only I should have done my best to help you, but I should have plunged into the fight at the risk of life and property."

These were brave words. The very near future was, however, to show whether the British king would feel the outrages of Spain against himself as deeply as he now resented the injuries of the same power to his brother Henry. It was soon obvious enough that the most to be hoped of England was that she would not interfere to prevent such assistance as France might be willing to grant to the Republic, James becoming more and more besotted with the idea of an alliance with Spain. A few months later Rosny told Aertsens that the King of Spain found quite as much favor at the English court as he did with the Duke of Savoy. (See Deventer, iii. 10-14, 15, 40.)

victory which their good neighbors had gained at Sluis, but would not say a word about the peace. The people were admonished to make bonfires, but you may be very sure not a bonfire was to be seen. But, in honor of the victory, all the vessels in St. Catherine's Docks fired salutes, at which the Spaniards were like to burst with spite. The English clap their hands and throw their caps in the air when they hear anything published favorable to us, but, it must be confessed, they are now taking very dismal views of affairs. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*"¹

The rejoicing in Paris was scarcely less enthusiastic or apparently less sincere than in London. "The news of the surrender of Sluis," wrote Aertsens, "is received with so much joy by small and great that one would have said it was their own exploit. His Majesty has made such demonstrations in his actions and discourse that he has not only been advised by his council to dissemble in the matter, but has undergone reproaches from the pope's nuncius of having made a league with your Mightinesses to the prejudice of the King of Spain. His Majesty wishes your Mightinesses prosperity with all his heart, yea, so that he would rather lose his right arm than see your Mightinesses in danger. Be assured that he means roundly, and we should pray God for his long life; for I don't see that we can expect anything from these regions after his death."²

It was ere long to be seen, however, roundly as the king meant it, that the Republic was to come into grave peril without causing him to lose his right arm, or even to wag his finger, save in reproach of their Mightinesses.

The Republic, being thus left to fight its battles alone,

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 457.

² Ibid., ii. 453.

girded its loins anew for the conflict. During the remainder of the year 1604, however, there were no military operations of consequence. Both belligerents needed a brief repose. The siege of Ostend had not been a siege. It was a long pitched battle between the new system and the old, between absolutism and the spirit of religious, political, and mercantile freedom. Absolutism had gained the lists on which the long duel had been fought, but the Republic had meantime exchanged that war-blasted spot for a valuable and commodious position. It was certainly an advantage, as hostilities were necessarily to have continued somewhere during all that period, that all the bloodshed and desolation had been concentrated upon one insignificant locality, and one more contiguous to the enemy's possessions than to those of the United States. It was very doubtful, however, whether all that money and blood might not have been expended in some other manner more beneficial to the cause of the archdukes. At least it could hardly be maintained that they took anything by the capitulation of Ostend but the most barren and worthless of trophies. Eleven old guns, partly broken, and a small quantity of ammunition were all the spoils of war found in the city after its surrender.

The Marquis Spinola went to Spain. On passing through Paris he was received with immense enthusiasm by Henry IV., whose friendship for the states and whose desperate designs against the house of Austria did not prevent him from warmly congratulating the great Spanish general on his victory. It was a victory, said Henry, which he could himself have never achieved, and, in recognition of so great a triumph, he presented Spinola with a beautiful Thracian horse, valued at twelve

hundred ducats.¹ Arriving in Spain, the conqueror found himself at once the object of the open applause and the scarcely concealed hatred of the courtiers and politicians. He ardently desired to receive as his guerdon the rank of grandee of Spain. He met with a refusal.² To keep his hat on his head in presence of the sovereign was the highest possible reward. Should that be bestowed upon him now, urged Lerma, what possible recompense could be imagined for the great services which all felt confident that he was about to render in the future? He must continue to remove his hat in the monarch's company. Meantime, if he wished the title of prince, with considerable revenues attached to his principality, this was at his disposal.³ It must be confessed that in a monarchy where the sentiment of honor was supposed to be the foundation of the whole structure there is something chivalrous and stimulating to the imagination in this preference by the great general of a shadowy but rare distinction to more substantial acquisitions. Nevertheless, as the grandeeship was refused, it is not recorded that he was displeased with the principality. Meantime there was a very busy intrigue to deprive him of the command-in-chief of the Catholic forces in Flanders, and one so nearly successful that Mexia, governor of Antwerp citadel, was actually appointed in Spinola's stead. It was only after long and anxious conferences at Valladolid with the king and the Duke of Lerma, and after repeated statements in letters from the archdukes that all their hopes of victory depended on retaining the Genoese commander-in-chief, that the matter was finally arranged. Mexia received an annual pension of eight thousand ducats, and to

¹ Gallucci, ii. 194.² Ibid., ii. 200.³ Ibid., ii. 194-202.

Spinola were assigned five hundred ducats monthly, as commander-in-chief under the archduke, with an equal salary as agent for the king's affairs in Flanders.¹

Early in the spring he returned to Brussels, having made fresh preparations for the new campaign in which he was to measure himself before the world against Maurice of Nassau.

Spinola had removed the thorn from the Belgic lion's foot: "*Ostendæ erasit fatalis Spinola spinam.*"² And although it may be doubted whether the relief was as thorough as had been hoped, yet a freedom of movement had unquestionably been gained. There was now at least what for a long time had not existed, a possibility for imagining some new and perhaps more effective course of campaigning. The young Genoese commander-in-chief returned from Spain early in May, with the Golden Fleece around his neck, and with full powers from the Catholic king to lay out his work, subject only to the approbation of the archduke. It was not probable that Albert, who now thoroughly admired and leaned upon the man of whom he had for a time been disposed to be jealous, would interfere with his liberty of action. There had also been, thanks to Spinola's influence with the cabinet at Madrid and the merchants of Genoa, much more energy in recruiting and in providing the necessary sinews of war. Moreover, it had been resolved to make the experiment of sending some of the new levies by sea, instead of subjecting them all to the long and painful overland march through Spain, Italy, and Germany.³ A *tercio* of infantry was on its way from Naples, and two more were expected from Milan, but it

¹ Gallucci, ii. 194–202.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 182.

³ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 519^{vo}.

was decided that the Spanish troops should be embarked on board a fleet of transports, mainly German and English, and thus carried to the shores of the obedient Netherlands.¹

The States-General got wind of these intentions, and set Vice-Admiral Haultain upon the watch to defeat the scheme. That well-seasoned mariner accordingly, with a sufficient fleet of war-galiots, cruised thenceforth with great assiduity in the chops of the Channel. Already the late treaty between Spain and England had borne fruits of bitterness to the Republic. The Spanish policy had for the time completely triumphed in the council of James. It was not surprising, therefore, that the partizans of that policy should occasionally indulge in manifestations of malevolence toward the upstart little commonwealth which had presumed to enter into commercial rivalry with the British realm and to assert a place among the nations of the earth. An order had just been issued by the English government that none of its subjects should engage in the naval service of any foreign power. This decree was a kind of corollary to the Spanish treaty, was leveled directly against the Hollanders, and became the pretext of intolerable arrogance, both toward their merchantmen and their lesser war-vessels. Admiral Monson, an especial partizan of Spain, was indefatigable in exercising the right he claimed of visiting foreign vessels off the English coast in search of English sailors violating the proclamation of neutrality. On repeated occasions prizes taken by Dutch cruisers from the Spaniards, and making their way with small prize crews to the ports of the Republic, were overhauled, visited, and seized by the English

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 519^{vo}.

admiral, who brought the vessels into the harbors of his own country, liberated the crews, and handed ships and cargoes over to the Spanish ambassador.¹ Thus prizes fairly gained by nautical skill and hard fighting, off Spain, Portugal, Brazil, or even more distant parts of the world, were confiscated almost in sight of port, in utter disregard of public law or international decency. The States-General remonstrated with bitterness. Their remonstrances were answered by copious arguments, proving, of course, to the entire satisfaction of the party who had done the wrong, that no practice could be more completely in harmony with reason and justice. Meantime the Spanish ambassador sold the prizes, and appropriated the proceeds toward carrying on the war against the Republic; the Dutch sailors, thus set ashore against their will and against law on the neutral coast of England, being left to get home as they could, or to starve if they could do no better. As for the states, they had the legal arguments of their late ally to console them for the loss of their ships.

Simultaneously with these events considerable levies of troops were made in England by the archduke, in spite of all the efforts of the Dutch ambassador to prevent this one-sided neutrality,² while at the other ends of the world mercantile jealousy in both the Indies was fast combining with other causes already rife to increase the international discord. Out of all this fuel it was fated that a blaze of hatred between the two leading powers of the new era, the United Kingdom and the United Republic, should one day burst forth, which was to be fanned by passion, prejudice, and a mistaken sen-

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 518^{vo}.

² Ibid., 518.

timent of patriotism and self-interest on both sides, and which not all the bloodshed of more than one fierce war could quench. The traces of this savage sentiment are burned deeply into the literature, language, and traditions of both countries, and it is strange enough that the epoch at which chronic wrangling and international coolness changed into furious antipathy between the two great Protestant powers of Europe—for great they already both were, despite the paucity of their population and resources, as compared with nations which were less influenced by the spirit of the age or had less aptness in obeying its impulse—should be dated from the famous year of Guy Fawkes.

Meantime the Spanish troops, embarked in eight merchant ships and a few pinnaces, were slowly approaching their destination. They had been instructed, in case they found it impracticable to enter a Flemish port, to make for the hospitable shores of England, the Spanish ambassador and those whom he had bribed at the court of James having already provided for their protection.¹ Off Dover Admiral Haultain got sight of Sarmiento's little fleet. He made short work with it. Faithfully carrying out the strenuous orders of the States-General, he captured some of the ships, burned one, and ran others aground after a very brief resistance. Some of the soldiers and crews were picked up by English vessels cruising in the neighborhood and narrowly watching the conflict. A few stragglers escaped by swimming, but by far the greater proportion

¹ "Quorum omnium curam Petrus Cubiara acceperat hoc inter cætera mandato ut si Flandria negaretur vitato Galliæ litore Britanniae oram adiret tutum ibi hospitium ope legati Hispanici et quos ille Britannorum donis emerat habiturus."—Grotius, xiv. 658.

of the newly arrived troops were taken prisoners, tied together two and two, and then, at a given signal from the admiral's ship, tossed into the sea.¹

Not Peter Titelmann, nor Julien Romero, nor the Duke of Alva himself, ever manifested greater alacrity in wholesale murder than was shown by this admiral of the young Republic in fulfilling the savage decrees of the States-General.²

Thus at least one half of the legion perished. The pursuit of the ships was continued within English waters, when the guns of Dover Castle opened vigorously upon the recent allies of England, in order to protect her newly found friends in their sore distress. Doubtless in the fervor of the work the Dutch admiral had violated the neutral coast of England, so that the cannonade from the castle was technically justified. It was, however, a biting satire upon the proposed Protestant league against Spain and universal monarchy, in behalf of the Dutch Republic, that England was already doing her best to save a Spanish legion and to sink a Dutch fleet. The infraction of English sovereignty was unquestionable if judged by the more scrupulous theory

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658. Meteren, ubi sup. Wagenaer, ix. 186.

² Certainly it must be admitted that the world makes some little progress in civilization. To exterminate unorganized and irresponsible bands of brigands disgracing the name of soldiers may still be inevitable in the interest of humanity, but that regular troops should be destroyed in cold blood, because embarked and captured, not in war-vessels, but in mercantile and neutral transports, was a barbarity which seems incredible to us, but which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was not rebuked by the most gentle and enlightened spirits of the age.

This whole story is minutely related by the illustrious Hugo Grotius, without a syllable of censure. (*Historia*, xiv. 657, 658.)

of modern days, but it was well remarked by the States-General, in answer to the remonstrances of James's government, that the Dutch admiral, knowing that the pirates of Dunkirk roamed at will through English waters in search of their prey, might have hoped for some indulgence of a similar character to the ships of the Republic.¹

Thus nearly the whole of the Spanish legion perished. The soldiers who escaped to the English coast passed the winter miserably in huts, which they were allowed to construct on the sands; but nearly all, including the lieutenant-colonel commanding, Pedro Cubiera, died of famine or of wounds. A few small vessels of the expedition succeeded in reaching the Flemish coast and landing a slight portion of the *tercio*.²

The campaign of 1605 opened but languidly. The strain upon the resources of the Netherlands, thus unaided, was becoming severe, although there is no doubt that, as the India traffic slowly developed itself, the productive force of the commonwealth visibly increased, while the thrifty habits of its citizens, and their comparative abstinence from unproductive consumption, still enabled it to bear the tremendous burden of the war. A new branch of domestic industry had grown out of the India trade, great quantities of raw silk being now annually imported from the East into Holland, to be wrought into brocades, tapestries, damasks, velvets, satins, and other luxurious fabrics for European con-

¹ *Historia*, xiv. 659.

² Grotius, *Meteren*, ubi sup. Wagenaer, ix. 184-187. Winwood, ii. 82, who was informed by Lord Salisbury that more than one hundred men in the Dutch fleet were killed by the Dover cannon.

sumption.¹ It is a curious phenomenon in the history of industry that while at this epoch Holland was the chief seat of silk manufactures, the great financier of Henry IV. was congratulating his sovereign and himself that natural causes had forever prevented the culture or manufacture of silk in France.² If such an industry were possible, he was sure that the decline of martial spirit in France and an eternal dearth of good French soldiers would be inevitable, and he even urged that the importation of such luxurious fabrics should be sternly prohibited, in order to preserve the moral health of the people.³ The practical Hollanders were more inclined to leave silk farthingales and brocaded petticoats to be dealt with by thunderers from the pulpit or indignant fathers of families. Meantime the States-General felt instinctively that the little commonwealth grew richer the more useful or agreeable things its burghers could call into existence out of nothingness, to be exchanged for the powder and bullets, timber and cordage, requisite for its eternal fight with universal monarchy, and that the richer the burghers grew the more capable they were of paying their taxes. It was not the fault of the states that the insane ambition of Spain and the arch-dukes compelled them to exhaust themselves annually by the most unproductive consumption that man is ever likely to devise, that of scientifically slaughtering his brethren, because to practise economy in that regard would be to cease to exist, or to accept the most intolerable form of slavery.

The forces put into the field in the spring of 1605 were but meager. There was also, as usual, much difference of opinion between Maurice and Barneveldt as to

¹ Meteren, 536.

² Sully, v. 77-79 seq.

³ Ibid.

the most judicious manner of employing them, and, as usual, the docile stadholder submitted his better judgment to the states.¹ It can hardly be too much insisted upon that the high-born Maurice always deported himself in fact, and as it were unconsciously, as the citizen soldier of a little republic, even while personally invested with many of the attributes of exalted rank, and even while regarded by many of his leading fellow-citizens as the legitimate and predestined sovereign of the newly born state.

Early in the spring a great enterprise against Antwerp was projected. It failed utterly. Maurice, at Bergen-op-Zoom, despatched seven thousand troops up the Schelde, under command of Ernest Casimir. The flotilla was a long time getting under way, and instead of effecting a surprise, the army, on reaching the walls of Antwerp, found the burghers and garrison not in the least astonished, but, on the contrary, entirely prepared. Ernest returned after a few insignificant skirmishes, having accomplished nothing.²

Maurice next spent a few days in reducing the castle of Wouda, not far from Bergen, and then, transporting his army once more to the isle of Cadsand, he established his headquarters at Watervliet, near Ysendyke. Spinola followed him, having thrown a bridge across the Schelde. Maurice was disposed to reduce a fort, well called Patience,³ lying over against the isle of Walcheren. Spinola took up a position by which he defended the place as with an impenetrable buckler. A game of skill now began between these two adepts in the art of war,

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 113.

² Ibid., 113, 114. Grotius, xiv. 656, 657. Meteren, 518.

³ Grotius, ubi sup.

for already the volunteer had taken rank among the highest professors of the new school. It was the object of Maurice, who knew himself on the whole outnumbered, to divine his adversary's intentions. Spinola was supposed to be aiming at Sluis, at Grave, at Bergen-op-Zoom, possibly even at some more remote city, like Rheinberg, while rumors as to his designs, flying directly from his camp, were as thick as birds in the air. They were let loose on purpose by the artful Genoese, who all the time had a distinct and definite plan which was not yet suspected. The dilatoriness of the campaign was exasperating. It might be thought that the war was to last another half-century, from the excessive inertness of both parties. The armies had all gone into winter quarters in the previous November, Spinola had spent nearly six months in Spain, midsummer had come and gone, and still Maurice was at Watervliet, guessing at his adversary's first move. On the whole, he had inclined to suspect a design upon Rheinberg, and had accordingly sent his brother Henry with a detachment to strengthen the garrison of that place. On the 1st of August, however, he learned that Spinola had crossed the Meuse and the Rhine with ten thousand foot and three thousand horse, and that, leaving Count Bucquoy with six thousand foot and one thousand five hundred horse in the neighborhood of the Rhine, to guard a couple of redouts which had been constructed for a basis at Kaiserswerth, he was marching with all possible despatch toward Friesland and Groningen.¹

The Catholic general had concealed his design in a masterly manner. He had detained Maurice in the isle

¹ Bentivoglio, iii. 533, 534. Meteren, 521, 522. Grotius, xiv. 660, 661. Van der Kemp, ii. 114, 115, and notes.

of Cadsand, the states still dreaming of a victorious invasion on their part of obedient Flanders, and the stadholder hesitating to quit his position of inactive observation, lest the moment his back was turned the rapid Spinola might whirl down upon Sluis, that most precious and skilfully acquired possession of the Republic, when lo! his formidable antagonist was marching in force upon what the prince well knew to be her most important and least guarded frontier.

On the 8th August the Catholic general was before Oldenzaal, which he took in three days, and then advanced to Lingën. Should that place fall—and the city was known to be most inadequately garrisoned and supplied—it would be easy for the foe to reduce Coevorden, and so seize the famous pass over the Bourtange Morass, march straight to Emden, then in a state of municipal revolution on account of the chronic feuds between its counts and the population, and therefore an easy prey, after which all Friesland and Groningen would be at his mercy, and his road open to Holland and Utrecht—in short, into the very bowels of the Republic.

On the 4th August Maurice broke up his camp in Flanders, and leaving five thousand men under Colonel van der Noot to guard the positions there, advanced rapidly to Deventer, with the intention of saving Lingën. It was too late. That very important place had been culpably neglected. The garrison consisted of but one cannoneer, and he had but one arm.¹ A burgher guard, numbering about three hundred, made such resistance as they could, and the one-armed warrior fired a shot or two from a rusty old demi-cannon. Such opposition to the accomplished Italian was naturally not very effective.

¹ Meteren, ubi sup.

On the 18th August the place capitulated.¹ Maurice, arriving at Deventer, and being now strengthened by his cousin Louis William with such garrison troops as could be collected, learned the mortifying news with sentiments almost akin to despair. It was now to be a race for Coevorden, and the fleet-footed Spinola was a day's march at least in advance of his competitor. The key to the fatal morass would soon be in his hands. To the inexpressible joy of the stadholder, the Genoese seemed suddenly struck with blindness. The prize was almost in his hands, and he threw away all his advantages. Instead of darting at once upon Coevorden, he paused for nearly a month, during which period he seemed intoxicated with a success so rapidly achieved, and especially with his adroitness in outwitting the great stadholder.² On the 14th September he made a retrograde movement toward the Rhine, leaving two thousand five hundred men in Lingën. Maurice, giving profound thanks to God for his enemy's infatuation, passed by Lingën, and having now, with his cousin's reinforcements, a force of nine thousand foot and three thousand horse, threw himself into Coevorden, strengthened and garrisoned that vital fortress, which Spinola would perhaps have taken as easily as he had done Lingën, made all the neighboring positions secure, and then fell back toward Wesel on the Rhine, in order to watch his antagonist.³ Spinola had established his headquarters at Ruhrort, a place where the river Ruhr empties into the Rhine. He had yielded to the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Cologne, to whom Kaiserswerth be-

¹ Bentivoglio, Grotius, Meteren, Van der Kemp, *ubi sup.*

² Meteren, Van der Kemp.

³ Authorities cited.

longed, and had abandoned the forts which Bucquoy, under his directions, had constructed at that place.¹

The two armies now gazed at each other, at a respectful distance, for a fortnight longer, neither commander apparently having any very definite purpose. At last Maurice, having well reconnoitered his enemy, perceived a weak point in his extended lines. A considerable force of Italian cavalry, with some infantry, was stationed at the village of Mülheim, on the Ruhr, and apparently out of convenient supporting distance from Spinola's main army. The stadholder determined to deliver a sudden blow upon this tender spot, break through the lines, and bring on a general action by surprise. Assembling his well-seasoned and veteran troopers in force, he divided them into two formidable bands, one under the charge of his young brother Frederick Henry, the other under that most brilliant of cavalry officers, Marcellus Bax, hero of Turnhout and many another well-fought field.

The river Ruhr was a wide but desultory stream, easily fordable in many places. On the opposite bank to Mülheim was the castle of Broek and some hills of considerable elevation. Bax was ordered to cross the river and seize the castle and the heights, Count Henry to attack the enemy's camp in front, while Maurice himself, following rapidly with the advance of infantry and wagons, was to sustain the assault.

Marcellus Bax, rapid and dashing as usual, crossed the Ruhr, captured Broek Castle with ease, and stood ready to prevent the retreat of the Spaniards. Taken by surprise in front, they would naturally seek refuge on the other side of the river. That stream was not difficult for infantry, but as the banks were steep, cavalry

¹ Bentivoglio, iii. 536.

could not easily extricate themselves from the water, except at certain prepared landings. Bax waited, however, for some time in vain for the flying Spaniards. It was not destined that the stadholder should effect many surprises that year. The troopers under Frederick Henry had made their approaches through an intricate path, often missing their way, and in far more leisurely fashion than was intended, so that outlying scouts had brought in information of the coming attack. As Count Henry approached the village, Trivulzio's cavalry was found drawn up in battle array, formidable in numbers, and most fully prepared for their visitors from Wesel. The party most astonished was that which came to surprise. In an instant one of those uncontrollable panics broke out to which even veterans are as subject as to dysentery or scurvy. The best cavalry of Maurice's army turned their backs at the very sight of the foe and galloped off much faster than they had come.

Meantime Marcellus Bax was assaulted, not only by his late handful of antagonists, who had now rallied, but by troops from Mülheim, who began to wade across the stream. At that moment he was cheered by the sight of Count Henry coming on with a very few of his troopers who had stood to their colors. A simultaneous charge from both banks at the enemy floundering in the river was attempted. It might have been brilliantly successful, but the panic had crossed the river faster than the Spaniards could do, and the whole splendid picked cavalry force of the Republic, commanded by the youngest son of William the Silent and by the favorite cavalry commander of her armies, was, after a hot but brief action, in disgraceful and unreasonable flight. The stadholder reached the bank of that fatal stream only to

witness this maddening spectacle, instead of the swift and brilliant triumph which he was justified in expecting. He did his best to stem the retreating tide. He called upon the veterans, by the memory of Turnhout and Nieuport and so many other victories, to pause and redeem their name before it was too late. He taunted them with their frequent demands to be led to battle, and their expressed impatience at enforced idleness. He denounced them as valiant only for plundering defenseless peasants, and as cowards against armed men; as trusting more to their horses' heels than to their own right hands. He invoked curses upon them for deserting his young brother, who, conspicuous among them by his gilded armor, the orange plumes upon his casque, and the bright orange scarf across his shoulders, was now sorely pressed in the struggling throng.¹

It was all in vain. Could Maurice have thrown himself into the field, he might, as in the crisis of the Republic's fate at Nieuport, have once more converted ruin into victory by the magic of his presence. But the river was between him and the battle, and he was an enforced spectator of his country's disgrace.

For a few brief moments his demeanor, his taunts, and his supplications had checked the flight of his troops.

A stand was made by a portion of the cavalry, and a few detached but fierce combats took place. Count Frederick Henry was in imminent danger. Leading a mere handful of his immediate retainers, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, with the characteristic audacity of his house. A Spanish trooper aimed his carbine full at his face. It missed fire, and Henry, having emptied his own pistol, was seized by the floating

¹ Grotius, xiv. 671.

scarf upon his breast by more than one enemy. There was a brief struggle, and death or capture seemed certain, when an unknown hand laid his nearest antagonist low, and enabled him to escape from overpowering numbers.¹ The soldier whose devotion thus saved the career of the youngest Orange-Nassau, destined to be so long and so brilliant, from being cut off so prematurely, was never again heard of,² and doubtless perished in the fray.

Meantime the brief sparkle of valor on the part of the states' troops had already vanished. The adroit Spinola, hurrying personally to the front, had caused such a clangor from all the drums and trumpets in Broek and its neighborhood to be made as to persuade the restive cavalry that the whole force of the enemy was already upon them. The day was obviously lost, and Maurice, with a heavy heart, now himself gave the signal to retreat. Drawing up the greater part of his infantry in solid mass upon the banks to protect the passage, he sent a force to the opposite side, Horace Vere being the first to wade the stream. All that was then possible to do was accomplished, and the panic flight converted into orderly retreat, but it was a day of disaster and disgrace for the Republic.³

About five hundred of the best states' cavalry were left dead on the field, but the stain upon his almost unsullied flag was more cutting to the stadholder's heart than the death of his veterans. The material results were in truth almost even. The famous cavalry general Count Trivulzio, with at least three hundred Spaniards,

¹ Grotius, xiv. 671. Meteren, 523^{vo}.

² Grotius, ubi sup.

³ Ibid., xiv. 669-672. Meteren, 523 and ^{vo}. Bentivoglio, iii. 537. Van der Kemp, ii. 116, 510, 511.

fell in the combat,¹ but the glory of having defeated the best cavalry of Europe in a stricken field and under the very eyes of the stadholder would have been sufficient compensation to Spinola for much greater losses.

Maurice withdrew toward Wesel, sullen but not desponding. His forces were meager, and although he had been outgeneraled, outmarched, and defeated in the open field, at least the Genoese had not planted the blow which he had meditated in the very heart of the Republic.

Autumn was now far advanced, and dripping with rain. The roads and fields were fast becoming impassable sloughs, and no further large operations could be expected in this campaign. Yet the stadholder's cup was not full, and he was destined to witness two more triumphs of his rival, now fast becoming famous, before this year of disasters should close. On the 27th October Spinola took the city of Wachtendonk, after ten days' siege, and on the 5th November the strong place of Cracow.²

Maurice was forced to see these positions captured almost under his eyes, being now quite powerless to afford relief. His troops had dwindled by sickness and necessary detachments for garrison-work to a comparatively insignificant force, and very soon afterward both armies went into winter quarters.³

The states were excessively disappointed at the results of the year's work, and deep if not loud were the reproaches cast upon the stadholder. Certainly his military reputation had not been augmented by this cam-

¹ Authorities last cited.

² Meteren, 523^{vo}. Bentivoglio, iii. 536. Grotius, xiv. 673. Van der Kemp, ii. 117.

³ Ibid.

paign. He had lost many places, and had not gained an inch of ground anywhere. Already the luster of Sluis, of Newport, and Turnhout was growing dim, for Maurice had so accustomed the Republic to victories that his own past triumphs seemed now his greatest enemies. Moreover, he had founded a school out of which apt pupils had already graduated, and it would seem that the Genoese volunteer had rapidly profited by his teachings as only a man endowed with exquisite military genius could have done.

Yet, after all, it seems certain that, with the stadholder's limited means, and with the awful consequences to the country of a total defeat in the open field, the Fabian tactics which he had now deliberately adopted were the most reasonable. The invader of foreign domains, the suppressor of great revolts, can indulge in the expensive luxury of procrastination only at imminent peril. For the defense it is always possible to conquer by delay, and it was perfectly understood between Spinola and his ablest advisers at the Spanish court¹ that the blows must be struck thick and fast, and at the most vulnerable places, or that the victory would be lost.

Time was the ally, not of the Spanish invaders, who came from afar, but of the Dutch burghers, who remained at home. "Jam aut nunquam,"² was the motto upon the Italian's banners.

In proportion to the depression in the Republic at the results of this year's campaigning was the elation at the Spanish court. Bad news and false news had preceded the authentic intelligence of Spinola's victories. The English envoy had received unquestionable information that the Catholic general had sustained an overwhelm-

¹ Grotius, xiv. 660.

² Ibid.

ing defeat at the close of the campaign, with a loss of three thousand five hundred men.¹ The tale was implicitly believed by king and cabinet, so that when, very soon afterward, the couriers arrived bringing official accounts of the victory gained over the veteran cavalry of the states in the very presence of the stadholder, followed by the crowning triumph of Wachtendonk, the demonstrations of joy were all the more vivacious in consequence of the previous gloom.² Spinola himself followed hard upon the latest messengers, and was received with ovations.³ Never since the days of Alexander Farnese had a general at the Spanish court been more cordially caressed or hated. Had Philip the Prudent been still upon the throne, he would have felt it his duty to make immediate arrangements for poisoning him. Certainly his plans and his popularity would have been undermined in the most artistic manner.

But Philip III., more dangerous to rabbits than to generals, left the Genoese to settle the plans of his next campaign with Lerma and his parasites.

The subtle Spinola, having, in his despatches, ascribed the chief merit of the victories to Louis Velasco, a Spaniard, while his own original conception of transferring the war to Friesland was attributed by him with magnificent effrontery to Lerma and to the king,⁴ who were probably quite ignorant of the existence of that remote province, succeeded in maintaining his favorable position at court, and was allowed, by what was called the war council, to manage matters nearly at his pleasure.

It is difficult, however, to understand how so much clamor should have been made over such paltry triumphs. All Europe rang with a cavalry fight in which

¹ Gallucci, ii. 253 seq.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

less than a thousand saddles on both sides had been emptied, leading to no result, and with the capture of a couple of insignificant towns, of which not one man in a thousand had ever heard.

Spinola had doubtless shown genius of a subtle and inventive order, and his fortunate audacity in measuring himself, while a mere apprentice, against the first military leader living had been crowned with wonderful success. He had nailed the stadholder fast to the island of Cadsand, while he was perfecting his arrangements and building boats on the Rhine; he had propounded riddles which Maurice had spent three of the best campaigning months in idle efforts to guess; and when he at last moved, he had swept to his mark with the swiftness and precision of a bird of prey. Yet the greatest of all qualities in a military commander, that of deriving substantial fruits from victory instead of barren trophies, he had not manifested. If it had been a great stroke of art to seize Lingen before Maurice could reach Deventer, it was an enormous blunder, worthy of a journeyman soldier, to fail to seize the Bourtange marshes and drive his sword into the very vitals of the Republic, thus placed at his mercy.

Meantime, while there had been all these rejoicings and tribulations at the great doings on the Rhine and the shortcoming in Friesland, the real operations of the war had been at the antipodes. .

It is not a very unusual phenomenon in history that the events upon whose daily development the contemporary world hangs with most palpitating interest are far inferior in permanent influence upon the general movement of humanity to a series of distant and apparently commonplace transactions.

Empires are built up or undermined by the ceaseless industry of obscure multitudes, often slightly observed or but dimly comprehended.

Battles and sieges, dreadful marches, eloquent debates, intricate diplomacy,—from time to time, but only perhaps at rare intervals,—have decided or modified the destiny of nations, while very often the clash of arms, the din of rhetoric, the whizz of political spindles, produce nothing valuable for human consumption, and make the world no richer.

If the age of heroic and religious passion was rapidly fading away before the gradual uprising of a politico-mercantile civilization, as it certainly was, the most vital events, those in which the fate of coming generations was most deeply involved, were those inspired by the spirit of commercial enterprise.

Nor can it be denied that there is often a genial and poetic essence even among things practical or of almost vulgar exterior. In those early expeditions of the Hollanders to the flaming lands of the equator there is a rhythm and romance of historical movement not less significant than in their unexampled defense of fatherland and of the world's liberty against the great despotism of the age.

Universal monarchy was baffled by the little Republic, not within its own populous cities only, or upon its own barren sands. The long combat between Freedom and Absolutism had now become as wide as the world. The greatest European states had been dragged by the iron chain of necessity into a conflict from which they often struggled to escape, and on every ocean, and on almost every foot of soil where the footsteps of mankind had as yet been imprinted, the fierce encounters were every

day renewed. In the east and the west, throughout that great vague new world, of which geographers had hardly yet made a sketch, which comprised both the Americas and something called the East Indies, and which Spain claimed as her private property, those humbly born and energetic adventurers were rapidly creating a symmetrical system out of most dismal chaos.

The King of Spain warned all nations from trespassing upon those outlying possessions.

His edicts had not, however, prevented the English in moderate numbers, and the Hollanders in steadily increasing swarms, from enlarging and making profitable use of these new domains of the world's commerce.

The days were coming when the People was to have more to say than the pope in regard to the disposition and arrangements of certain large districts of this planet. While the world-empire, which still excited so much dismay, was yielding to constant corrosion, another empire, created by well-directed toil and unflinching courage, was steadily rising out of the depths. It has often been thought amazing that the little Republic should so long and so triumphantly withstand the enormous forces brought forward for her destruction. It was not, however, so very surprising. Foremost among nations, and in advance of the age, the Republic had found the strength which comes from the spirit of association. On a wider scale than ever before known, large masses of men, with their pecuniary means, had been intelligently banded together to advance material interests. When it is remembered that, in addition to this force, the whole commonwealth was inspired by the divine influence of liberty, her power will no longer seem so wonderful.

A sinister event in the isle of Ceylon had opened the

series of transactions in the East, and had cast a gloom over the public sentiment at home. The enterprising voyager Sebald de Weerdt, one of the famous brotherhood of the Invincible Lion, which had wintered in the Straits of Magellan,¹ had been murdered through the treachery of the King of Kandy. His countrymen had not taken vengeance on his assassins. They were perhaps too fearful of losing their growing trade in those lucrative regions to take a becoming stand in that emergency. They were also not as yet sufficiently powerful there.²

The East India Company had sent out in May of this year its third fleet of eleven large ships, besides some smaller vessels, under the general superintendence of Matelieff de Jonghe, one of the directors. The investments for the voyage amounted to more than nineteen hundred thousand florins.³

Meantime the preceding adventurers under Stephen van der Hagen, who had sailed at the end of 1603, had been doing much thorough work.⁴ A firm league had been made with one of the chief potentates of Malabar, enabling them to build forts and establish colonies in perpetual menace of Goa, the great Oriental capital of the Portuguese. The return of the ambassadors sent out from Atsgen to Holland had filled not only the island of Sumatra, but the Moluccas and all the adjacent regions, with praises of the power, wealth, and high civilization of that distant Republic, so long depicted by rivals as a nest of uncouth and sanguinary savages.⁵

¹ Vol. v. p. 128 of this history.

² Wagenaer, ix. 197. Meteren, xxvi., xxviii.

³ Wagenaer, Meteren, loc. cit. ⁴ Wagenaer, ix. 198.

⁵ Ibid. Grotius, xv. 700 seq.

The fleet now proceeded to Amboina, a stronghold of the Spanish-Portuguese, and the seat of a most lucrative trade.

On the arrival of those foreign well-armed ships under the guns of the fortress, the governor sent to demand, with Castilian arrogance, who the intruders were, and by whose authority and with what intent they presumed to show themselves in those waters. The reply was that they came in the name and by the authority of their High Mightinesses the States-General, and their stadholder the Prince of Orange; that they were sworn enemies of the King of Spain and all his subjects; and that as to their intent, this would soon be made apparent.¹ Whereupon, without much more ado, they began a bombardment of the fort, which mounted thirty-six guns. The governor, as often happened in those regions, being less valiant against determined European foes than toward the feebler Oriental races on which he had been accustomed to trample, succumbed with hardly an effort at resistance.² The castle and town and whole island were surrendered to the fleet, and thenceforth became virtually a colony of the Republic, with which, nominally, treaties of alliance and defense were negotiated. Thence the fleet, after due possession had been taken of these new domains, sailed partly to Banda and partly to two small but most important islands of the Moluccas.³

In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five at that period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tidore, Motir, Makian, and Batjan.⁴

¹ Grotius, xv. 702.

² Ibid. Wagenaer, ix. 197, 198.

³ Ibid. Meteren, 537.

⁴ Grotius, ubi sup.

Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia, and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were already to the world and the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the strange composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars, of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intriguing, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gillyflower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A commonplace condiment enough it seems to us now, easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat, and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.

Especially Ternate and Tidore were objects of unending strife. Chinese, Malays, Persians, Arabs, had struggled centuries long for their possession, those races successively or simultaneously ruling these and adjacent portions of the archipelago. The great geographical discoveries at the close of the fifteenth century had,

however, changed the aspect of India and of the world. The Portuguese adventurers found two rival kings in the two precious islands, and, by ingeniously protecting one of these potentates and poisoning the other, soon made themselves masters of the field. The clove trade was now entirely in the hands of the strangers from the antipodes. Goa became the great mart of the lucrative traffic, and thither came Chinese, Arabs, Moors, and other Oriental traders to be supplied from the Portuguese monopoly. Two thirds of the spices, however, found their way directly to Europe.

Naturally enough, the Spaniards soon penetrated into these seas, and claimed their portion of the spice trade. They insisted that the coveted islands were included in their portion of the great Borgian grant. As there had hardly yet been time to make a trigonometrical survey of an unknown world, so generously divided by the pope, there was no way of settling disputed boundary questions save by apostolic blows. These were exchanged with much earnestness, year after year, between Spaniards, Portuguese, and all who came in their way. Especially the unfortunate natives, and their kings most of all, came in for a full share. At last Charles V. sold out his share of the Spice Islands to his Portuguese rival and co-proprietor for three hundred and fifty thousand ducats.¹ The emperor's very active pursuits caused him to require ready money more than cloves. Yet John III. had made an excellent bargain, and the monopoly thenceforth brought him in at least two hundred thousand ducats annually. Goa became more flourishing, the natives more wretched, the Portuguese more detested than ever. Occasionally one of the royal line of victims

¹ Grotius, xv. 704.

would consent to put a diadem upon his head, but the coronation was usually the prelude to a dungeon or death. The treaties of alliance which these unlucky potentates had formed with their powerful invaders were, as so often is the case, mere deeds to convey themselves and their subjects into slavery.

Spain and Portugal becoming one, the slender weapon of defense which these weak but subtle Orientals sometimes employed with success—the international and commercial jealousy between their two oppressors—was taken away. It was therefore with joy that Zaida, who sat on the throne of Ternate at the end of the sixteenth century, saw the sails of a Dutch fleet arriving in his harbors.¹ Very soon negotiations were opened, and the distant Republic undertook to protect the Mohammedan king against his Catholic master. The new friendship was founded upon trade monopoly, of course, but at that period, at least, the islanders were treated with justice and humanity by their republican allies. The Dutch undertook to liberate their friends from bondage, while the King of Ternate, panting under Portuguese oppression, swore to have no traffic, no dealings of any kind, with any other nation than Holland, not even with the English. The Dutch, they declared, were the liberators of themselves, of their friends, and of the seas.²

The international hatred already germinating between England and Holland shot forth in these flaming regions like a tropical plant. It was carefully nurtured and tended by both peoples. Freedom of commerce, freedom of the seas, meant that none but the Dutch East

Grotius, xv. 706.

² "Batavos vere socios ac suos marisque liberatores vocans."—*Ibid.*

India Company, so soon as the Portuguese and Spaniards were driven out, should trade in cloves and nutmegs. Decrees to that effect were soon issued, under very heavy penalties, by the States-General to the citizens of the Republic and to the world at large.¹ It was natural, therefore, that the English traders should hail the appearance of the Dutch fleet with much less enthusiasm than was shown by the King of Ternate.

On the other hand, the King of Tidore, persisting in his Oriental hatred toward the rival potentate in the other island, allowed the Portuguese to build additional citadels and generally to strengthen their positions within his dominions. Thus when Cornelius Sebastian, with his division of Van der Hagen's fleet, arrived in the Moluccas in the summer of 1605, he found plenty of work prepared for him. The peace recently concluded by James with Philip and the archdukes placed England in a position of neutrality in the war now waging in the Clove Islands between Spain and the Republic's East India Company. The English in those regions were not slow to avail themselves of the advantage. The Portuguese of Tidore received from neutral sympathy a copious supply of powder and of pamphlets. The one explosive material enabled them to make a more effective defense of their citadel against the Dutch fleet; the other revealed to the Portuguese and their Mussulman allies that "the Netherlanders could not exist without English protection, that they were the scum of nations, and that if they should get possession of this clove monopoly their insolence would become intolerable."²

¹ Grotius, xv. 706.

² "Schrijvende seer verachtelijk ende schimpelijk vande Nederlanders als ofte sy sonder haer niet konden bestaen ende

Samples of polite literature such as these, printed but not published, flew about in volleys. It was an age of pamphleteering, and neither the English nor the Dutch were behind their contemporaries in the science of attack and self-defense. Nevertheless, Cornelius Sebastian was not deterred by paper pellets, nor by the guns of the citadel, from carrying out his purpose. It was arranged with King Zaida that the islanders of Ternate should make a demonstration against Tidore, being set across the strait in Dutch vessels. Sebastian, however, having little faith in Oriental tenacity, intrusted the real work of storming the fortress to his own soldiers and sailors. On a fine morning in May the assault was delivered in magnificent style. The resistance was obstinate; many of the assailants fell, and Captain Mol,¹ whom we have once before seen as master of the *Tiger*, sinking the galleys of Frederick Spinola off the Gut of Sluis, found himself at the head of only seven men within the interior defenses of the citadel. A Spanish soldier, Torre by name, rushed upon him with a spear. Avoiding the blow, Mol grappled with his antagonist, and both rolled to the ground. A fortunate carbine-shot from one of the Dutch captain's comrades went through the Spaniard's head.² Meantime the little band, so insignificant in numbers, was driven out of the citadel. Mol fell to the ground with a shattered leg, and reproached his

diergelijcke meer, die noemede het schuym van Natien die welcke soo diesen handel alleen handel hadden haer vermetelheit soudē onlydelijk wesen," etc.—Depositions made by the Netherlanders, *Meteren*, 535^{vo}.

¹ I suppose, at least, this Captain Mol to have been identical with the gallant seaman who commanded the *Tiger* in that action.

² Grotius, xv. 706, 707.

companions, who sought to remove him, for neglecting their work in order to save his life. Let them take the fort, he implored them, and when that was done they might find leisure to pick him up if they chose.¹ While he was speaking the principal tower of the fortress blew up, and sixty of the garrison were launched into the air.² A well-directed shot had set fire to the magazine. The assault was renewed with fresh numbers, and the Dutch were soon masters of the place. Never was a stronghold more audaciously or more successfully stormed. The garrison surrendered. The women and children, fearing to be at the mercy of those who had been depicted to them as cannibals, had already made their escape, and were scrambling like squirrels among the volcanic cliffs. Famine soon compelled them to come down, however, when they experienced sufficiently kind treatment, but were all deported in Dutch vessels to the Philippine Islands.³ The conquerors not only spared the life of the King of Tidore, but permitted him to retain his crown. At his request the citadel was razed to the ground. It would have been better, perhaps, to let it stand, and it was possible that in the heart of the vanquished potentate some vengeance was lurking which might bear evil fruit at a later day. Meantime the Portuguese were driven entirely out of the Moluccas, save the island of Timor, where they still retained a not very important citadel.⁴

The East India Company was now in possession of the whole field. The Moluccas and the clove trade were its own, and the Dutch Republic had made manifest to the world that more potent instruments had now been de-

¹ Grotius, xv. 706, 707.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., xv. 700-708. Compare Meteren, 535-537; Wagenaer, ix. 196-198; Van der Hagen Reise, 92, 94, 95.

vised for parceling out the new world than papal decrees, although signed by the immaculate hand of a Borgia.

During the main operations already sketched in the Netherlands, and during those vastly more important Oriental movements to which the reader's attention has just been called, a detached event or two deserves notice.

Twice during the summer campaign of this year Du Terrail, an enterprising French refugee in the service of the archdukes, had attempted to surprise the important city of Bergen-op-Zoom. On the 21st August the intended assault had been discovered in time to prevent any very serious conflict on either side. On the 20th September the experiment was renewed at an hour after midnight. Du Terrail, having arranged the attack at three different points, had succeeded in forcing his way across the moat and through one of the gates. The trumpets of the foremost Spaniards already sounded in the streets. It was pouring with rain; the town was pitch-dark. But the energetic Paul Bax was governor of the place, a man who was awake at any hour of the twenty-four, and who could see in the darkest night. He had already informed himself of the enemy's project, and had strengthened his garrison by a large intermixture of the most trustworthy burgher guards, so that the advance of Du Terrail at the southern gate was already confronted by a determined band. A fierce battle began in the darkness. Meantime Paul Bax, galloping through the city, had aroused the whole population for the defense. At the Steinberg gate, where the chief assault had been prepared, Bax had caused great fires of straw and pitch barrels to be lighted, so that the invaders, instead of finding, as they expected, a profound gloom

through the streets, saw themselves approaching a brilliantly illuminated city, fully prepared to give their uninvited guests a warm reception. The garrison, the townspeople, even the women, thronged to the ramparts, saluting the Spaniards with a rain of bullets, paving-stones, and pitch hoops, and with a storm of gibes and taunts. They were asked why they allowed their cardinal thus to send them to the cattle market, and whether Our Lady of Hall, to whom Isabella was so fond of making pilgrimages, did not live rather too far off to be of much use just then to her or to them.¹ Catholics and Protestants all stood shoulder to shoulder that night to defend their firesides against the foreign foe, while mothers laid their sleeping children on the ground that they might fill their cradles with powder and ball, which they industriously brought to the soldiers. The less energetic women fell upon their knees in the street, and prayed aloud through the anxious night. The attack was splendidly repulsed. As morning dawned the enemy withdrew, leaving one hundred dead outside the walls or in the town, and carrying off thirty-eight wagon-loads of wounded.² Du Terrail made no further attempts that summer, although the list of his surprises was not yet full. He was a good engineer and a daring partizan officer. He was also inspired by an especial animosity to the States-General, who had refused the offer of his services before he made application to the archdukes.³

At sea there was no very important movement in European waters, save that Lambert Heinrichzoon, commonly called Pretty Lambert,⁴ a Rotterdam skipper,

¹ Grotius, xv. 667, 669. Meteren, 522, 523. Wagenaer, ix. 191, 192.

² Ibid.

³ Grotius, ubi sup.

⁴ "Mooi Lambert."—Wagenaer, ix. 196.

whom we have seen doing good service in the sea-fights with Frederick Spinola, captured the admiral of the Dunkirk pirate fleet, Adrian Dirkzoon. It was a desperate fight. Pretty Lambert, sustained at a distance by Rear-Admiral Gerbrantzon, laid himself yard-arm to yard-arm alongside the pirate vessel, boarded her, and after beating down all resistance made prisoners such of the crew as remained alive, and carried them into Rotterdam. Next day they were hanged, to the number of sixty. A small number were pardoned on account of their youth, and a few individuals who effected their escape when led to the gallows were not pursued.¹ The fact that the townspeople almost connived at the escape of these desperados showed that there had been a surfeit of hangings in Rotterdam. It is, moreover, not easy to distinguish with exactness the lines which in those days separated regular sea-belligerents, privateers, and pirates from each other. It had been laid down by the archdukes that there was no military law at sea, and that sick soldiers captured on the water should be hanged. Accordingly, they were hanged.² Admiral Fazardo, of the Spanish royal navy, not only captured all the enemy's merchant vessels which came in his way, but hanged, drowned, and burned alive every man found on board.³ Admiral Haultain, of the republican navy, had just been occupied in drowning a whole regiment of Spanish soldiers, captured in English and German transports. The complaints brought against the English cruisers by the Hollanders for capturing and confiscating their vessels, and hanging, maiming, and torturing their crews, not

¹ Wagenaer, *ubi sup.* Meteren, 524^{vo}.

² Vide *supra*, p. 309.

³ "Quarum nautæ mersi, suspensi, exusti."—Grotius, xv. 685.

only when England was neutral, but even when she was the ally of the Republic, had been a standing topic for diplomatic discussion, and almost a standing joke. Why, therefore, these Dunkirk sea-rovers should not on the same principle be allowed to rush forth from their very convenient den to plunder friend and foe, burn ships, and butcher the sailors at pleasure, seems difficult to understand. To expect from the inhabitants of this robbers' cave, this "church on the downs," a code of maritime law so much purer and sterner than the system adopted by the English, the Spaniards, and the Dutch, was hardly reasonable. Certainly the Dunkirkers, who were mainly Netherlanders, rebels to the Republic and partizans of the Spanish crown, did their best to destroy the herring-fishery and to cut the throats of the fishermen, but perhaps they received the halter more often than other mariners who had quite as thoroughly deserved it. And this at last appeared the prevailing opinion in Rotterdam.

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wiry man, with a wizened little face, large bright eyes, a meager yellow beard, and thin sandy hair flowing down upon his well-starched ruff, the new governor soon showed himself inferior to none of his predecessors in audacity and alertness. It is difficult to imagine a more irritating position in many respects than that of commander in such an extraordinary leaguer. It was not a formal siege. Famine, which ever impends over an invested place and sickens the soul with its nameless horrors, was not the great enemy to contend against here. Nor was there the hideous alternative between starving through obstinate resistance or massacre on submission, which had been the lot of so many Dutch garrisons in the earlier stages of the war. Retreat by sea was ever open to the Ostend garrison, and there was always an ample supply of the best provisions and of all munitions of war. But they had been unceasingly exposed to two tremendous enemies. During each winter and spring the ocean often smote their bastions and bulwarks in an hour of wrath till they fell together like children's toys, and it was always at work, night and day, steadily lapping at the fragile foundations on which all their structures stood. Nor was it easy to give the requisite attention to the devouring sea, because all the materials that could be accumulated seemed necessary to repair the hourly damages inflicted by their other restless foe.

Thus the day seemed to draw gradually but inexorably nearer when the place would be, not captured, but consumed. There was nothing for it, so long as the states were determined to hold the spot, but to meet the besieger at every point, above or below the earth, and sell every inch of that little morsel of space at the highest price that brave men could impose.

So Berendrecht, as vigilant and devoted as even Peter Gieselles had ever been, now succeeded to the care of the Polders and the Porcupines and the Hell's Mouths and all the other forts, whose quaint designations had served, as usually is the case among soldiers, to amuse the honest patriots in the midst of their toils and danger. On the 18th April the enemy assailed the great West Ravelin, and after a sanguinary hand-to-hand action, in which great numbers of officers and soldiers were lost on both sides, he carried the fort, the Spaniards, Italians, Germans, and Walloons vying with each other in deeds of extraordinary daring, and overcoming at last the resistance of the garrison.¹

This was an important success. The foe had now worked his way with galleries and ditches along the whole length of the counterscarp till he was nearly up with the Porcupine, and it was obvious that in a few days he would be master of the counterscarp itself.

A less resolute commander, at the head of less devoted troops, might have felt that when that inevitable event should arrive all that honor demanded would have been done, and that Spinola was entitled to his city. Berendrecht simply decided that if the old counterscarp could no longer be held it was time to build a new counterscarp. This, too, had been for some time the intention of Prince Maurice. A plan for this work had already been sent into the place, and a distinguished English engineer, Ralph Dexter by name, arrived with some able assistants to carry it into execution.² It having been estimated that the labor would take three weeks of time, without more ado the inner line was carefully drawn, cutting off with great nicety and precision about one

¹ Fleming, 515, 516.

² Ibid., 516-522.

half the whole place. Within this narrowed circle the same obstinate resistance was to be offered as before, and the bastions and redouts of the new intrenchment were to be baptized with the same uncouth names which two long years of terrible struggle had made so precious. The work was very laborious, for the line was drawn straight through the town, and whole streets had to be demolished and the houses to their very foundations shoveled away. Moreover, the men were forced to toil with spade in one hand and matchlock in the other, ever ready to ascend from the ancient dilapidated cellars in order to mount the deadly breach at any point in the whole circumference of the place.¹

It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to send a sufficient force of common workmen into the town to lighten the labors of the soldiers. Moreover, the thought, although whistled to the wind, would repeatedly recur, that, after all, there must be a limit to these operations, and that at last there would remain no longer any earth in which to find a refuge.

The work of the new intrenchment went slowly on, but it was steadily done. Meantime they were comforted by hearing that the stadholder had taken the field in Flanders, at the head of a considerable force, and they lived in daily expectation of relief. It will be necessary, at the proper moment, to indicate the nature of Prince Maurice's operations. For the present, it is better that the reader should confine his attention within the walls of Ostend.

By the 11th May the enemy had effected a lodgment in a corner of the Porcupine, and already from that point might threaten the new counterscarp before it

¹ Fleming, 516-522.

should be completed. At the same time he had gnawed through to the West Bulwark, and was busily mining under the Porcupine itself. In this fort friend and foe now lay together, packed like herrings, and profited by their proximity to each other to vary the monotony of pike and snaphance with an occasional encounter of epistolary wit.

Thus Spanish letters, tied to sticks, and tossed over into the next intrenchment, were replied to by others, composed in four languages by the literary man of Ostend, Auditor Fleming, and shot into the enemy's trenches on crossbow bolts.¹

On the 29th May a long-prepared mine was sprung beneath the Porcupine. It did its work effectively, and the assailants did theirs no less admirably, crowding into the breach with headlong ferocity, and after a long and sanguinary struggle, with immense loss on both sides, carrying the precious and long-coveted work by storm.² Inch by inch the defenders were thus slowly forced back toward their new intrenchment. On the same day, however, they inflicted a most bloody defeat upon the enemy in an attempt to carry the great Polder. He withdrew, leaving heaps of slain, so that the account current for the day would have balanced itself, but that the Porcupine, having changed hands, now bristled most formidably against its ancient masters.³ The daily slaughter had become sickening to behold. There were three thousand effective men in the garrison. More could have been sent in to supply the steady depletion in the ranks, but there was no room for more. There was scarce space enough for the living to stand to their work, or for the dead to lie in their graves. And this was an advantage

¹ Fleming, 528 seq.

² Ibid., 538.

³ Ibid.

which could not fail to tell. Of necessity the besiegers would always very far outnumber the garrison, so that the final success of their repeated assaults became daily more and more possible.

Yet on the 2d June the enemy met not only with another signal defeat, but also with a most bitter surprise. On that day the mine which he had been so long and so laboriously constructing beneath the great Polder Bulwark was sprung with magnificent effect. A breach forty feet wide was made in this last stronghold of the old defenses, and the soldiers leaped into the crater almost before it had ceased to blaze, expecting by one decisive storm to make themselves masters at last of all the fortifications, and therefore of the town itself. But as, emerging from the mine, they sprang exulting upon the shattered bulwark, a transformation, more like a sudden change in some holiday pantomime than a new fact in this three years' most tragic siege, presented itself to their astonished eyes. They had carried the last defense of the old counterscarp, and behold, a new one, which they had never dreamed of, bristling before their eyes, with a flanking battery turned directly upon them.¹ The musketeers and pikemen, protected by their new works, now thronged toward the assailants, giving them so hearty a welcome that they reeled back, discomfited, after a brief but severe struggle, from the spot of their anticipated triumph, leaving their dead and dying in the breach.²

Four days later, Berendrecht, with a picked party of English troops, stole out for a reconnaissance, not wishing to trust other eyes than his own in the imminent peril of the place.

¹ Fleming, 543.

² *Ibid.*

The expedition was successful. A few prisoners were taken, and valuable information was obtained, but these advantages were counterbalanced by a severe disaster. The vigilant and devoted little governor, before effecting his entrance into the sally-port, was picked off by a sharp-shooter, and died the next day.¹ This seemed the necessary fate of the commandants of Ostend, where the operations seemed more like a pitched battle lasting three years than an ordinary siege. Gieselles, Van Loon, Bievry, and now Berendrecht had successively fallen at the post of duty since the beginning of the year. Not one of them was more sincerely deplored than Berendrecht. His place was supplied by Colonel Uytenhoove, a stalwart, hirsute, hard-fighting Dutchman, the descendant of an ancient race, and seasoned in many a hard campaign.

The enemy now being occupied in escarping and furnishing with batteries the positions he had gained, with the obvious intention of attacking the new counterscarp, it was resolved to prepare for the possible loss of this line of fortifications by establishing another and still narrower one within it.

Half the little place had been shorn away by the first charge. Of the half which was still in possession of the besieged about one third was now set off, and in this little corner of earth, close against the new harbor, was set up their last refuge. They called the new citadel Little Troy, and announced, with pardonable bombast, that they would hold out there as long as the ancient Trojans had defended Ilium.² With perfect serenity the engineers set about their task with line, rule, and level, measuring out the bulwarks and bastions, the miniature

¹ Fleming, 546.

² Haestens, 272. Grotius, xiii. 645.

salients, half-moons, and ditches, as neatly and methodically as if there were no ceaseless cannonade in their ears, and as if the workmen were not at every moment summoned to repel assaults upon the outward wall. They sent careful drawings of Little Troy to Maurice and the states, and received every encouragement to persevere, together with promises of ultimate relief.¹

But there was one serious impediment to the contemplated construction of the new earthworks. They had no earth. Nearly everything solid had been already scooped away in the perpetual delving. The sea-dikes had been robbed of their material, so that the coming winter might find besiegers and besieged all washed together into the German Ocean, and it was hard digging and grubbing among the scanty cellarages of the dilapidated houses. But there were plenty of graves, filled with the results of three years' hard fighting. And now, not only were all the cemeteries within the precincts shoveled and carted in mass to the inner fortifications, but rewards being offered of ten stivers for each dead body, great heaps of disinterred soldiers were piled into the new ramparts.² Thus these warriors, after laying down their lives for the cause of freedom, were made to do duty after death. Whether it were just or no thus to disturb the repose—if repose it could be called—of the dead that they might once more protect the living, it can scarcely be doubted that they took ample revenge on the already sufficiently polluted atmosphere.

On the 17th June the foe sprang a mine under the West Bulwark, close to a countermine exploded by the garrison the day before. The assailants thronged as

¹ Fleming, 551 seq.

² Haestens, 272.

merrily as usual to the breach, and were met with customary resolution by the besieged, Governor Uytenhoove, clad in complete armor, leading his troops. The enemy, after an hour's combat, was repulsed with heavy loss, but the governor fell in the midst of the fight.¹ Instantly he was seized by the legs by a party of his own men, some English desperados among the number, who, shouting that the colonel was dead, were about to render him the last offices by plundering his body. The ubiquitous Fleming, observing the scene, flew to the rescue, and, with the assistance of a few officers, drove off these energetic friends, and taking off the governor's casque, discovered that he still breathed.² That he would soon have ceased to do so, had he been dragged much farther in his harness over that jagged and precipitous pile of rubbish, was certain.³ He was desperately wounded, and of course incapacitated for his post. Thus, in that year, before the summer solstice, a fifth commandant had fallen.

On the same day, simultaneously with this repulse in the West Bulwark, the enemy made himself at last completely master of the Polder. Here, too, was a savage hand-to-hand combat with broadswords and pikes, and, when the pikes were broken, with great clubs and stakes pulled from the fascines;⁴ but the besiegers were victorious, and the defenders sullenly withdrew with their wounded to the inner intrenchments.

On the 27th June Daniel de Hartaing, Lord of Marquette, was sent by the States-General to take command in Ostend.⁵ The colonel of the Walloon regiment which had rendered such good service on the famous field of

¹ Fleming, 555.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., 556.

⁵ Ibid., 560.

Nieuport, the new governor, with his broad, brown, cheerful face and his Milan armor, was a familiar figure enough to the campaigners on both sides in Flanders or Germany.

The stoutest heart might have sunk at the spectacle which the condition of the town presented at his first inspection. The States-General were resolved to hold the place at all hazards, and Marquette had come to do their bidding, but it was difficult to find anything that could be called a town. The great heaps of rubbish which had once been the outer walls were almost entirely in the possession of the foe, who had lodged himself in all that remained of the defiant Porcupine, the Hell's Mouth, and other redouts, and now pointed from them at least fifty great guns against their inner walls. The old town, with its fortifications, was completely honeycombed, riddled, knocked to pieces, and although the Sand Hill still held out, it was plain enough that its days were numbered unless help should soon arrive. In truth, it required a clear head and a practised eye to discover among those confused masses of prostrate masonry, piles of brick, upturned graves, and mounds of sand and rubbish, anything like order and regularity. Yet amid the chaos there was really form and meaning to those who could read aright, and Marquette saw, as well in the engineers' lines as in the indomitable spirit that looked out of the grim faces of the garrison, that Ostend, so long as anything of it existed in nature, could be held for the Republic. Their brethren had not been firmer when keeping their merry Christmas, seven years before, under the north pole, upon a pudding made of the gunner's cartridge-paste, or the Knights of the Invincible Lion in the horrid solitudes of Tierra del Fuego, than were the defenders of this sand-bank.

Whether the place were worth the cost or not, it was for my lords the States-General to decide, not for Governor Marquette. And the decision of those "high and mighty" magistrates, to whom even Maurice of Nassau bowed without a murmur, although often against his judgment, had been plainly enough announced.

And so ship-loads of deals and joists, bricks, nails, and fascines, with all other requisite building-materials, were sent daily in from Zealand,¹ in order that Little Troy might be completed; and with God's help, said the garrison, the Republic shall hold its own.

And now there were two months more of mining and countermining, of assaults and repulses, of cannonading and hand-to-hand fights with pikes and clubs. Nearer and nearer, day by day and inch by inch, the foe had crawled up to the verge of their last refuge, and the walls of Little Troy, founded upon fresh earth and dead men's bones and shifting sands, were beginning to quake under the guns of the inexorable volunteer from Genoa. Yet on the 27th August there was great rejoicing in the beleaguered town. Cannon thundered salutes, bonfires blazed, trumpets rang jubilant blasts, and if the church bells sounded no merry peals, it was because the only church in the place had been cut off in the last slicing away by the engineers. Hymns of thanksgiving ascended to heaven, and the whole garrison fell on their knees, praying fervently to Almighty God, with devout and grateful hearts.² It was not an ignoble spectacle to see those veterans kneeling where there was scarce room to kneel, amid ruin and desolation, to praise the Lord for his mercies. But to explain this general thanksgiving it is now necessary for a moment to go back.

Fleming.

² Ibid., 572.

CHAPTER XLIII

Policy of the King of France—Operations of Prince Maurice—Plans for a Flemish campaign—Passage into Flanders—Fort St. Catherine—Flight of its garrison, and occupation by Maurice—Surrender of Ysendyke and Aardenburg—Skirmish at Stamper's Hook—Siege of Sluis by Prince Maurice—Ineffectual attempt of Spinola to relieve the town—Its capitulation and restoration to the states—Death of Louis Gunther of Nassau—Operations at Ostend—Surrender of the garrison—Desolation of the scene after its evacuation.

THE States-General had begun to forget the severe lesson taught them in the Nieupoort campaign. Being determined to hold Ostend, they became very impatient, in the early part of the present year, that Maurice should once more invade Flanders, at the head of a relieving army, and drive the archdukes from before the town.

They were much influenced in this policy by the persistent advice of the French king. To the importunities of their envoy at Paris, Henry had, during the past eighteen months, replied by urging the states to invade Flanders and seize its ports. When they had thus something to place as pledges in his hands, he might accede to their clamor and declare war against Spain. But he scarcely concealed his intention, in such case, to annex both the obedient and the United Netherlands to his own dominions. Meantime, before getting into the saddle, he chose to be guaranteed against loss. "Assure

my lords the states that I love them," he said, "and shall always do my best for them."¹ His affection for the territory of my lords was even warmer than the sentiments he entertained for themselves. Moreover, he grudged the preliminary expenses which would be necessary even should he ultimately make himself sovereign of the whole country. Rosny assured the envoy that he was mistaken in expecting a declaration of war against Spain. "Not that he does not think it useful and necessary," said the minister, "but he wishes to have war and peace both at once—peace because he wishes to make no retrenchments in his pleasures of women, dogs, and buildings, and so war would be very inopportune. In three months he would be obliged to turn tail for want of means (to use his own words), although I would furnish him funds enough, if he would make the use of them that he ought."²

The Queen of England, who, with all her parsimony and false pretenses, never doubted in her heart that perpetual hostility to Spain was the chief bulwark of her throne, and that the Republic was fighting her battles as well as its own, had been ready to make such a lively war in conjunction with France as would drive the Spaniard out of all the Netherlands. But Henry was not to be moved. "I know that if I should take her at her word," said he, "she would at once begin to screw me for money. She has one object, I another." Villeroy had said plainly to Aertsens, in regard to the prevalent system of Englishmen, Spaniards, and Frenchmen being at war with each other, while the governments might be nominally at peace: "Let us take off our

¹ Aertsens to Olden-Barneveldt, in Van Deventer, ii. 333–335.

² Ibid.

masks. If the Spaniard has designs against our state, has he not cause? He knows the aid we are giving you, and resents it. If we should abstain, he would leave us in peace. If the Queen of England expects to draw us into a league, she is mistaken. Look to yourselves and be on your guard. Richardot is intriguing with Cecil. You give the queen securities, fortresses, seats in your council. The king asks nothing but communication of your projects.”¹

In short, all the comfort that Aertsens had been able to derive from his experiences at the French court in the autumn of 1602 was that the Republic could not be too suspicious both of England and France. Rosny especially he considered the most dangerous of all the politicians in France. His daughter was married to the Prince of Espinoy, whose fifty thousand livres a year would be safer the more the archduke was strengthened. “But for this he would be stiffer,” said Aertsens.² Nevertheless, there were strong motives at work pressing France toward the support of the states. There were strong political reasons, therefore, why they should carry the war into Flanders, in conformity with the wishes of the king.

The stadholder, after much argument, yielded as usual to the authority of the magistrates, without being convinced as to the sagacity of their plans. It was arranged that an army should make a descent upon the Flemish coast in the early spring, and make a demonstration upon Sluis. The effect of this movement, it was thought, would be to draw the enemy out of his intrenchments, in which case it would be in the power of Maurice to

¹ Aertsens to Olden-Barneveldt, in Van Deventer, ii. 333-335.

² Ibid.

put an end at once to the siege. It is unquestionable that the better alternative, in the judgment of the prince, was to take possession, if possible, of Sluis itself. His preparations were, however, made with a view to either event, and by the middle of April he had collected at Willemstad a force of fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse. As on the former memorable expedition, he now again insisted that a considerable deputation of the states and of the states' council should accompany the army.¹ His brother Henry and his cousins Louis William, Louis Gunther, and Ernest Casimir were likewise with him, as well as the Prince of Anhalt and other distinguished personages.

On the 25th April the army, having crossed the mouth of the West Schelde, from Zealand, in numberless vessels of all sizes and degrees, effected their debarkation on the island of Cadsand.²

In the course of two days they had taken possession of the little town and all the forts of that island, having made their entrance through what was called the Black Channel. Had they steered boldly through the Swint, or Sluis channel, at once, it is probable that they might have proceeded straight up to Sluis and taken the place by surprise. Maurice's habitual caution was, perhaps, on this occasion, a disadvantage to him, but he would have violated the rules of war and what seemed the dictates of common sense had he not secured a basis of operations and a possibility of retreat before plunging with his army into the heart of a hostile country. The Republic still shuddered at the possible catastrophe of

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 109 seq. and notes.

² Bentivoglio, iii. 525-529. Meteren, 494, 495. Grotius, xiii. 639-644. Fleming. Haestens.

four years before, when circumstances had forced him to take the heroic but dangerous resolution of sending off his ships from Nieuport. Before he had completed his arrangements for supplies on the island of Cadsand, he learned from scouts and reconnoitering parties that Spinola had sent a thousand infantry, besides five hundred cavalry, under Trivulzio, to guard the passage across the Swint. Maurice was thus on the wrong side of the great channel by which Sluis communicated with the sea.¹

The town of Sluis and its situation have been described in a former chapter.² As a port, it was in those days considered a commodious and important one, capable of holding five hundred ships. As a town, it was not so insignificant as geographical and historical changes have since made it, and was certainly far superior to Ostend, even if Ostend had not been almost battered out of existence. It had spacious streets and squares, and excellent fortifications in perfectly good condition. It was situate in a watery labyrinth, many slender streams from the interior and several salt-water creeks being complicated around it, and then flowing leisurely, in one deep sluggish channel, to the sea. The wrath of Leicester, when all his efforts to relieve the place had been baffled by the superior skill of Alexander Farnese, has been depicted, and during the seventeen years which had elapsed since its capture the Republic had not ceased to deplore that disaster. Obviously, if the present expedition could end in the restoration of Sluis to its rightful owners, it would be a remarkable success, even if Ostend should fall. Sluis and its adjacent domains formed a natural portion of the Zealand

¹ Fleming, 584-587.

² Vol. iii. chap. xvi.

archipelago, the geographical counterpart of Flushing. With both branches of the stately Schelde in its control, the Republic would command the coast, and might even dispense with Ostend, which, in the judgment of Maurice, was an isolated and therefore not a desirable military possession. The States-General were of a different opinion. They much desired to obtain Sluis, but they would not listen to the abandonment of Ostend. It was expected of the stadholder, therefore, that he should seize the one and protect the other. The task was a difficult one. A less mathematical brain than that of Maurice of Nassau would have reeled at the problem to be solved. To master such a plexus of canals, estuaries, and dikes, of passages through swamps, of fords at low water which were obliterated by flood-tide; to take possession of a series of redouts built on the only firm points of land, with nothing but quaking morass over which to manoeuvre troops or plant batteries against them, would be a difficult study, even upon paper. To accomplish it in the presence of a vigilant and anxious foe seemed bewildering enough.

At first it was the intention of the stadholder, disappointed at learning the occupation of the Swint, to content himself with fortifying Cadsand, in view of future operations at some more favorable moment.¹ So meager a result would certainly not have given great satisfaction to the states, nor added much to the military reputation of Maurice. While he hesitated between plunging without a clue into the watery maze around him, and returning discomfited from the expedition on which such high hopes had been built, a Flemish boor presented himself. He offered to guide the army around

¹ Fleming, 585.

the east and south of Sluis, and to point out passages where it would be possible to cross the waters, which, through the care of Spinola, now seemed to forbid access to the place.¹ Maurice lingered no longer. On the 28th April, led by the friendly boor, he advanced toward Oostburg. Next morning a small force of the enemy's infantry and cavalry was seen, showing that there must be foothold in that direction. He sent out a few companies to skirmish with those troops, who fled after a very brief action, and, in flying, showed their pursuers the road. Maurice marched in force, straight through the waters, on the track of the retreating foe. They endeavored to rally at the fort of Coxie, which stood upon and commanded a dike; but the republicans were too quick for them, and drove them out of the place.² The stadholder, thus obtaining an unexpected passage into Flanders, conceived strong hopes of success, despite the broken nature of the ground. Continuing to feel his way cautiously through the wilderness of quagmire, he soon came upon a very formidable obstacle. The well-built and well-equipped redout of St. Catherine rose frowning before him, overshadowing his path, and completely prohibiting all further progress. Plainly it would be necessary to reduce this work at once, unless he were willing to abandon his enterprise. He sent back to Cadsand for artillery, but it was flood-tide, the waters were out, and it was not till late in the afternoon that nine pieces arrived. The stadholder ordered a cannonade, less with the hope of producing an impression by such inadequate means on so strong a work, than with the intention of showing the enemy that he had brought field-guns with him, and was not merely on an acciden-

¹ Fleming, 585. Grotius, ubi sup.

² Grotius, ubi sup.

tal foray. At the same time, having learned that the garrison, which was commanded by Trivulzio, was composed of only a few regular troops and a large force of guerrillas, he gave notice that such combatants were not entitled to quarter, and that if captured they would be all put to the sword. The reply to this threat was not evacuation, but defiance. Especially a volunteer ensign mounted upon a rampart and danced about, waving his flag gaily in the face of the assailants. Maurice bitterly remarked to his staff that such a man alone was enough to hold the fort.¹ As it was obvious that the place would require a siege in form, and that it would be almost impossible to establish batteries upon that quaking soil, where there was no dry land for cavalry or artillery to move, Maurice ordered the nine guns to be carried back to Cadsand that night, betaking himself, much disappointed, in the same direction.² Yet it so happened that the cannoneers, floundering through the bogs, made such an outcry, especially when one of their guns became so bemired that it was difficult for them to escape the disgrace of losing it, that the garrison, hearing a great tumult, which they could not understand, fell into one of those panics to which raw and irregular troops are liable.³ Nothing would convince them that fresh artillery had not arrived, that the terrible stadholder, with an immense force, was not creating invincible batteries, and that they should be all butchered in cold blood, according to proclamation, before the dawn of day. They therefore evacuated the place under cover of the night, so that this absurd accident absolutely placed Maurice in possession of the very fort—without striking a blow—which he was about to abandon in

¹ Fleming, 586.² Ibid., 587.³ Ibid.

despair, and which formed the first great obstacle to his advance.¹

Having occupied St. Catherine's, he moved forward to Ysendyke, a strongly fortified place three leagues to the eastward of Sluis, and invested it in form. Meantime a great danger was impending over him. A force of well-disciplined troops, to the number of two thousand, dropped down in boats from Sluis to Cadsand, for the purpose of surprising the force left to guard that important place. The expedition was partially successful. Six hundred landed, beating down all opposition. But a few Scotch companies held firm, and by hard fighting were able at last to drive the invaders back to their sloops, many of which were sunk in the affray, with all on board. The rest ignominiously retreated.² Had the enterprise been as well executed as it was safely planned, it would have gone hard with the stadholder and his army. It is difficult to see in what way he could have extricated himself from such a dilemma, being thus cut off from his supplies and his fleet, and therefore from all possibility of carrying out his design or effecting his escape to Zealand. Certainly thus far fortune had favored his bold adventure.

He now sent his own trumpeter, Master Hans, to summon Ysendyke to a surrender. The answer was a bullet which went through the head of unfortunate Master Hans. Maurice, enraged at this barbarous violation of the laws of war, drew his lines closer. Next day the garrison, numbering six hundred, mostly Italians, capitulated, and gave up the musketeer who had murdered the trumpeter.³

¹ Fleming, 587.

Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*, 588. Grotius, *ubi sup.*

Two days later the army appeared before Aardenburg, a well-fortified town four miles south of Sluis. It surrendered disgracefully, without striking a blow. The place was a most important position for the investment of Sluis. Four or five miles farther toward the west, two nearly parallel streams, both navigable, called the Sweet and the Salt, ran from Dam to Sluis. It was a necessary but most delicate operation to tie up these two important arteries. An expedition despatched in this direction came upon Trivulzio with a strong force of cavalry, posted at a pass called Stamper's Hook, which controlled the first of these streams. The narrowness of the pathway gave the advantage to the Italian commander. A warm action took place, in which the republican cavalry were worsted, and Paul Bax severely wounded. Maurice, coming up with the infantry at a moment when the prospect was very black, turned defeat into victory and completely routed the enemy, who fled from the precious position with a loss of five hundred killed and three hundred prisoners, eleven officers among them.¹ The Sweet was now in the stadholder's possession. Next day he marched against the Salt, at a pass where fourteen hundred Spaniards were stationed. Making very ostentatious preparations for an attack upon this position, he suddenly fell backward down the stream to a point which he had discovered to be fordable at low water, and marched his whole army through the stream while the skirmishing was going on a few miles farther up. The Spaniards, discovering their error, and fearing to be cut off, scampered hastily away to Dam. Both streams were now in the control of the republican army, while the single fort of St. Joris was all that was

¹ Grotius, 591, 592. Bentivoglio, iii. 527, 528. Meteren, 494, 495.

now interposed between Maurice and the much-coveted Swint. This redout, armed with nine guns and provided with a competent garrison, was surrendered on the 23d May.¹

The Swint, or great sea-channel of Sluis, being now completely in the possession of the stadholder, he deliberately proceeded to lay out his lines, to make his intrenched camp, and to invest his city with the beautiful neatness which ever characterized his sieges. A groan came from the learned Lipsius as he looked from the orthodox shades of Louvain upon the progress of the heretic prince.

"Would that I were happier," he cried, "but things are not going on in Flanders as I could wish. How easy it would have been to save Sluis, which we are now trying so hard to do, had we turned our attention thither in time! But now we have permitted the enemy to intrench and fortify himself, and we are the less excusable because we know to our cost how felicitously he fights with the spade, and that he builds works like an ancient Roman. . . . Should we lose Sluis, which God forbid, how much strength and encouragement will be acquired by the foe and by all who secretly or openly favor him! Our neighbors are all straining their eyes, as from a watch-tower, eager to see the result of all these doings. But what if they too should begin to move! Where should we be? I pray God to have mercy on the Netherlanders, whom he has been so many years chastising with heavy whips."²

¹ Fleming, Bentivoglio, Meteren, ubi sup. Van der Kemp, ii. 110, 111, and notes.

² Letter to Heer de Vertering, in Haestens, 285, and Fleming, 289, 290.

It was very true. The man with the spade had been allowed to work too long at his felicitous vocation. There had been a successful effort made to introduce reinforcements to the garrison. Troops to the number of fifteen hundred had been added to those already shut up there, but the attempts to send in supplies were not so fortunate. Maurice had completely invested the town before the end of May, having undisputed possession of the harbor and of all the neighboring country. He was himself encamped on the west side of the Swint, Charles van der Noot lying on the south. The submerged meadows stretching all around in the vicinity of the haven he had planted thickly with gunboats. Scarcely a bird or a fish could go into or out of the place. Thus the stadholder exhibited to the Spaniards, who, fifteen miles off toward the west, had been pounding and burrowing three years long before Ostend without success, what he understood by a siege.

On the 22d of May a day of solemn prayer and fasting was, by command of Maurice, celebrated throughout the besieging camp. In order that the day should be strictly kept in penance, mortification, and thanksgiving, it was ordered, on severe penalties, that neither the commissaries nor sutlers should dispense any food whatever throughout the twenty-four hours.¹ Thus the commander-in-chief of the Republic prepared his troops for the work before them.

In the very last days of May the experiment was once more vigorously tried to send in supplies. A thousand galley-slaves, the remnant of Frederick Spinola's unlucky naval forces, whose services were not likely very soon to be required at sea, were sent out into the

¹ Fleming, 593.

drowned land, accompanied by five hundred infantry. Simultaneously Count Berlaymont, at the head of four thousand men, conveying a large supply of provisions and munitions, started from Dam. Maurice, apprised of the adventure, sallied forth with two thousand troops to meet them. Near Stamper's Hook he came upon a detachment of Berlaymont's force, routed them, and took a couple of hundred prisoners. Learning from them that Berlaymont himself, with the principal part of his force, had passed farther on, he started off in pursuit; but, unfortunately taking a different path through the watery wilderness from the one selected by the flying foe, he was not able to prevent his retreat by a circuitous route to Dam. From the prisoners, especially from the galley-slaves, who had no reason for disguising the condition of the place, he now learned that there were plenty of troops in Sluis, but that there was already a great lack of provisions. They had lost rather than gained by their success in introducing reinforcements without supplies.¹ Upon this information Maurice now resolved to sit quietly down and starve out the garrison. If Spinola, in consequence, should raise the siege of Ostend, in order to relieve a better town, he was prepared to give him battle. If the marquis held fast to his special work, Sluis was sure to surrender. This being the position of affairs, the deputies of the States-General took their leave of the stadholder and returned to The Hague.²

Two months passed. It was midsummer, and the famine in the beleaguered town had become horrible. The same hideous spectacle was exhibited as on all occa-

¹ Fleming, 592. Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

² Fleming, 592.

sions where thousands of human beings are penned together without food. They ate dogs, cats, and rats, the weeds from the churchyards, old saddles, and old shoes, and when all was gone they began to eat each other. The small children diminished rapidly in numbers,¹ while beacons and signals of distress were fired day and night, that the obdurate Spinola, only a few miles off, might at last move to their relief.

The archdukes, too, were beginning to doubt whether the bargain were a good one. To give a strong, new, well-fortified city, with the best of harbors, in exchange for a heap of rubbish which had once been Ostend, seemed unthrifty enough. Moreover, they had not got Ostend, while sure to lose Sluis. At least the cardinal could no longer afford to dispense with the service of his best corps of veterans, who had demanded their wages so insolently, and who had laughed at his offer of excommunication by way of payment so heartily. Flinging away his pride, he accordingly made a treaty with the mutinous "squadron" at Grave, granting an entire pardon for all their offenses, and promising full payment of their arrears. Until funds should be collected sufficient for this purpose, they were to receive twelve stivers a day each foot-soldier, and twenty-four stivers each cavalryman, and were to have the city of Roermond in pledge. The treaty was negotiated by Guerrera, commandant of Ghent citadel, and by the Archbishop of Roermond, while three distinguished hostages were placed in the keeping of the mutineers until the contract should be faithfully executed: Guerrera himself, Count Fontenoy, son of Marquis d'Havr , and Avalos, commander of a Spanish legion.² Thus, after

¹ Gallucci, ii. 176.

² Meteren, 495, 496.

making a present of the services of these veterans for a twelvemonth to the stadholder, and after employing a very important portion of his remaining forces in a vain attempt to reduce their revolt, the archduke had now been fain to purchase their submission by conceding all their demands. It would have been better economy, perhaps, to come to this conclusion at an earlier day.

It would likewise have been more judicious, according to the lamentations of Justus Lipsius, had the necessity of saving Sluis been thought of in time. Now that it was thoroughly inclosed, so that a mouse could scarce creep through the lines, the archduke was feverish to send in a thousand wagon-loads of provisions. Spinola, although in reality commander-in-chief of a Spanish army, and not strictly subject to the orders of the Flemish sovereigns, obeyed the appeal of the archduke, but he obeyed most reluctantly. Two thirds of Ostend had been effaced, and it was hard to turn even for a moment from the spot until all should have been destroyed.

Leaving Rivas and Bucquoy to guard the intrenchments and to keep steadily to the work, Spinola took the field with a large force of all arms, including the late mutineers and the troops of Count Trivulzio. On the 8th August he appeared in the neighborhood of the Salt and Sweet streams, and exchanged a few cannon-shots with the republicans. Next day he made a desperate assault with three thousand men and some companies of cavalry upon Louis William's quarters, where he had reason to believe the lines were weakest. He received from that most vigilant commander a hearty welcome, however, and after a long skirmish was obliged to withdraw, carrying off his dead and wounded, together with a few cart-horses which had been found grazing outside

the trenches. Not satisfied with these trophies or such results, he remained several days inactive, and then suddenly whirled around Aardenburg with his whole army, directly southward of Sluis, seized the forts of St. Catherine and St. Philip, which had been left with very small garrisons, and then made a furious attempt to break the lines at Oostburg, hoping to cross the fords at that place, and thus push his way into the isle of Cadsand. The resistance to his progress was obstinate, the result for a time doubtful. After severe fighting, however, he crossed the waters of Oostburg in the face of the enemy.¹ Maurice meantime had collected all his strength at the vital position of Cadsand, hoping to deal, or at least to parry, a mortal blow.

On the 17th, on Cadsand dike, between two redouts, Spinola again met Louis William, who had been transferred to that important position. A severe struggle ensued. The Spaniards were in superior force, and Louis William, commanding the advance only of the states' troops, was hard pressed. Moving always in the thickest of the fight, he would probably have that day laid down his life, as so many of his race had done before in the cause of the Republic, had not Colonel van Dorp come to his rescue, and so laid about him with a great broadsword that the dike was kept until Maurice arrived with Eytzinga's Frisian regiment and other reserves. Van Dorp then fell, covered with wounds. Here was the decisive combat. The two commanders-in-chief met face to face for the first time, and could Spinola have gained the position of Cadsand the fate of Maurice must have been sealed. But all his efforts were vain.

¹ Fleming, 593, 594. Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Meteren, 495. Grotius, xii. 640, 641.

The stadholder, by coolness and promptness, saved the day, and inflicted a bloody repulse upon the Catholics. Spinola had displayed excellent generalship, but it is not surprising that the young volunteer should have failed upon his first great field-day to defeat Maurice of Nassau and his cousin Louis William. He withdrew discomfited at last, leaving several hundred dead upon the field, definitely renouncing all hope of relieving Sluis, and retiring by way of Dam to his camp before Ostend.¹ Next day the town capitulated.² The garrison were allowed to depart with the honors of war, and the same terms were accorded to the inhabitants, both in secular and religious matters, as were usual when Maurice reoccupied any portion of the Republic. Between three and four thousand creatures, looking rather like ghosts from the churchyards than living soldiers, marched out with drums beating, colors displayed, matches lighted, and bullet in mouth. Sixty of them fell dead³ before the dismal procession had passed out of the gates. Besides these troops were nearly fifteen hundred galley-slaves, even more like shadows than the rest, as they had been regularly sent forth during the latter days of the siege to browse upon *soutenelle* in the submerged meadows, or to drown or starve if unable to find a sufficient supply of that weed. These unfortunate victims of Mohammedan and Christian tyranny were nearly all Turks, and by the care of the Dutch government were sent back by sea to their homes.⁴ A few of them entered the service of the states.

The evacuation of Sluis by Governor Serrano and his garrison was upon the 20th August. Next day the stad-

¹ Fleming, 594, 595. Bentivoglio, Meteren, Grotius, *ubi sup.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Bentivoglio.

⁴ Meteren, 495.

holder took possession, bestowing the nominal government of the place upon his brother Frederick Henry. The atmosphere, naturally enough, was pestiferous, and young Count Louis Gunther of Nassau, who had so brilliantly led the cavalry on the famous day of Nieuport, died of fever soon after entering the town,¹ infinitely regretted by every one who wished well to the Republic.

Thus an important portion of Zeeland was restored to its natural owners. A seaport which in those days was an excellent one, and more than a compensation for the isolated fishing-village already beleaguered for upward of three years, had been captured in three months. The States-General congratulated their stadholder on such prompt and efficient work, while the garrison of Ostend, first learning the authentic news seven days afterward, although at a distance of only fourteen miles, had cause to go upon their knees and sing praises to the Most High.

The question now arose as to the relief of Ostend. Maurice was decidedly opposed to any such scheme.² He had got a better Ostend in Sluis, and he saw no motive for spending money and blood in any further attempt to gain possession of a ruin which, even if conquered, could only with extreme difficulty be held. The states were of a diametrically opposite opinion. They insisted that the stadholder, so soon as he could complete his preparations, should march straight upon Spinola's works and break up the siege, even at the risk of a general action.³ They were willing once more to take the terrible chance of a defeat in Flanders. Maurice, with a heavy heart, bowed to their decision, showing by his

¹ Meteren, 495. Fleming, 597.

² Van der Kemp, iii. and notes.

³ Ibid.

conduct the very spirit of a republican soldier, obeying the civil magistrate even when that obedience was like to bring disaster upon the commonwealth. But much was to be done before he could undertake this new adventure.

Meantime the garrison in Ostend were at their last gasp. On being asked by the States-General whether it was possible to hold out for twenty days longer, Marquette called a council of officers, who decided that they would do their best, but that it was impossible to fix a day or hour when resistance must cease. Obviously, however, the siege was in its extreme old age. The inevitable end was approaching.

Before the middle of September the enemy was thoroughly established in possession of the new Hell's Mouth, the new Porcupine, and all the other bastions of the new intrenchment. On the 13th of that month the last supreme effort was made, and the Sand Hill, that all-important redout, which during these three dismal years had triumphantly resisted every assault, was at last carried by storm.¹ The enemy had now gained possession of the whole town except Little Troy. The new harbor would be theirs in a few hours, and as for Troy itself, those hastily and flimsily constructed ramparts were not likely to justify the vaunts uttered when they were thrown up, nor to hold out many minutes before the whole artillery of Spinola. Plainly on this last morsel of the fatal sand-bank the word "Surrender" must be spoken, unless the advancing trumpets of Maurice should now be heard. But there was no such welcome sound in the air. The weather was so persistently rainy and stormy that the roads became impassable, and Maurice,

¹ Fleming, 574. Bentivoglio, iii. 530. Meteren, 497^v, 498.

although ready and intending to march toward Spinola to offer him battle, was unable for some days to move.¹ Meantime a council, summoned by Marquette, of all the officers, decided that Ostend must be abandoned now that Ostend had ceased to exist.

On the 20th September the accord was signed with Spinola. The garrison were to march out with their arms. They were to carry off four cannon, but no powder. All clerical persons were to leave the place, with their goods and chattels. All prisoners taken on both sides during the siege were to be released. Burghers, sutlers, and others to go whither they would, undisturbed.² And thus the archdukes, after three years and seventy-seven days of siege, obtained their prize. Three thousand men, in good health, marched out of Little Troy with the honors of war. The officers were entertained by Spinola and his comrades at a magnificent banquet, in recognition of the unexampled heroism with which the town had been defended.³ Subsequently the whole force marched to the headquarters of the states' army in and about Sluis. They were received by Prince Maurice, who stood bareheaded and surrounded by his most distinguished officers, to greet them and to shake them warmly by the hand.⁴ Surely no defeated garrison ever deserved more respect from friend or foe.

The Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered the place in triumph, if triumph it could be called. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene.

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 461, note.

² Accord, in Fleming, Haestens, Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

³ Van der Kemp, ii. 111. Meteren, ubi sup.

⁴ Meteren, ubi sup.

The artillery of the first years of the seventeenth century was not the terrible enginery of destruction that it has become in the last third of the nineteenth, but a cannonade continued so steadily and so long had done its work. There were no churches, no houses, no redouts, no bastions, no walls, nothing but a vague and confused mass of ruin. Spinola conducted his imperial guests along the edge of extinct volcanoes, amid upturned cemeteries, through quagmires which once were moats, over huge mounds of sand and vast shapeless masses of bricks and masonry which had been forts. He endeavored to point out places where mines had been exploded, where ravelins had been stormed, where the assailants had been successful, and where they had been bloodily repulsed. But it was all loathsome, hideous rubbish. There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casemates. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. In every direction the dikes had burst, and the sullen wash of the liberated waves, bearing hither and thither the floating wreck of fascines and machinery, of planks and building-materials, sounded far and wide over what should have been dry land. The great ship-channel, with the unconquered Half-moon upon one side and the incomplete batteries and platforms of Bucquoy on the other, still defiantly opened its passage to the sea, and the retiring fleets of the garrison were white in the offing. All around was the gray expanse of stormy ocean, without a cape or a headland to break its monotony, as the surges rolled mournfully in upon a desolation more dreary than their own. The atmosphere was murky and surcharged with rain, for the wild equinoctial storm which had held Maurice spellbound had been

raging over land and sea for many days. At every step the unburied skulls of brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. Isabella wept at the sight.¹ She had cause to weep. Upon that miserable sand-bank more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives² by her decree, in order that she and her husband might at last take possession of a most barren prize. This insignificant fragment of a sovereignty which her wicked old father had presented to her on his death-bed—a sovereignty which he had no more moral right or actual power to confer than if it had been in the planet Saturn—had at last been appropriated at the cost of all this misery. It was of no great value, although its acquisition had caused the expenditure of at least eight millions of florins, divided in nearly equal proportions between the two belligerents. It was in vain that great immunities were offered to those who would remain, or who would consent to settle in the foul Golgotha. The original population left the place in mass. No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her para-

¹ Gallucci, ii. 485.

² The numbers of those who were killed or who died of disease in both armies during this memorable siege have been placed as high as 140,000 (Gallucci, *ubi sup.*). Meteren (498) says that on the body of a Spanish officer, who fell in one of the innumerable assaults, was found a list of all the officers and privates killed in the Catholic army up to that date (which he does not give), and the amount was 72,124. Another Spanish authority, Juan Ballono, puts the number of the besiegers who perished *in the last year* of the siege at 60,000—of course a ridiculous exaggeration. Such preposterous statistics show the impossibility of making anything like a correct estimate. Of the besieged the loss is supposed to have been as heavy as that of their antagonists, but no registers have been preserved.

mour, a journeyman blacksmith.¹ This unsavory couple, to whom entrance into the purer atmosphere of Zealand was denied, thenceforth shared with the carrion-crows the amenities of Ostend.

¹ Fleming, 580.

CHAPTER XLIV

Equation between the contending powers—Treaty of peace between King James and the archdukes and the King of Spain—Position of the provinces—States' envoy in England to be styled ambassador—Protest of the Spanish ambassador—Effect of James's peace treaty on the people of England—Public rejoicings for the victory at Sluis—Spinola appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces—Preparations for a campaign against the states—Seizure of Dutch cruisers—International discord—Destruction of Sarmiento's fleet by Admiral Haultain—Projected enterprise against Antwerp—Descent of Spinola on the Netherland frontier—Oldenzaal and Lingen taken—Movements of Prince Maurice—Encounter of the two armies—Panic of the Netherlanders—Consequent loss and disgrace—Wachtendonk and Cracow taken by Spinola—Spinola's reception in Spain—Effect of his victories—Results of the struggle between freedom and absolutism—Affairs in the East—Amboina taken by Van der Hagen—Contest for possession of the Clove Islands—Commercial treaty between the states and the King of Ternate—Hostilities between the Kings of Ternate and Tidore—Expulsion of the Portuguese from the Moluccas—Du Terrail's attempted assault on Bergen-op-Zoom—Attack on the Dunkirk pirate fleet—Practice of executing prisoners captured at sea.

I HAVE invited the reader's attention to the details of this famous siege because it was not an episode, but almost the sum total, of the great war during the period occupied by its events. The equation between the contending forces indicated the necessity of peace. That equation seemed for the time to have established itself

with Spain. Should they refuse or fail, he would then consider himself liberated from these previous engagements and free to act concerning those cities in an honorable and reasonable manner, as became a friendly king.¹ Meantime the garrisons should not in any way assist the Hollanders in their hostilities with Spain.² English subjects were forbidden to carry into Spain or the obedient Netherlands any property or merchandise belonging to the Hollanders,³ or to make use of Dutch vessels in their trade with Spain.⁴ Both parties agreed to do their best to bring about a pacification in the Netherlands.

No irony certainly could be more exquisite than this last-named article. This was the end of that magnificent conception, the great Anglo-French league against the house of Austria. King James would combine his efforts with King Philip to pacify the Netherlands. The wolf and the watch-dog would unite to bring back the erring flock to the fold. Meantime James would keep the cautionary towns in his clutches, not permitting their garrisons or any of his subjects to assist the rebels on sea or shore. As for the Jesuits, their triumphant reappearance in France, and the demolition of the pyramid raised to their dishonor on the site of the house where John Chastel, who had stabbed Henry IV., had resided, were events about to mark the opening year.⁵ Plainly enough Secretary Cecil had outgeneraled the French party.

The secret treaty of Hampton Court, the result of the efforts of Rosny and Olden-Barneveldt in July of the previous year, was not likely to be of much service in protecting the Republic. James meant to let the dead

¹ Article vii. of treaty.

² Article viii.

³ Article xii.

⁴ Article xviii.

⁵ Meteren, 502.

treaties bury their dead, to live in peace with all the world, and to marry his sons and daughters to Spanish infantes and infantas. Meantime, although he had sheathed the sword which Elizabeth had drawn against the common enemy, and had no idea of fighting or spending money for the states, he was willing that their diplomatic agent should be called ambassador. The faithful and much-experienced Noël de Caron coveted that distinction, and moved thereby the spleen of Henry's envoy at The Hague, Buzanval, who probably would not have objected to the title himself. "'T will be a folly," he said, "for him to present himself on the pavement as a prancing steed, and then be treated like a poor hack. He has been too long employed to put himself in such a plight. But there are lunatics everywhere and of all ages." ¹

Never had the advocate seemed so much discouraged. Ostend had fallen, and the defection of the British sovereign was an offset for the conquest of Sluis. He was more urgent with the French government for assistance than he had ever been before. "A million florins a year from France," he said, "joined to two millions raised in the provinces, would enable them to carry on the war. The ship was in good condition," he added, "and fit for a long navigation without danger of shipwreck, if there were only biscuit enough on board."² Otherwise she was lost. Before that time came he should quit the helm, which he had been holding the more resolutely since the

¹ Buzanval to Villeroy, in Deventer, iii. 1-9. At the same epoch the French king asked Aertsens if he, too, was to have the rank of ambassador. That diplomatist replied that he hoped not, unless his salary was to be raised at the same time. (Ibid., 24.)

² Ibid.

peace of Vervins, because the king had told him, when concluding it, that if three years' respite should be given him he would enter into the game afresh, and take again upon his shoulders the burden which inevitable necessity had made him throw down. But," added Olden-Barneveldt, bitterly, "there is little hope of it now, after his neglect of the many admirable occasions during the siege of Ostend."¹

So soon as the Spanish ambassador learned that Caron was to be accepted into the same diplomatic rank as his own, he made an infinite disturbance, protested most loudly and passionately to the king at the indignity done to his master by this concession to the representative of a crew of traitors and rebels, and demanded in the name of the treaty just concluded that Caron should be excluded in such capacity from all access to court.²

As James was nearly forty years of age, as the Hollanders had been rebels ever since he was born, and as the King of Spain had exercised no sovereignty over them within his memory, this was naturally asking too much of him in the name of his new-born alliance with Spain. So he assumed a position of great dignity, notwithstanding the constable's clamor, and declared his purpose to give audience to the agents of the states by whatever title they presented themselves before him. In so doing he followed the example, he said, of others who (a strange admission on his part) were as wise as himself. It was not for him to censure the crimes and faults of the states, if such they had committed. He had not been the cause of their revolt from Spanish authority, and it was quite sufficient that he had stipulated to maintain neutrality between the two belliger-

¹ Meteren, 502.

² Ibid., 501.

ents.¹ And with this the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty, having obtained the substance of a very advantageous treaty, was fain to abandon opposition to the shadowy title by which James sought to indemnify the Republic for his perfidy.²

The treaty of peace with Spain gave no pleasure to the English public. There was immense enthusiasm in London at the almost simultaneous fall of Sluis, but it was impossible for the court to bring about a popular

¹ Meteren, 501.

² At the same time the republican agent, although recognized as ambassador, received but slender encouragement in his interviews with the British sovereign. "When I tell those on the other side," said James, "that you are not ready to treat with them, they will say that all wars must sooner or later come to an end. What reply shall I make to that?"

"Say that the king has long ago forfeited all right to these provinces," answered Caron; "that the sovereignty according to law has fallen into the bosom of my lords the states; that the Spaniard, having usurped so many other countries in the world, might leave us this little bit for the sake of living in peace."

James replied that kings never willingly gave up their provinces. "And the Netherlands are no longer the king's to give up," returned the ambassador. His Majesty expressed his intention, however, to do nothing more in the matter. He should maintain strict neutrality. At the same time, with amusing inconsistency, he warmly recognized the identity of the Dutch cause with his own. "In your preservation lies my own interest. Your ruin would be my great loss. Rather than it should go so far I will venture my own person and all that God has given me in this world, but I trust that God will never let it come so far as this. As to the assistance you ask of me, God is my witness if it be not my wish that I were able to grant it, but I have told you many times that I was principally moved to make peace by my necessities."

This statement of the king's financial plight might be true enough. It is certain that in order to obtain the means to make

demonstration of sympathy with the abandonment of the old ally and the new-born affection for the ancient enemy. "I can assure your Mightinesses," wrote Caron, "that no promulgation was ever received in London with more coolness, yes, with more sadness. No mortal has shown the least satisfaction in words or deeds, but, on the contrary, people have cried out openly, 'God save our good neighbors the states of Holland and Zealand, and grant them victory!' On Sunday almost all the preachers gave thanks from their pulpits for the

decent provision for the household at his accession it had been necessary to send jewelry and other valuable effects to Amsterdam as a pledge for a secret loan of twenty-five thousand pounds. But there were graver and far more dangerous causes at work in the English court to effect a pacification and even an alliance with Spain than a temporary financial embarrassment.

It could also scarcely console the states' envoy to be told that in case of uttermost need the king meant to lay down his life for the Republic. The spectacle of James leading a forlorn hope against Spain was not an inspiring one, especially as the martial sovereign of France had turned his face away from his old friends. "Had the Spaniard given me as much cause of quarrel as he has to the Most Christian King," said James, "I should certainly have broken with him. Not only I should have done my best to help you, but I should have plunged into the fight at the risk of life and property."

These were brave words. The very near future was, however, to show whether the British king would feel the outrages of Spain against himself as deeply as he now resented the injuries of the same power to his brother Henry. It was soon obvious enough that the most to be hoped of England was that she would not interfere to prevent such assistance as France might be willing to grant to the Republic, James becoming more and more besotted with the idea of an alliance with Spain. A few months later Rosny told Aertsens that the King of Spain found quite as much favor at the English court as he did with the Duke of Savoy. (See Deventer, iii. 10-14, 15, 40.)

victory which their good neighbors had gained at Sluis, but would not say a word about the peace. The people were admonished to make bonfires, but you may be very sure not a bonfire was to be seen. But, in honor of the victory, all the vessels in St. Catherine's Docks fired salutes, at which the Spaniards were like to burst with spite. The English clap their hands and throw their caps in the air when they hear anything published favorable to us, but, it must be confessed, they are now taking very dismal views of affairs. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*"¹

The rejoicing in Paris was scarcely less enthusiastic or apparently less sincere than in London. "The news of the surrender of Sluis," wrote Aertsens, "is received with so much joy by small and great that one would have said it was their own exploit. His Majesty has made such demonstrations in his actions and discourse that he has not only been advised by his council to dissemble in the matter, but has undergone reproaches from the pope's nuncius of having made a league with your Mightinesses to the prejudice of the King of Spain. His Majesty wishes your Mightinesses prosperity with all his heart, yea, so that he would rather lose his right arm than see your Mightinesses in danger. Be assured that he means roundly, and we should pray God for his long life; for I don't see that we can expect anything from these regions after his death."²

It was ere long to be seen, however, roundly as the king meant it, that the Republic was to come into grave peril without causing him to lose his right arm, or even to wag his finger, save in reproach of their Mightinesses.

The Republic, being thus left to fight its battles alone,

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 457.

² Ibid., ii. 453.

girded its loins anew for the conflict. During the remainder of the year 1604, however, there were no military operations of consequence. Both belligerents needed a brief repose. The siege of Ostend had not been a siege. It was a long pitched battle between the new system and the old, between absolutism and the spirit of religious, political, and mercantile freedom. Absolutism had gained the lists on which the long duel had been fought, but the Republic had meantime exchanged that war-blasted spot for a valuable and commodious position. It was certainly an advantage, as hostilities were necessarily to have continued somewhere during all that period, that all the bloodshed and desolation had been concentrated upon one insignificant locality, and one more contiguous to the enemy's possessions than to those of the United States. It was very doubtful, however, whether all that money and blood might not have been expended in some other manner more beneficial to the cause of the archdukes. At least it could hardly be maintained that they took anything by the capitulation of Ostend but the most barren and worthless of trophies. Eleven old guns, partly broken, and a small quantity of ammunition were all the spoils of war found in the city after its surrender.

The Marquis Spinola went to Spain. On passing through Paris he was received with immense enthusiasm by Henry IV., whose friendship for the states and whose desperate designs against the house of Austria did not prevent him from warmly congratulating the great Spanish general on his victory. It was a victory, said Henry, which he could himself have never achieved, and, in recognition of so great a triumph, he presented Spinola with a beautiful Thracian horse, valued at twelve

hundred ducats.¹ Arriving in Spain, the conqueror found himself at once the object of the open applause and the scarcely concealed hatred of the courtiers and politicians. He ardently desired to receive as his guerdon the rank of grandee of Spain. He met with a refusal.² To keep his hat on his head in presence of the sovereign was the highest possible reward. Should that be bestowed upon him now, urged Lerma, what possible recompense could be imagined for the great services which all felt confident that he was about to render in the future? He must continue to remove his hat in the monarch's company. Meantime, if he wished the title of prince, with considerable revenues attached to his principality, this was at his disposal.³ It must be confessed that in a monarchy where the sentiment of honor was supposed to be the foundation of the whole structure there is something chivalrous and stimulating to the imagination in this preference by the great general of a shadowy but rare distinction to more substantial acquisitions. Nevertheless, as the grandeeship was refused, it is not recorded that he was displeased with the principality. Meantime there was a very busy intrigue to deprive him of the command-in-chief of the Catholic forces in Flanders, and one so nearly successful that Mexia, governor of Antwerp citadel, was actually appointed in Spinola's stead. It was only after long and anxious conferences at Valladolid with the king and the Duke of Lerma, and after repeated statements in letters from the archdukes that all their hopes of victory depended on retaining the Genoese commander-in-chief, that the matter was finally arranged. Mexia received an annual pension of eight thousand ducats, and to

¹ Gallucci, ii. 194.² Ibid., ii. 200.³ Ibid., ii. 194-202.

Spinola were assigned five hundred ducats monthly, as commander-in-chief under the archduke, with an equal salary as agent for the king's affairs in Flanders.¹

Early in the spring he returned to Brussels, having made fresh preparations for the new campaign in which he was to measure himself before the world against Maurice of Nassau.

Spinola had removed the thorn from the Belgic lion's foot: "*Ostendæ erasit fatalis Spinola spinam.*"² And although it may be doubted whether the relief was as thorough as had been hoped, yet a freedom of movement had unquestionably been gained. There was now at least what for a long time had not existed, a possibility for imagining some new and perhaps more effective course of campaigning. The young Genoese commander-in-chief returned from Spain early in May, with the Golden Fleece around his neck, and with full powers from the Catholic king to lay out his work, subject only to the approbation of the archduke. It was not probable that Albert, who now thoroughly admired and leaned upon the man of whom he had for a time been disposed to be jealous, would interfere with his liberty of action. There had also been, thanks to Spinola's influence with the cabinet at Madrid and the merchants of Genoa, much more energy in recruiting and in providing the necessary sinews of war. Moreover, it had been resolved to make the experiment of sending some of the new levies by sea, instead of subjecting them all to the long and painful overland march through Spain, Italy, and Germany.³ A *tercio* of infantry was on its way from Naples, and two more were expected from Milan, but it

¹ Gallucci, ii. 194–202.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 182.

³ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 519^{vo}.

was decided that the Spanish troops should be embarked on board a fleet of transports, mainly German and English, and thus carried to the shores of the obedient Netherlands.¹

The States-General got wind of these intentions, and set Vice-Admiral Haultain upon the watch to defeat the scheme. That well-seasoned mariner accordingly, with a sufficient fleet of war-galiots, cruised thenceforth with great assiduity in the chops of the Channel. Already the late treaty between Spain and England had borne fruits of bitterness to the Republic. The Spanish policy had for the time completely triumphed in the council of James. It was not surprising, therefore, that the partizans of that policy should occasionally indulge in manifestations of malevolence toward the upstart little commonwealth which had presumed to enter into commercial rivalry with the British realm and to assert a place among the nations of the earth. An order had just been issued by the English government that none of its subjects should engage in the naval service of any foreign power. This decree was a kind of corollary to the Spanish treaty, was leveled directly against the Hollanders, and became the pretext of intolerable arrogance, both toward their merchantmen and their lesser war-vessels. Admiral Monson, an especial partizan of Spain, was indefatigable in exercising the right he claimed of visiting foreign vessels off the English coast in search of English sailors violating the proclamation of neutrality. On repeated occasions prizes taken by Dutch cruisers from the Spaniards, and making their way with small prize crews to the ports of the Republic, were overhauled, visited, and seized by the English

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 519^{vo}.

admiral, who brought the vessels into the harbors of his own country, liberated the crews, and handed ships and cargoes over to the Spanish ambassador.¹ Thus prizes fairly gained by nautical skill and hard fighting, off Spain, Portugal, Brazil, or even more distant parts of the world, were confiscated almost in sight of port, in utter disregard of public law or international decency. The States-General remonstrated with bitterness. Their remonstrances were answered by copious arguments, proving, of course, to the entire satisfaction of the party who had done the wrong, that no practice could be more completely in harmony with reason and justice. Meantime the Spanish ambassador sold the prizes, and appropriated the proceeds toward carrying on the war against the Republic; the Dutch sailors, thus set ashore against their will and against law on the neutral coast of England, being left to get home as they could, or to starve if they could do no better. As for the states, they had the legal arguments of their late ally to console them for the loss of their ships.

Simultaneously with these events considerable levies of troops were made in England by the archduke, in spite of all the efforts of the Dutch ambassador to prevent this one-sided neutrality,² while at the other ends of the world mercantile jealousy in both the Indies was fast combining with other causes already rife to increase the international discord. Out of all this fuel it was fated that a blaze of hatred between the two leading powers of the new era, the United Kingdom and the United Republic, should one day burst forth, which was to be fanned by passion, prejudice, and a mistaken sen-

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658, 659. Meteren, 518^{vo}.

² Ibid., 518.

timent of patriotism and self-interest on both sides, and which not all the bloodshed of more than one fierce war could quench. The traces of this savage sentiment are burned deeply into the literature, language, and traditions of both countries, and it is strange enough that the epoch at which chronic wrangling and international coolness changed into furious antipathy between the two great Protestant powers of Europe—for great they already both were, despite the paucity of their population and resources, as compared with nations which were less influenced by the spirit of the age or had less aptness in obeying its impulse—should be dated from the famous year of Guy Fawkes.

Meantime the Spanish troops, embarked in eight merchant ships and a few pinnaces, were slowly approaching their destination. They had been instructed, in case they found it impracticable to enter a Flemish port, to make for the hospitable shores of England, the Spanish ambassador and those whom he had bribed at the court of James having already provided for their protection.¹ Off Dover Admiral Haultain got sight of Sarmiento's little fleet. He made short work with it. Faithfully carrying out the strenuous orders of the States-General, he captured some of the ships, burned one, and ran others aground after a very brief resistance. Some of the soldiers and crews were picked up by English vessels cruising in the neighborhood and narrowly watching the conflict. A few stragglers escaped by swimming, but by far the greater proportion

¹ "Quorum omnium curam Petrus Cubiara acceperat hoc inter cætera mandato ut si Flandria negaretur vitato Galliæ litore Britanniae oram adiret tutum ibi hospitium ope legati Hispanici et quos ille Britannorum donis emerat habiturus."—Grotius, xiv. 658.

of the newly arrived troops were taken prisoners, tied together two and two, and then, at a given signal from the admiral's ship, tossed into the sea.¹

Not Peter Titelmann, nor Julien Romero, nor the Duke of Alva himself, ever manifested greater alacrity in wholesale murder than was shown by this admiral of the young Republic in fulfilling the savage decrees of the States-General.²

Thus at least one half of the legion perished. The pursuit of the ships was continued within English waters, when the guns of Dover Castle opened vigorously upon the recent allies of England, in order to protect her newly found friends in their sore distress. Doubtless in the fervor of the work the Dutch admiral had violated the neutral coast of England, so that the cannonade from the castle was technically justified. It was, however, a biting satire upon the proposed Protestant league against Spain and universal monarchy, in behalf of the Dutch Republic, that England was already doing her best to save a Spanish legion and to sink a Dutch fleet. The infraction of English sovereignty was unquestionable if judged by the more scrupulous theory

¹ Grotius, xiv. 658. Meteren, ubi sup. Wagenaer, ix. 186.

² Certainly it must be admitted that the world makes some little progress in civilization. To exterminate unorganized and irresponsible bands of brigands disgracing the name of soldiers may still be inevitable in the interest of humanity, but that regular troops should be destroyed in cold blood, because embarked and captured, not in war-vessels, but in mercantile and neutral transports, was a barbarity which seems incredible to us, but which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was not rebuked by the most gentle and enlightened spirits of the age.

This whole story is minutely related by the illustrious Hugo Grotius, without a syllable of censure. (*Historia*, xiv. 657, 658.)

of modern days, but it was well remarked by the States-General, in answer to the remonstrances of James's government, that the Dutch admiral, knowing that the pirates of Dunkirk roamed at will through English waters in search of their prey, might have hoped for some indulgence of a similar character to the ships of the Republic.¹

Thus nearly the whole of the Spanish legion perished. The soldiers who escaped to the English coast passed the winter miserably in huts, which they were allowed to construct on the sands; but nearly all, including the lieutenant-colonel commanding, Pedro Cubiera, died of famine or of wounds. A few small vessels of the expedition succeeded in reaching the Flemish coast and landing a slight portion of the *tercio*.²

The campaign of 1605 opened but languidly. The strain upon the resources of the Netherlands, thus unaided, was becoming severe, although there is no doubt that, as the India traffic slowly developed itself, the productive force of the commonwealth visibly increased, while the thrifty habits of its citizens, and their comparative abstinence from unproductive consumption, still enabled it to bear the tremendous burden of the war. A new branch of domestic industry had grown out of the India trade, great quantities of raw silk being now annually imported from the East into Holland, to be wrought into brocades, tapestries, damasks, velvets, satins, and other luxurious fabrics for European con-

¹ *Historia*, xiv. 659.

² Grotius, *Meteren*, ubi sup. Wagenaer, ix. 184-187. Winwood, ii. 82, who was informed by Lord Salisbury that more than one hundred men in the Dutch fleet were killed by the Dover cannon.

sumption.¹ It is a curious phenomenon in the history of industry that while at this epoch Holland was the chief seat of silk manufactures, the great financier of Henry IV. was congratulating his sovereign and himself that natural causes had forever prevented the culture or manufacture of silk in France.² If such an industry were possible, he was sure that the decline of martial spirit in France and an eternal dearth of good French soldiers would be inevitable, and he even urged that the importation of such luxurious fabrics should be sternly prohibited, in order to preserve the moral health of the people.³ The practical Hollanders were more inclined to leave silk farthingales and brocaded petticoats to be dealt with by thunderers from the pulpit or indignant fathers of families. Meantime the States-General felt instinctively that the little commonwealth grew richer the more useful or agreeable things its burghers could call into existence out of nothingness, to be exchanged for the powder and bullets, timber and cordage, requisite for its eternal fight with universal monarchy, and that the richer the burghers grew the more capable they were of paying their taxes. It was not the fault of the states that the insane ambition of Spain and the arch-dukes compelled them to exhaust themselves annually by the most unproductive consumption that man is ever likely to devise, that of scientifically slaughtering his brethren, because to practise economy in that regard would be to cease to exist, or to accept the most intolerable form of slavery.

The forces put into the field in the spring of 1605 were but meager. There was also, as usual, much difference of opinion between Maurice and Barneveldt as to

¹ Meteren, 536.

² Sully, v. 77-79 seq.

³ Ibid.

the most judicious manner of employing them, and, as usual, the docile stadholder submitted his better judgment to the states.¹ It can hardly be too much insisted upon that the high-born Maurice always deported himself in fact, and as it were unconsciously, as the citizen soldier of a little republic, even while personally invested with many of the attributes of exalted rank, and even while regarded by many of his leading fellow-citizens as the legitimate and predestined sovereign of the newly born state.

Early in the spring a great enterprise against Antwerp was projected. It failed utterly. Maurice, at Bergen-op-Zoom, despatched seven thousand troops up the Schelde, under command of Ernest Casimir. The flotilla was a long time getting under way, and instead of effecting a surprise, the army, on reaching the walls of Antwerp, found the burghers and garrison not in the least astonished, but, on the contrary, entirely prepared. Ernest returned after a few insignificant skirmishes, having accomplished nothing.²

Maurice next spent a few days in reducing the castle of Wouda, not far from Bergen, and then, transporting his army once more to the isle of Cadsand, he established his headquarters at Watervliet, near Ysendyke. Spinola followed him, having thrown a bridge across the Schelde. Maurice was disposed to reduce a fort, well called Patience,³ lying over against the isle of Walcheren. Spinola took up a position by which he defended the place as with an impenetrable buckler. A game of skill now began between these two adepts in the art of war,

¹ Van der Kemp, ii. 113.

² Ibid., 113, 114. Grotius, xiv. 656, 657. Meteren, 518.

³ Grotius, ubi sup.

for already the volunteer had taken rank among the highest professors of the new school. It was the object of Maurice, who knew himself on the whole outnumbered, to divine his adversary's intentions. Spinola was supposed to be aiming at Sluis, at Grave, at Bergen-op-Zoom, possibly even at some more remote city, like Rheinberg, while rumors as to his designs, flying directly from his camp, were as thick as birds in the air. They were let loose on purpose by the artful Genoese, who all the time had a distinct and definite plan which was not yet suspected. The dilatoriness of the campaign was exasperating. It might be thought that the war was to last another half-century, from the excessive inertness of both parties. The armies had all gone into winter quarters in the previous November, Spinola had spent nearly six months in Spain, midsummer had come and gone, and still Maurice was at Watervliet, guessing at his adversary's first move. On the whole, he had inclined to suspect a design upon Rheinberg, and had accordingly sent his brother Henry with a detachment to strengthen the garrison of that place. On the 1st of August, however, he learned that Spinola had crossed the Meuse and the Rhine with ten thousand foot and three thousand horse, and that, leaving Count Bucquoy with six thousand foot and one thousand five hundred horse in the neighborhood of the Rhine, to guard a couple of redouts which had been constructed for a basis at Kaiserswerth, he was marching with all possible despatch toward Friesland and Groningen.¹

The Catholic general had concealed his design in a masterly manner. He had detained Maurice in the isle

¹ Bentivoglio, iii. 533, 534. Meteren, 521, 522. Grotius, xiv. 660, 661. Van der Kemp, ii. 114, 115, and notes.

of Cadsand, the states still dreaming of a victorious invasion on their part of obedient Flanders, and the stadholder hesitating to quit his position of inactive observation, lest the moment his back was turned the rapid Spinola might whirl down upon Sluis, that most precious and skilfully acquired possession of the Republic, when lo! his formidable antagonist was marching in force upon what the prince well knew to be her most important and least guarded frontier.

On the 8th August the Catholic general was before Oldenzaal, which he took in three days, and then advanced to Lingen. Should that place fall—and the city was known to be most inadequately garrisoned and supplied—it would be easy for the foe to reduce Coevorden, and so seize the famous pass over the Bourtange Morass, march straight to Emden, then in a state of municipal revolution on account of the chronic feuds between its counts and the population, and therefore an easy prey, after which all Friesland and Groningen would be at his mercy, and his road open to Holland and Utrecht—in short, into the very bowels of the Republic.

On the 4th August Maurice broke up his camp in Flanders, and leaving five thousand men under Colonel van der Noot to guard the positions there, advanced rapidly to Deventer, with the intention of saving Lingen. It was too late. That very important place had been culpably neglected. The garrison consisted of but one cannoneer, and he had but one arm.¹ A burgher guard, numbering about three hundred, made such resistance as they could, and the one-armed warrior fired a shot or two from a rusty old demi-cannon. Such opposition to the accomplished Italian was naturally not very effective.

¹ Meteren, ubi sup.

On the 18th August the place capitulated.¹ Maurice, arriving at Deventer, and being now strengthened by his cousin Louis William with such garrison troops as could be collected, learned the mortifying news with sentiments almost akin to despair. It was now to be a race for Coevorden, and the fleet-footed Spinola was a day's march at least in advance of his competitor. The key to the fatal morass would soon be in his hands. To the inexpressible joy of the stadholder, the Genoese seemed suddenly struck with blindness. The prize was almost in his hands, and he threw away all his advantages. Instead of darting at once upon Coevorden, he paused for nearly a month, during which period he seemed intoxicated with a success so rapidly achieved, and especially with his adroitness in outwitting the great stadholder.² On the 14th September he made a retrograde movement toward the Rhine, leaving two thousand five hundred men in Lingën. Maurice, giving profound thanks to God for his enemy's infatuation, passed by Lingën, and having now, with his cousin's reinforcements, a force of nine thousand foot and three thousand horse, threw himself into Coevorden, strengthened and garrisoned that vital fortress, which Spinola would perhaps have taken as easily as he had done Lingën, made all the neighboring positions secure, and then fell back toward Wesel on the Rhine, in order to watch his antagonist.³ Spinola had established his headquarters at Ruhrort, a place where the river Ruhr empties into the Rhine. He had yielded to the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Cologne, to whom Kaiserswerth be-

¹ Bentivoglio, Grotius, Meteren, Van der Kemp, ubi sup.

² Meteren, Van der Kemp.

³ Authorities cited.

longed, and had abandoned the forts which Bucquoy, under his directions, had constructed at that place.¹

The two armies now gazed at each other, at a respectful distance, for a fortnight longer, neither commander apparently having any very definite purpose. At last Maurice, having well reconnoitered his enemy, perceived a weak point in his extended lines. A considerable force of Italian cavalry, with some infantry, was stationed at the village of Mülheim, on the Ruhr, and apparently out of convenient supporting distance from Spinola's main army. The stadholder determined to deliver a sudden blow upon this tender spot, break through the lines, and bring on a general action by surprise. Assembling his well-seasoned and veteran troopers in force, he divided them into two formidable bands, one under the charge of his young brother Frederick Henry, the other under that most brilliant of cavalry officers, Marcellus Bax, hero of Turnhout and many another well-fought field.

The river Ruhr was a wide but desultory stream, easily fordable in many places. On the opposite bank to Mülheim was the castle of Broek and some hills of considerable elevation. Bax was ordered to cross the river and seize the castle and the heights, Count Henry to attack the enemy's camp in front, while Maurice himself, following rapidly with the advance of infantry and wagons, was to sustain the assault.

Marcellus Bax, rapid and dashing as usual, crossed the Ruhr, captured Broek Castle with ease, and stood ready to prevent the retreat of the Spaniards. Taken by surprise in front, they would naturally seek refuge on the other side of the river. That stream was not difficult for infantry, but as the banks were steep, cavalry

¹ Bentivoglio, iii. 536.

could not easily extricate themselves from the water, except at certain prepared landings. Bax waited, however, for some time in vain for the flying Spaniards. It was not destined that the stadholder should effect many surprises that year. The troopers under Frederick Henry had made their approaches through an intricate path, often missing their way, and in far more leisurely fashion than was intended, so that outlying scouts had brought in information of the coming attack. As Count Henry approached the village, Trivulzio's cavalry was found drawn up in battle array, formidable in numbers, and most fully prepared for their visitors from Wesel. The party most astonished was that which came to surprise. In an instant one of those uncontrollable panics broke out to which even veterans are as subject as to dysentery or scurvy. The best cavalry of Maurice's army turned their backs at the very sight of the foe and galloped off much faster than they had come.

Meantime Marcellus Bax was assaulted, not only by his late handful of antagonists, who had now rallied, but by troops from Mülheim, who began to wade across the stream. At that moment he was cheered by the sight of Count Henry coming on with a very few of his troopers who had stood to their colors. A simultaneous charge from both banks at the enemy floundering in the river was attempted. It might have been brilliantly successful, but the panic had crossed the river faster than the Spaniards could do, and the whole splendid picked cavalry force of the Republic, commanded by the youngest son of William the Silent and by the favorite cavalry commander of her armies, was, after a hot but brief action, in disgraceful and unreasonable flight. The stadholder reached the bank of that fatal stream only to

witness this maddening spectacle, instead of the swift and brilliant triumph which he was justified in expecting. He did his best to stem the retreating tide. He called upon the veterans, by the memory of Turnhout and Nieuport and so many other victories, to pause and redeem their name before it was too late. He taunted them with their frequent demands to be led to battle, and their expressed impatience at enforced idleness. He denounced them as valiant only for plundering defenseless peasants, and as cowards against armed men; as trusting more to their horses' heels than to their own right hands. He invoked curses upon them for deserting his young brother, who, conspicuous among them by his gilded armor, the orange plumes upon his casque, and the bright orange scarf across his shoulders, was now sorely pressed in the struggling throng.¹

It was all in vain. Could Maurice have thrown himself into the field, he might, as in the crisis of the Republic's fate at Nieuport, have once more converted ruin into victory by the magic of his presence. But the river was between him and the battle, and he was an enforced spectator of his country's disgrace.

For a few brief moments his demeanor, his taunts, and his supplications had checked the flight of his troops.

A stand was made by a portion of the cavalry, and a few detached but fierce combats took place. Count Frederick Henry was in imminent danger. Leading a mere handful of his immediate retainers, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, with the characteristic audacity of his house. A Spanish trooper aimed his carbine full at his face. It missed fire, and Henry, having emptied his own pistol, was seized by the floating

¹ Grotius, xiv. 671.

scarf upon his breast by more than one enemy. There was a brief struggle, and death or capture seemed certain, when an unknown hand laid his nearest antagonist low, and enabled him to escape from overpowering numbers.¹ The soldier whose devotion thus saved the career of the youngest Orange-Nassau, destined to be so long and so brilliant, from being cut off so prematurely, was never again heard of,² and doubtless perished in the fray.

Meantime the brief sparkle of valor on the part of the states' troops had already vanished. The adroit Spinola, hurrying personally to the front, had caused such a clangor from all the drums and trumpets in Broek and its neighborhood to be made as to persuade the restive cavalry that the whole force of the enemy was already upon them. The day was obviously lost, and Maurice, with a heavy heart, now himself gave the signal to retreat. Drawing up the greater part of his infantry in solid mass upon the banks to protect the passage, he sent a force to the opposite side, Horace Vere being the first to wade the stream. All that was then possible to do was accomplished, and the panic flight converted into orderly retreat, but it was a day of disaster and disgrace for the Republic.³

About five hundred of the best states' cavalry were left dead on the field, but the stain upon his almost unsullied flag was more cutting to the stadholder's heart than the death of his veterans. The material results were in truth almost even. The famous cavalry general Count Trivulzio, with at least three hundred Spaniards,

¹ Grotius, xiv. 671. Meteren, 523^{vo}.

² Grotius, ubi sup.

³ Ibid., xiv. 669-672. Meteren, 523 and ^{vo}. Bentivoglio, iii. 537. Van der Kemp, ii. 116, 510, 511.

fell in the combat,¹ but the glory of having defeated the best cavalry of Europe in a stricken field and under the very eyes of the stadholder would have been sufficient compensation to Spinola for much greater losses.

Maurice withdrew toward Wesel, sullen but not desponding. His forces were meager, and although he had been outgeneraled, outmarched, and defeated in the open field, at least the Genoese had not planted the blow which he had meditated in the very heart of the Republic.

Autumn was now far advanced, and dripping with rain. The roads and fields were fast becoming impassable sloughs, and no further large operations could be expected in this campaign. Yet the stadholder's cup was not full, and he was destined to witness two more triumphs of his rival, now fast becoming famous, before this year of disasters should close. On the 27th October Spinola took the city of Wachtendonk, after ten days' siege, and on the 5th November the strong place of Cracow.²

Maurice was forced to see these positions captured almost under his eyes, being now quite powerless to afford relief. His troops had dwindled by sickness and necessary detachments for garrison-work to a comparatively insignificant force, and very soon afterward both armies went into winter quarters.³

The states were excessively disappointed at the results of the year's work, and deep if not loud were the reproaches cast upon the stadholder. Certainly his military reputation had not been augmented by this cam-

¹ Authorities last cited.

² Meteren, 523^{vo}. Bentivoglio, iii. 536. Grotius, xiv. 673. Van der Kemp, ii. 117.

³ Ibid.

paign. He had lost many places, and had not gained an inch of ground anywhere. Already the luster of Sluis, of Nieuport, and Turnhout was growing dim, for Maurice had so accustomed the Republic to victories that his own past triumphs seemed now his greatest enemies. Moreover, he had founded a school out of which apt pupils had already graduated, and it would seem that the Genoese volunteer had rapidly profited by his teachings as only a man endowed with exquisite military genius could have done.

Yet, after all, it seems certain that, with the stadholder's limited means, and with the awful consequences to the country of a total defeat in the open field, the Fabian tactics which he had now deliberately adopted were the most reasonable. The invader of foreign domains, the suppressor of great revolts, can indulge in the expensive luxury of procrastination only at imminent peril. For the defense it is always possible to conquer by delay, and it was perfectly understood between Spinola and his ablest advisers at the Spanish court¹ that the blows must be struck thick and fast, and at the most vulnerable places, or that the victory would be lost.

Time was the ally, not of the Spanish invaders, who came from afar, but of the Dutch burghers, who remained at home. "Jam aut nunquam,"² was the motto upon the Italian's banners.

In proportion to the depression in the Republic at the results of this year's campaigning was the elation at the Spanish court. Bad news and false news had preceded the authentic intelligence of Spinola's victories. The English envoy had received unquestionable information that the Catholic general had sustained an overwhelm-

¹ Grotius, xiv. 660.

² Ibid.

ing defeat at the close of the campaign, with a loss of three thousand five hundred men.¹ The tale was implicitly believed by king and cabinet, so that when, very soon afterward, the couriers arrived bringing official accounts of the victory gained over the veteran cavalry of the states in the very presence of the stadholder, followed by the crowning triumph of Wachtendonk, the demonstrations of joy were all the more vivacious in consequence of the previous gloom.² Spinola himself followed hard upon the latest messengers, and was received with ovations.³ Never since the days of Alexander Farnese had a general at the Spanish court been more cordially caressed or hated. Had Philip the Prudent been still upon the throne, he would have felt it his duty to make immediate arrangements for poisoning him. Certainly his plans and his popularity would have been undermined in the most artistic manner.

But Philip III., more dangerous to rabbits than to generals, left the Genoese to settle the plans of his next campaign with Lerma and his parasites.

The subtle Spinola, having, in his despatches, ascribed the chief merit of the victories to Louis Velasco, a Spaniard, while his own original conception of transferring the war to Friesland was attributed by him with magnificent effrontery to Lerma and to the king,⁴ who were probably quite ignorant of the existence of that remote province, succeeded in maintaining his favorable position at court, and was allowed, by what was called the war council, to manage matters nearly at his pleasure.

It is difficult, however, to understand how so much clamor should have been made over such paltry triumphs. All Europe rang with a cavalry fight in which

¹ Gallucci, ii. 253 seq.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

less than a thousand saddles on both sides had been emptied, leading to no result, and with the capture of a couple of insignificant towns, of which not one man in a thousand had ever heard.

Spinola had doubtless shown genius of a subtle and inventive order, and his fortunate audacity in measuring himself, while a mere apprentice, against the first military leader living had been crowned with wonderful success. He had nailed the stadholder fast to the island of Cadsand, while he was perfecting his arrangements and building boats on the Rhine; he had propounded riddles which Maurice had spent three of the best campaigning months in idle efforts to guess; and when he at last moved, he had swept to his mark with the swiftness and precision of a bird of prey. Yet the greatest of all qualities in a military commander, that of deriving substantial fruits from victory instead of barren trophies, he had not manifested. If it had been a great stroke of art to seize Lingen before Maurice could reach Deventer, it was an enormous blunder, worthy of a journeyman soldier, to fail to seize the Bourtange marshes and drive his sword into the very vitals of the Republic, thus placed at his mercy.

Meantime, while there had been all these rejoicings and tribulations at the great doings on the Rhine and the shortcoming in Friesland, the real operations of the war had been at the antipodes. .

It is not a very unusual phenomenon in history that the events upon whose daily development the contemporary world hangs with most palpitating interest are far inferior in permanent influence upon the general movement of humanity to a series of distant and apparently commonplace transactions.

Empires are built up or undermined by the ceaseless industry of obscure multitudes, often slightly observed or but dimly comprehended.

Battles and sieges, dreadful marches, eloquent debates, intricate diplomacy,—from time to time, but only perhaps at rare intervals,—have decided or modified the destiny of nations, while very often the clash of arms, the din of rhetoric, the whizz of political spindles, produce nothing valuable for human consumption, and make the world no richer.

If the age of heroic and religious passion was rapidly fading away before the gradual uprising of a politico-mercantile civilization, as it certainly was, the most vital events, those in which the fate of coming generations was most deeply involved, were those inspired by the spirit of commercial enterprise.

Nor can it be denied that there is often a genial and poetic essence even among things practical or of almost vulgar exterior. In those early expeditions of the Hollanders to the flaming lands of the equator there is a rhythm and romance of historical movement not less significant than in their unexampled defense of fatherland and of the world's liberty against the great despotism of the age.

Universal monarchy was baffled by the little Republic, not within its own populous cities only, or upon its own barren sands. The long combat between Freedom and Absolutism had now become as wide as the world. The greatest European states had been dragged by the iron chain of necessity into a conflict from which they often struggled to escape, and on every ocean, and on almost every foot of soil where the footsteps of mankind had as yet been imprinted, the fierce encounters were every

day renewed. In the east and the west, throughout that great vague new world, of which geographers had hardly yet made a sketch, which comprised both the Americas and something called the East Indies, and which Spain claimed as her private property, those humbly born and energetic adventurers were rapidly creating a symmetrical system out of most dismal chaos.

The King of Spain warned all nations from trespassing upon those outlying possessions.

His edicts had not, however, prevented the English in moderate numbers, and the Hollanders in steadily increasing swarms, from enlarging and making profitable use of these new domains of the world's commerce.

The days were coming when the People was to have more to say than the pope in regard to the disposition and arrangements of certain large districts of this planet. While the world-empire, which still excited so much dismay, was yielding to constant corrosion, another empire, created by well-directed toil and unflinching courage, was steadily rising out of the depths. It has often been thought amazing that the little Republic should so long and so triumphantly withstand the enormous forces brought forward for her destruction. It was not, however, so very surprising. Foremost among nations, and in advance of the age, the Republic had found the strength which comes from the spirit of association. On a wider scale than ever before known, large masses of men, with their pecuniary means, had been intelligently banded together to advance material interests. When it is remembered that, in addition to this force, the whole commonwealth was inspired by the divine influence of liberty, her power will no longer seem so wonderful.

A sinister event in the isle of Ceylon had opened the

series of transactions in the East, and had cast a gloom over the public sentiment at home. The enterprising voyager Sebald de Weerdt, one of the famous brotherhood of the Invincible Lion, which had wintered in the Straits of Magellan,¹ had been murdered through the treachery of the King of Kandy. His countrymen had not taken vengeance on his assassins. They were perhaps too fearful of losing their growing trade in those lucrative regions to take a becoming stand in that emergency. They were also not as yet sufficiently powerful there.²

The East India Company had sent out in May of this year its third fleet of eleven large ships, besides some smaller vessels, under the general superintendence of Matelieff de Jonghe, one of the directors. The investments for the voyage amounted to more than nineteen hundred thousand florins.³

Meantime the preceding adventurers under Stephen van der Hagen, who had sailed at the end of 1603, had been doing much thorough work.⁴ A firm league had been made with one of the chief potentates of Malabar, enabling them to build forts and establish colonies in perpetual menace of Goa, the great Oriental capital of the Portuguese. The return of the ambassadors sent out from Atsgen to Holland had filled not only the island of Sumatra, but the Moluccas and all the adjacent regions, with praises of the power, wealth, and high civilization of that distant Republic, so long depicted by rivals as a nest of uncouth and sanguinary savages.⁵

¹ Vol. v. p. 128 of this history.

² Wagenaer, ix. 197. Meteren, xxvi., xxviii.

³ Wagenaer, Meteren, loc. cit. ⁴ Wagenaer, ix. 198.

⁵ Ibid. Grotius, xv. 700 seq.

The fleet now proceeded to Amboina, a stronghold of the Spanish-Portuguese, and the seat of a most lucrative trade.

On the arrival of those foreign well-armed ships under the guns of the fortress, the governor sent to demand, with Castilian arrogance, who the intruders were, and by whose authority and with what intent they presumed to show themselves in those waters. The reply was that they came in the name and by the authority of their High Mightinesses the States-General, and their stadholder the Prince of Orange; that they were sworn enemies of the King of Spain and all his subjects; and that as to their intent, this would soon be made apparent.¹ Whereupon, without much more ado, they began a bombardment of the fort, which mounted thirty-six guns. The governor, as often happened in those regions, being less valiant against determined European foes than toward the feebler Oriental races on which he had been accustomed to trample, succumbed with hardly an effort at resistance.² The castle and town and whole island were surrendered to the fleet, and thenceforth became virtually a colony of the Republic, with which, nominally, treaties of alliance and defense were negotiated. Thence the fleet, after due possession had been taken of these new domains, sailed partly to Banda and partly to two small but most important islands of the Moluccas.³

In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five at that period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tidore, Motir, Makian, and Batjan.⁴

¹ Grotius, xv. 702.

² Ibid. Wagenaer, ix. 197, 198.

³ Ibid. Meteren, 537.

⁴ Grotius, ubi sup.

Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia, and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were already to the world and the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the strange composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars, of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intriguing, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gillyflower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A commonplace condiment enough it seems to us now, easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat, and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.

Especially Ternate and Tidore were objects of unending strife. Chinese, Malays, Persians, Arabs, had struggled centuries long for their possession, those races successively or simultaneously ruling these and adjacent portions of the archipelago. The great geographical discoveries at the close of the fifteenth century had,

however, changed the aspect of India and of the world. The Portuguese adventurers found two rival kings in the two precious islands, and, by ingeniously protecting one of these potentates and poisoning the other, soon made themselves masters of the field. The clove trade was now entirely in the hands of the strangers from the antipodes. Goa became the great mart of the lucrative traffic, and thither came Chinese, Arabs, Moors, and other Oriental traders to be supplied from the Portuguese monopoly. Two thirds of the spices, however, found their way directly to Europe.

Naturally enough, the Spaniards soon penetrated into these seas, and claimed their portion of the spice trade. They insisted that the coveted islands were included in their portion of the great Borgian grant. As there had hardly yet been time to make a trigonometrical survey of an unknown world, so generously divided by the pope, there was no way of settling disputed boundary questions save by apostolic blows. These were exchanged with much earnestness, year after year, between Spaniards, Portuguese, and all who came in their way. Especially the unfortunate natives, and their kings most of all, came in for a full share. At last Charles V. sold out his share of the Spice Islands to his Portuguese rival and co-proprietor for three hundred and fifty thousand ducats.¹ The emperor's very active pursuits caused him to require ready money more than cloves. Yet John III. had made an excellent bargain, and the monopoly thenceforth brought him in at least two hundred thousand ducats annually. Goa became more flourishing, the natives more wretched, the Portuguese more detested than ever. Occasionally one of the royal line of victims

¹ Grotius, xv. 704.

would consent to put a diadem upon his head, but the coronation was usually the prelude to a dungeon or death. The treaties of alliance which these unlucky potentates had formed with their powerful invaders were, as so often is the case, mere deeds to convey themselves and their subjects into slavery.

Spain and Portugal becoming one, the slender weapon of defense which these weak but subtle Orientals sometimes employed with success—the international and commercial jealousy between their two oppressors—was taken away. It was therefore with joy that Zaida, who sat on the throne of Ternate at the end of the sixteenth century, saw the sails of a Dutch fleet arriving in his harbors.¹ Very soon negotiations were opened, and the distant Republic undertook to protect the Mohammedan king against his Catholic master. The new friendship was founded upon trade monopoly, of course, but at that period, at least, the islanders were treated with justice and humanity by their republican allies. The Dutch undertook to liberate their friends from bondage, while the King of Ternate, panting under Portuguese oppression, swore to have no traffic, no dealings of any kind, with any other nation than Holland, not even with the English. The Dutch, they declared, were the liberators of themselves, of their friends, and of the seas.²

The international hatred already germinating between England and Holland shot forth in these flaming regions like a tropical plant. It was carefully nurtured and tended by both peoples. Freedom of commerce, freedom of the seas, meant that none but the Dutch East

Grotius, xv. 706.

² "Batavos vere socios ac suos marisque liberatores vocans."—*Ibid.*

India Company, so soon as the Portuguese and Spaniards were driven out, should trade in cloves and nutmegs. Decrees to that effect were soon issued, under very heavy penalties, by the States-General to the citizens of the Republic and to the world at large.¹ It was natural, therefore, that the English traders should hail the appearance of the Dutch fleet with much less enthusiasm than was shown by the King of Ternate.

On the other hand, the King of Tidore, persisting in his Oriental hatred toward the rival potentate in the other island, allowed the Portuguese to build additional citadels and generally to strengthen their positions within his dominions. Thus when Cornelius Sebastian, with his division of Van der Hagen's fleet, arrived in the Moluccas in the summer of 1605, he found plenty of work prepared for him. The peace recently concluded by James with Philip and the archdukes placed England in a position of neutrality in the war now waging in the Clove Islands between Spain and the Republic's East India Company. The English in those regions were not slow to avail themselves of the advantage. The Portuguese of Tidore received from neutral sympathy a copious supply of powder and of pamphlets. The one explosive material enabled them to make a more effective defense of their citadel against the Dutch fleet; the other revealed to the Portuguese and their Mussulman allies that "the Netherlands could not exist without English protection, that they were the scum of nations, and that if they should get possession of this clove monopoly their insolence would become intolerable."²

¹ Grotius, xv. 706.

² "Schrijvende seer verachtelijk ende schimpelijk vande Nederlanders als ofte sy sonder haer niet konden bestaen ende

Samples of polite literature such as these, printed but not published, flew about in volleys. It was an age of pamphleteering, and neither the English nor the Dutch were behind their contemporaries in the science of attack and self-defense. Nevertheless, Cornelius Sebastian was not deterred by paper pellets, nor by the guns of the citadel, from carrying out his purpose. It was arranged with King Zaida that the islanders of Ternate should make a demonstration against Tidore, being set across the strait in Dutch vessels. Sebastian, however, having little faith in Oriental tenacity, intrusted the real work of storming the fortress to his own soldiers and sailors. On a fine morning in May the assault was delivered in magnificent style. The resistance was obstinate; many of the assailants fell, and Captain Mol,¹ whom we have once before seen as master of the *Tiger*, sinking the galleys of Frederick Spinola off the Gut of Sluis, found himself at the head of only seven men within the interior defenses of the citadel. A Spanish soldier, Torre by name, rushed upon him with a spear. Avoiding the blow, Mol grappled with his antagonist, and both rolled to the ground. A fortunate carbine-shot from one of the Dutch captain's comrades went through the Spaniard's head.² Meantime the little band, so insignificant in numbers, was driven out of the citadel. Mol fell to the ground with a shattered leg, and reproached his

diergelijcke meer, die noemedet het schuym van Natien die welcke soo diesen handel alleen handel hadden haer vermetelheit soudent ontydelijk wesen," etc.—Depositions made by the Netherlanders, *Meteren*, 535^{vo}.

¹ I suppose, at least, this Captain Mol to have been identical with the gallant seaman who commanded the *Tiger* in that action.

² Grotius, xv. 706, 707.

companions, who sought to remove him, for neglecting their work in order to save his life. Let them take the fort, he implored them, and when that was done they might find leisure to pick him up if they chose.¹ While he was speaking the principal tower of the fortress blew up, and sixty of the garrison were launched into the air.² A well-directed shot had set fire to the magazine. The assault was renewed with fresh numbers, and the Dutch were soon masters of the place. Never was a stronghold more audaciously or more successfully stormed. The garrison surrendered. The women and children, fearing to be at the mercy of those who had been depicted to them as cannibals, had already made their escape, and were scrambling like squirrels among the volcanic cliffs. Famine soon compelled them to come down, however, when they experienced sufficiently kind treatment, but were all deported in Dutch vessels to the Philippine Islands.³ The conquerors not only spared the life of the King of Tidore, but permitted him to retain his crown. At his request the citadel was razed to the ground. It would have been better, perhaps, to let it stand, and it was possible that in the heart of the vanquished potentate some vengeance was lurking which might bear evil fruit at a later day. Meantime the Portuguese were driven entirely out of the Moluccas, save the island of Timor, where they still retained a not very important citadel.⁴

The East India Company was now in possession of the whole field. The Moluccas and the clove trade were its own, and the Dutch Republic had made manifest to the world that more potent instruments had now been de-

¹ Grotius, xv. 706, 707.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., xv. 700-708. Compare Meteren, 535-537; Wagenaer, ix. 196-198; Van der Hagen Reise, 92, 94, 95.

vised for parceling out the new world than papal decrees, although signed by the immaculate hand of a Borgia.

During the main operations already sketched in the Netherlands, and during those vastly more important Oriental movements to which the reader's attention has just been called, a detached event or two deserves notice.

Twice during the summer campaign of this year Du Terrail, an enterprising French refugee in the service of the archdukes, had attempted to surprise the important city of Bergen-op-Zoom. On the 21st August the intended assault had been discovered in time to prevent any very serious conflict on either side. On the 20th September the experiment was renewed at an hour after midnight. Du Terrail, having arranged the attack at three different points, had succeeded in forcing his way across the moat and through one of the gates. The trumpets of the foremost Spaniards already sounded in the streets. It was pouring with rain; the town was pitch-dark. But the energetic Paul Bax was governor of the place, a man who was awake at any hour of the twenty-four, and who could see in the darkest night. He had already informed himself of the enemy's project, and had strengthened his garrison by a large intermixture of the most trustworthy burgher guards, so that the advance of Du Terrail at the southern gate was already confronted by a determined band. A fierce battle began in the darkness. Meantime Paul Bax, galloping through the city, had aroused the whole population for the defense. At the Steinberg gate, where the chief assault had been prepared, Bax had caused great fires of straw and pitch barrels to be lighted, so that the invaders, instead of finding, as they expected, a profound gloom

through the streets, saw themselves approaching a brilliantly illuminated city, fully prepared to give their uninvited guests a warm reception. The garrison, the townspeople, even the women, thronged to the ramparts, saluting the Spaniards with a rain of bullets, paving-stones, and pitch hoops, and with a storm of gibes and taunts. They were asked why they allowed their cardinal thus to send them to the cattle market, and whether Our Lady of Hall, to whom Isabella was so fond of making pilgrimages, did not live rather too far off to be of much use just then to her or to them.¹ Catholics and Protestants all stood shoulder to shoulder that night to defend their firesides against the foreign foe, while mothers laid their sleeping children on the ground that they might fill their cradles with powder and ball, which they industriously brought to the soldiers. The less energetic women fell upon their knees in the street, and prayed aloud through the anxious night. The attack was splendidly repulsed. As morning dawned the enemy withdrew, leaving one hundred dead outside the walls or in the town, and carrying off thirty-eight wagon-loads of wounded.² Du Terrail made no further attempts that summer, although the list of his surprises was not yet full. He was a good engineer and a daring partizan officer. He was also inspired by an especial animosity to the States-General, who had refused the offer of his services before he made application to the archdukes.³

At sea there was no very important movement in European waters, save that Lambert Heinrichzoon, commonly called Pretty Lambert,⁴ a Rotterdam skipper,

¹ Grotius, xv. 667, 669. Meteren, 522, 523. Wagenaer, ix. 191, 192.

² Ibid.

³ Grotius, ubi sup.

⁴ "Mooi Lambert."—Wagenaer, ix. 196.